April 22, 1959
Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Queen's Birthday Album

Pages 3, 4, 5.

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APRIL 22, 1959 Vol. 26, No. 46

Our cover

● You can knit the smart turtle-necked pull-on being modelled by the pretty girl on the cover. Directions, in three sizes, are on page 29 of the three-page special knitting section in this issue. The wool is a new boucle, giving the pull-on a high-fashion look for winter.

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Superb color print for 5/-

● For 5/- post free you may have a wonderful color print of the laughing cat on our last week's cover.

THE cat, Prince Jerry of Runnymede, and his budgerigar playmate, Caesar, make a superb picture.

We thought it so extraordinary we decided to make it available as a color print so that readers can buy it to frame and hang in their homes.

To order the print, see the coupon below.

COVER CAT COUPON

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Please DESPATCH ..... prints of "The Laughing Cat," price 5/- a copy (post free). I enclose £ / / cheque/postal note.

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The Queen's birthday album

● The Queen will be 33 on April 21. On this page and overleaf we present a Royal scrapbook that will remind her subjects of some memorable occasions.

AS PRINCESS ELIZABETH, a sweet and rather unsophisticated twenty-one-year-old, when her betrothal to Lieutenant Mountbatten was announced in 1947.

AS A RADIANT MOTHER, Princess Elizabeth, with her first child, Prince Charles, born in November, 1948.

AS QUEEN ELIZABETH, poised and gracious in this 33rd-birthday portrait by Donald McKague, Toronto.

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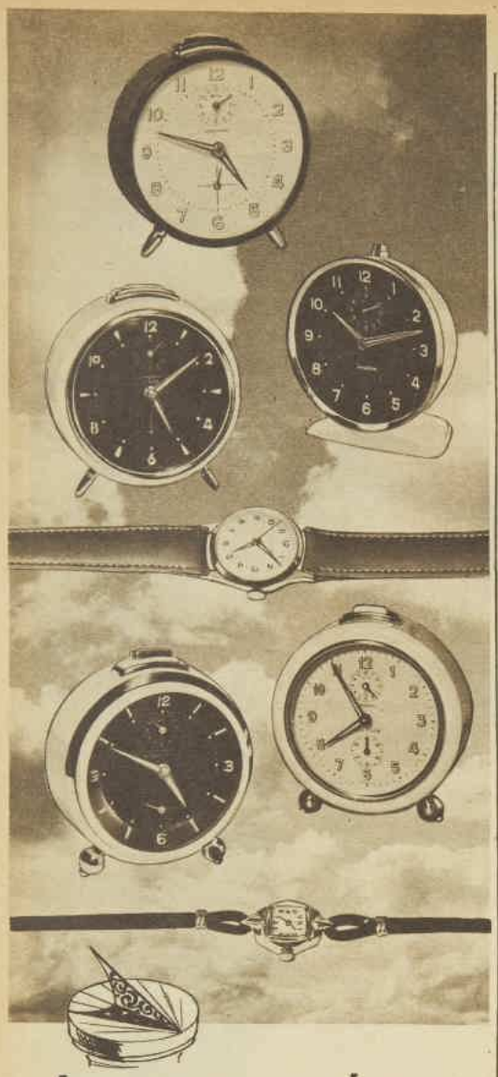

As accurate as the sun —and twice as reliable

Choose for style, shape or colour, but be sure you choose Junghans if you want a timepiece you can trust. Don't just choose from the clocks on this page either — they're only a few of the many Junghans models. Clean-cut contemporaries, classical traditionals and functionals without frills, they're all at the counters that sell good clocks.

watches too!

Every sixth watch imported in Australia is German — the meticulous handiwork of the inspired watchmakers of Germany. The shockproof, 15-jewel Junghans watches with their unbreakable mainsprings are products of the third largest manufacturer of chronometers in the world.

Globe Alarm. Cased in assorted colours, white dial, luminous figures and hands. Curved glass. 29/6.

Timemaster. Ivory coloured case, black dial, luminous figures and hands, gilt trim. 35/-.

Bivox. Yellow or cream case, gilt trimmed. Raised gilt figures, luminous points and hands. Recessed dial. 41/6.

Man's or Boy's Watch. Jewelled lever, shock-proof movement. Unbreakable mainspring, from £5/19/6.

Repeater. Alarm repeats and repeats and repeats. Luminous figures and hands. 46/6.

Silentic. White, gilt-trimmed case, black dial. Raised gilt figures. Luminous points and hands. 3-tone alarm whispers, speaks then shouts. 57/6.

Lady's Watch. 15 jewels, jewelled lever, shock-proof. Unbreakable mainspring. Stainless steel back. £8/19/6.

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A SCRAPBOOK

1926. The handsome Duke of York and his pretty Scots Duchess pose with their first child, the Princess Elizabeth.

1927. Princess Elizabeth wears a coral necklace with her white muslin dress for this portrait at 14 months.

1936. Pretty sisters Elizabeth and Margaret Rose (born August, 1930) play with one of their dogs in the gardens of the Royal Lodge, Windsor. The Royal Family, always great dog-lovers, keep several Welsh Corgis.

1945. Wartime Princess, a second lieutenant in the Auxiliary Training Service, drives an ambulance.

1947. Official engagement picture of the Princess and her fiance, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.

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OF ROYAL MEMORIES

1947. Smiling newlyweds Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh photographed in Buckingham Palace after their wedding in Westminster Abbey on November 20.

1953. Resplendent in magnificent robes and crown, the Queen acknowledges the cheers of the crowd on her Coronation Day.

1951. Proud parents Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh smile as they watch one-year-old daughter Princess Anne turn her back on the camera. Her brother, Prince Charles, finds something else to interest him.

1959. The Queen and Princess Margaret, both wearing glittering jewels with black gowns, arrive at a London theatre for a charity performance.

1958. The Queen dons a white boiler suit, miner's helmet, and rubber boots to go one-third of a mile underground to see miners at work in a colliery at Kircaldy during a tour of Scotland with Prince Philip.

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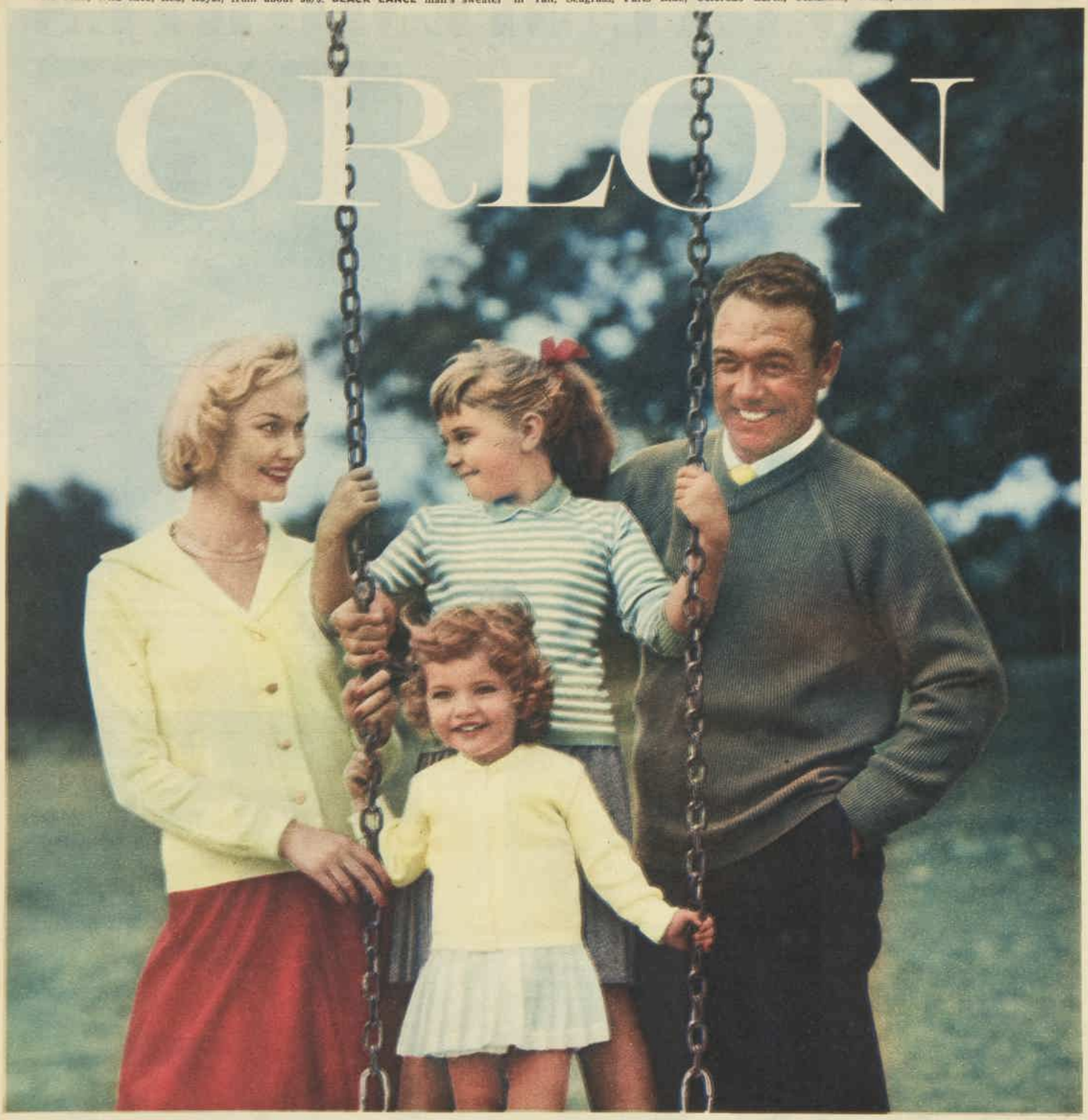
PERFECTION MILLS woman's jacket in White, Pink, Blue, Lemon, Eucalyptus, Sapphire, Bone, about 79/11. **SLADE** child's striped sweater in Pink with White, Blue with White, Eucalyptus with White, Red with White, Wild Rice with White, about 48/-. **YERONGA** child's cardigan in Snow White, Sky, Baby Blue, Primrose, Pale Pink, Wild Rice, Red, Royal, from about 36/9. **BLACK LANCE** man's sweater in Tan, Seagrass, Paris Blue, Colorado Earth, Platinum, White, about £8/8/-.



The whole family loves sweaters of ORLON washable, shape keeping, colourful

For mother, father, and the children, too, sweaters of "Orlon"* acrylic fibre are a favourite family choice. "Orlon" brings such a variety of rich textures, such comfortable lightweight warmth, such easy care to autumn sweaters. Washing is so easy—and sweaters of "Orlon" keep their shape and texture washing after washing—without shrinkage problems. They're moth-proof, too. This autumn, be sure to see the new styles and colours in men's, women's and children's sweaters of care-free "Orlon".

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DU PONT
REG. TRADEMARK

* "Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trade mark for its acrylic fibre. Du Pont makes fibres, does not make the yarn or clothing shown here.

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DP102

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ALL THIS—AND A HOTEL, TOO!

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● Grandmother Mrs. Daisy Barker, of Dunolly, Victoria, who has never stayed at a hotel in her life, walked into Sydney's Hotel Pacific at Manly last week—not as a guest, but as the new owner.

THE £190,000, 80-bedroom hotel was all hers—from cellars to the top story, from the panelled dining-room to the balconies facing the surf beach and pines along the waterfront.

And the first thing teetotal Mrs. Barker, winner of the Christian Brothers' "Hotel Pacific" Art Union, asked for was a cup of good, strong tea.

Mrs. Barker had had quite a day. She'd made her first air trip, was having her first holiday in 40 years, her first sight of Sydney — and she'd been driven over the Harbor Bridge.

She was wearing clothes bought for the occasion—a French model hat, close-fitting, with palest grey and amethyst feathers around the brim, a charming soft blue dress, black shoes, handbag, and dusty-pink gloves, and a stole of Russian squirrel.

"I'm not at all tired," she told her husband, Bill, son Eric Barker, and daughter Mrs. Gladys Lewin, who went to the hotel with her. "I'm enjoying every minute of it."

"Fill 'em up"

In Mrs. Barker's bedroom vases of gladioli and carnations, with cards of congratulations from the hotel staff, stood on the tables.

In the bar, drinkers raised their glasses, sounded off with "For she's a jolly good fellow" as Mrs. Barker and her family entered.

"Hear! Hear!" chorused a man over his beer. "Even if she IS from Melbourne"

"Fill 'em up," said Mr. Barker. "It's on the house."

Mrs. Barker tried to pull a beer, produced a frothy head, laughed, and gave it away in favor of a glass of lemonade.

It was the first time the Barkers had "shouted" drinks to celebrate their win. Down in Dunolly, a small town 126 miles from Melbourne, they "shouted" meat.

Mr. Barker, a butcher, runs the "Dunolly Meat Emporium." He announced that everyone in the district could have free meat when he heard of his wife's win.

"They took it away by the ton," he said.

Bill and Daisy Barker have been married 44 years. Mr. Barker is 70, his wife 66.

In the "Meat Emporium," Mrs. Barker handles accounts and the secretarial work, and their son Bill, also a butcher, helps with deliveries.

When the news of the Art Union win reached Dunolly and its 900 residents, excitement ran high—matching that of almost a century ago when two Cornish miners in the town found the famous "Welcome Nugget"—2284 ounces of solid gold.

Mrs. Barker went straight to the telephone. She rang all her children. Besides Bill Barker, their son in Dunolly, there are six others—Mrs. Vera Brandon (Melbourne), Mrs. Mavis Rudd (Bealiba, Vic.), Mrs. Gladys Lewin (Mildura, Vic.), Mr. M. C. Barker (Mildura), Mrs. Eunice Nankervis (Pascoe Vale, Vic.), and Mr. Eric Barker (Pascoe Vale).

Soon the whole family will meet at the Hotel Pacific to discuss whether their mother will keep or sell it. She has had many offers and is considering some, with the advice of a Sydney bank.

"I think it's wonderful that mother has won," said her daughter, Mrs. Lewin. "She and Dad made a lot of sacrifices to bring up a big family of seven."

Five tickets

Mrs. Barker, who had five tickets in the Art Union, plans to give some of the money to charity.

"Mum has always liked helping charities. She belongs to the Church of England in Dunolly and helps raise funds for it. She is also interested in the Benevolent Society," said Mrs. Lewin.

In the future, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, who have 14 grandchildren, may take a trip to see relatives in New Zealand.

Meanwhile they're enjoying Manly. Mrs. Barker was already planning to have breakfast in bed and take her first ride on a Manly ferry.

"Is this one of the most important days in your life?" I asked Mr. Barker, a kindly, white-haired man.

"Well, yes it is," he said. "But I think the day Daisy and I were married 44 years ago is still the most important."

TEETOTAL Mrs. William Barker, who won the Hotel Pacific at Manly in an Art Union, celebrates with a cup of tea after inspecting the £190,000 building. Mrs. Barker comes from the country town of Dunolly, Victoria.

HOTEL PACIFIC, on the seafront at Manly, has 80 bedrooms. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

NEW OWNER Mrs. Daisy Barker and her husband smile as locals give them a welcoming cheer in the bar.

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Champions of the surf men

• Twenty thousand people watched the National Surf Life Saving titles at Mooloolaba, 75 miles north of Brisbane, at Easter, while crowds on the Gold Coast saw the National Water Ski Championships, in which the four girls opposite took part.

THE BEST of Australia's life-savers march past in 33 teams for judging at Mooloolaba. Flood rains forced back many spectators' cars on Saturday, but by Sunday surfing conditions were ideal.

VICTORIOUS Bundaberg March Past team captain Graham McKenzie is congratulated by Queensland Premier Nicklin and Judge Adrian Curlewis, national president Surf Life Saving Association of Australia.

THREE RIDERS speed in close together behind Phil Coles (not shown), of North Bondi, N.S.W., who won the Single Ski Race final. The gate takings during the carnival were £1900 — a record.

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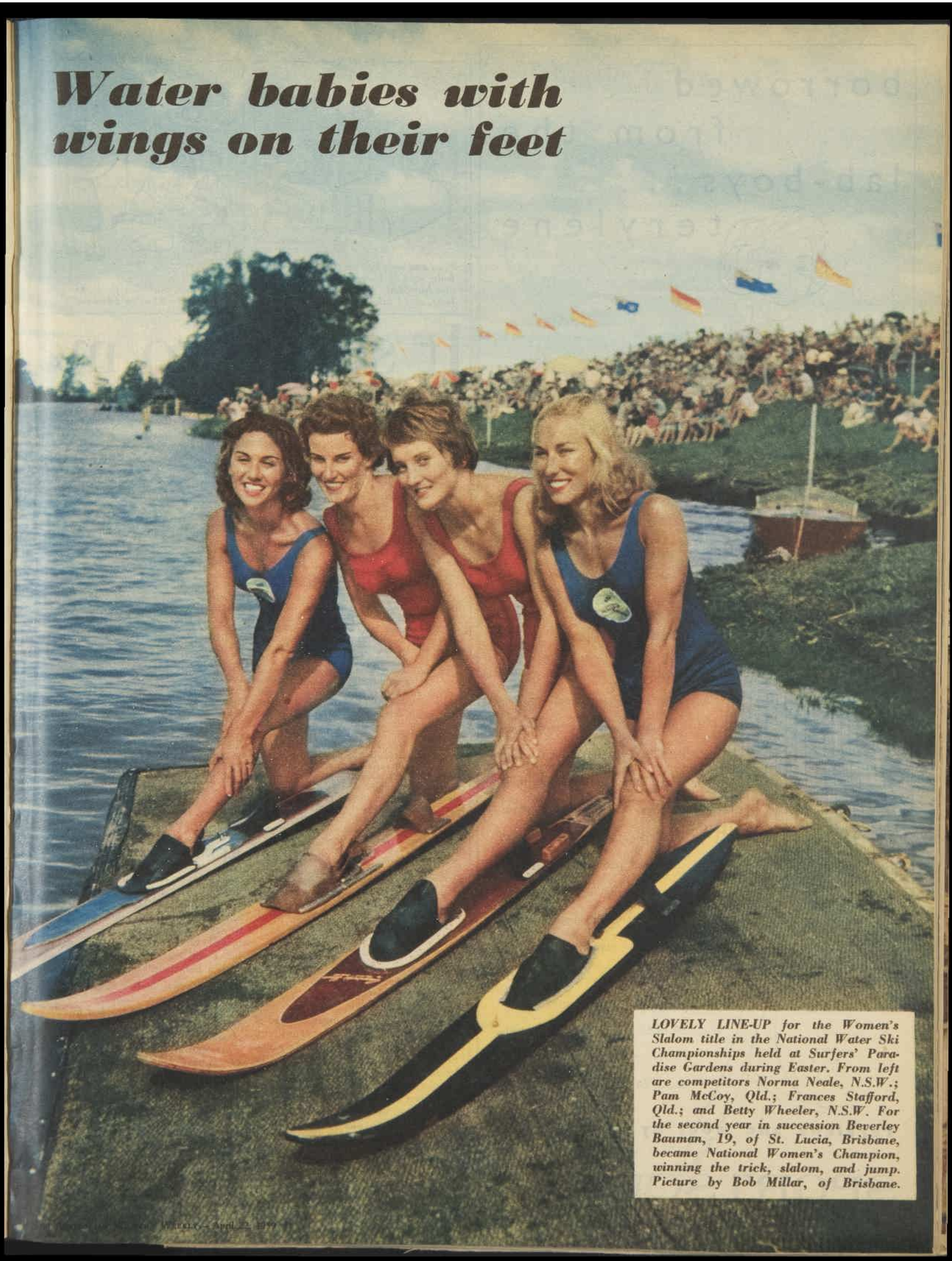
Water babies with wings on their feet



LOVELY LINE-UP for the Women's Slalom title in the National Water Ski Championships held at Surfers' Paradise Gardens during Easter. From left are competitors Norma Neale, N.S.W.; Pam McCoy, Qld.; Frances Stafford, Qld.; and Betty Wheeler, N.S.W. For the second year in succession Beverley Bauman, 19, of St. Lucia, Brisbane, became National Women's Champion, winning the trick, slalom, and jump. Picture by Bob Millar, of Brisbane.

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borrowed from the lab-boys . . . terylene

FIRST AWARD WINNERS WOOL BOARD 1958-59. AT ALL SPORTSCRAFT SPECIALISTS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Aren't men clever . . . they invented Terylene, and mixed it with wool — the only combination that miraculously gives pleated skirts that young, faultless freshness for years and years. The pleating shown here, sculptured permanently into new wider pleats of Terylene and wool by Ingot Mills into another famous Sportscraft classic. In string, capuccino, navy, copper, bronze, potent blue, low-key greens, about £8.19.6. Colour-linked to over-blouse in Persian mosaic jersey, about £4.15.0.

Terylene and wool by Ingot Mills

SPORTSCRAFT

S12

FATHER

". . . and now I'm on the eighteenth hole, and if I can get six I break one hundred. I'm on the green in four, and I take my trusty old . . ."

MOTHER

"Why did you hide these biscuits, Mum? They're good-oh!"

It seems to me

By

THE medical profession and those who invent new wonder drugs have little reason to be grateful to me.

Glad enough to run to a doctor when in real need, I spend the rest of the time reacting to medicine with as much suspicion as a primitive tribeswoman in country newly civilised.

"Yes, but what harm might it do?" is my customary response to helpful suggestions of cures. When better I am inclined to credit nature.

One result of this was that until last week no clinical thermometer ever inhabited the bathroom cupboard.

"Better off not knowing your temperature unless you're a hospital job," I used to state in the manner that has infuriated so many friends.

Last week there was a party coming up and there was I with shivering fits which appeared to signify an attack of whatever is going round.

Torn between the temptation to see if the party would cure the shivers and the knowledge that it would be criminal to spread the ailment further, I bought a thermometer.

My respect for mothers and the nursing profession has increased a hundredfold.

A phone call solved the problem of which end to put in the mouth.

Instruction on how to read it was not so successful. Up to the light, against white paper, upside down—I tried them all.

"What is it?" said the Voice on the phone.

"I think it's 110," I said with some pride.

"Nonsense," said the Voice. "Shake it down."

Shake it down, indeed. There are some things, like riding a bicycle, or tatting, or playing the violin, or shaking down a thermometer, which are simply not within the capacity of some people.

The Voice on the phone at this stage started to develop its own feverish symptoms, so we hung up and I tried some ice cubes.

One way or another I think I got the thing down to 96. By this time it was far too late to go to the party, and eventually I was glad enough to accept a wonder drug.

It—or nature—worked.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Mr. S. G. Leverton, head of Australia's publicity consultants in Britain, suggested that the play "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" be altered to give migrants a more attractive picture of the country, he brought some scorn round his ears.

Well-deserved scorn, too.

While he's about it, why not get some advertising writers to edit Henry Lawson? His stories could be cheered up enormously.

The pubs could be changed into chromium cocktail lounges and the droughts removed.

"The Drover's Wife," instead of that adventure with the snake, could have difficulty with the carburettor of the Cadillac.

IF this craze for seeing how many people can fit into a telephone box persists, somebody will have to lay down a set of international rules.

I saw some pictures of contestants on TV last week. They were all using boxes without telephones in them.

This, for the P.M.G.'s sake, is just as well. But most of the high-score contestants had their heads or legs sticking out on either side.

Meanwhile, no doubt, the P.M.G. simply hopes that this, like tearing telephone books in halves, is an intellectual pastime that will eventually pall.

★ ★ ★

IN New York the Long Island railroad has bought a big batch of umbrellas, lends them out to train travellers on the honor system.

In most States the umbrellas left on public transport are, if unclaimed, sold for a song at lost-property auctions.

Buyers are mostly dealers, though at these sales a thrifty private citizen could equip his family with bargain umbrellas to last a lifetime.

If lost-property offices sold secondhand umbrellas over the counter they could probably pay expenses.

But it would be a blow to the umbrella trade, which, like those of gloves and mustard, thrives on wastage.

★ ★ ★

MANUFACTURERS of camping equipment in America are making all kinds of elaborate gear to meet the new demand by women who now go on camping holidays with their menfolk. Men who formerly went camping to get away from domestic life are dismayed. One said: "They have gone too far. I will not stay in the same ground with a pink tent."

Pink tents they loathe, beside the Shalimar,
Or any other hideout reached by car,
Or caravan or aeroplane or boat,
A sanctuary on land, or else afloat.
These are the boys who love the open air,
Or so they say, but what they love is where
No female voice of conscience cries, "The lawn!"
But life is free, as in primeval dawn.
What women find so maddening in men
Is how they like, if only now and then,
To flee from sight or sound of any dame,
And this applies even when mild and tame,
Whereas a girl, given a choice betwixt,
So much prefers a party when it's mixed.

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blow hot .. blow cold *with Michel's two newest shades*

WINTER PINK — *a warm, gentle pink lightly laced with white frosting.*

WINTER ROSE — *a hot rose pink sparingly sprinkled with snowy crystals.*

WEAR THEM SEPARATELY, OR MIX THEM
TO YOUR SPECIAL FASHION NEEDS WITH . . .

HOT PEACH
Sun kissed to a warm peachy coral.

FROSTED APRICOT
Iced to the palest pinky apricot.

HOT ORANGE
Fired to a dazzling sunny orange.

FROSTED MELON
Chilled to a delectable rosy orange.

Michel

"STAYS ON LONGER"

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Dressy Blouse

A Tyrrella Blouse **29/11**

LOVELY TYRRELLA rayon blouse, warm as well as dressy. Two-way collar. Choose from 5 colors: Pink, Lemon, Blue, White or Green. 32, 34, 36, 38 or 40 inch busts.
7A928—29/11, plus 1/6 post.

B Wool Skirt **89/11**

SMART PURE WOOL wrapover kilt skirt, knife pleated all round to straight front panel. In Black Watch Tartan. Waist sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 inches.
7A1634—89/11, plus 2/3 post.

C Wool Flannel **39/11**

SPECIAL VALUE pure wool flannel button-thru pinafore. Has a high round neckline at back, deep V at front. 2 inset pockets. Welted edges round neckline, armholes and down front. Medium Grey, in 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44.
31A4061—39/11, plus 2/3 post.

D Cotton Shirt **25/-**

Just the thing for the cooler weather! Cosy fleecy cotton shirt with two-way collar. Smart, in gay assorted checks. Goes wonderfully with ranch pants. 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 inch busts.
7A926—25/-, plus 1/6 post.

E Ranch Pants **39/11**

PERKY RANCH PANTS!
Made of sanforized cotton drill. Matches that cotton shirt! Pants in Royal or Black. Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32-inch waists.
7A2546—39/11, plus 1/10 post.

Smart Houndstooth! Topper for Fashion!

F Houndstooth **29/11**

COTTON SHIRT-STYLE over-blouse in that fashionable houndstooth! Satin-smooth finish, no-iron, styled by Hibo-dress. Aqua White or Black White. Bust sizes: 32, 34, 36 and 38in.
7A955—29/11, plus 1/6 post.

G Smart Topper **79/11**

TOPPERS ARE FASHION tops in winter! In 80% wool, 20% rayon; upswept revers. Fully lined, back pleated inset with bow. Collar stitched and notched. Colors: Beige White, Grey White. Bust sizes: 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 in.
17A2029—79/11, plus 2/11 post.

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This is Sydney

. . . through the eyes of six Sydney-siders who took arms against the gentle fun poked at their city by honeymooning English scriptwriter Leslie Bricusse.

• In our issue of April 1, Mr. Bricusse wrote, among other things, of Sydney's hectic traffic, uninteresting shop window displays, newspapers, women's dull clothes, and the widespread free use of the Great Australian Adjective.

WE invited replies to his article. To the writers of the following six letters we will pay £1/1/- each.

New Australian writes for all

ALTHOUGH I have been in Australia for two years only, allow me to use "we" for "we Australians."

That is the wonderful atmosphere of Sydney which makes you feel as if you were born here.

Mr. Bricusse, have you ever crossed the Harbor Bridge at sunny Sunday noon or watched her from Double Bay or Vaucluse in the evening, seeing this terrific arch with the lights reflecting in deep blue waves of Pacific?

If this view kept you cool you're tough as nails.

Some people are lucky enough to get beautiful wives (a bow towards Mrs. Bricusse), and looking at them through the eye of love, hardly notice anything else.

However, if you take hundred average girls from Australia and all other countries the record will be broken again.

An average Australian girl has good figure, lovely legs, fresh suntanned complexion, nicely groomed hair. You take my word for it as I travelled almost all over the earth globe.

As for Australian great adjectives used freely in most unexpected places — try only to compare them with those colorful bunches heard in Paris, Rome, and London, let alone cheerful Russians and Arabics. Ours will seem to you most unimaginatif.

The politic news don't make headlines? But you still found them, Mr. Bricusse, didn't you? Our papers don't hide them and don't keep readers unconscious.

We are interested in sport because our mild climat as well as financial position of people, steady jobs, 40 hours work week, allow us to have plenty of opportunities to take advantage of the sport grounds.

Fancy that, but I noticed two kinds of visitors to Australia. The ones who before coming to Sydney were convinced that you cross George Street shoulder to shoulder with a kangaroo.

These are surprised and delighted with the simplest thing.

The seconds who consider Australia as a fairy tale island of happiness. Those are disappointed that not all girls are cover-girls, that not all 365 days of a year are sunny, that not everything is breath-taking, that they can't use the whole stock of superlatifs they brought with in suitcases.

We have a beautiful country and friendly, good-tempered neighbors next door. We have sense of humor and we don't have to suffer of inferiority complex. We don't have to be angry with cities neither to be flattered by praise.

Alexandra Minc, 191 Clovelly Rd., Clovelly, N.S.W.

Time, please

GIVE us time, Mr. Bricusse, we are a young country with plenty of time and space to grow and expand in.

Rome wasn't built in a day.

Nor can the kangaroo cover Sydney in one hop.

B. Hemmett, 24 Chandos St., Manly Vale, N.S.W.

Nostalgia for a lovely city

I DON'T think we really need to rush to Sydney's defence from Mr. Bricusse's honest criticisms. After all, we are always being told that Australians are too defensive about their country.

Sydney is a lovely and unique city, and Mr. Bricusse and his bride have doubtless found it so. If the heart of it is crowded and busy, well, a car engine is not exactly a pretty thing (except to a car enthusiast), but it does make the car go.

It is 14 years since I left Sydney to live in the country, and I have never got over my nostalgia for it.

I visit it frequently and, with two children in tow, often cross George or Pitt Street in the peak hour.

There are plenty of pedestrian crossings and courteous policemen to control them.

I have even crossed away from the yellow lines without losing life or limb, though perhaps arriving at the other side minus a little piece of the back of my skirt!

Mr. Bricusse has written an interesting and witty little article, doubtless to help finance his honeymoon.

We enjoyed his article, and hope he enjoyed his stay in Sydney — that queen of cities, so beautifully situated that its millions of residents gladly spend many hours travelling to and from their place of work (sometimes under chaotic conditions) in order to enjoy its countless compensating pleasures.

Mrs. Daphne Bullock, 12 Bell's Rd., Oakey Park, Lithgow, N.S.W.

A different reaction

NEWLY arrived from London, I naturally wondered how Sydney shops would compare.

Unlike Leslie Bricusse, my first reactions were:

- What lovely little dress-shops! And don't the girls look attractive in the frocks they purchase there!
- The bookshops must be the best in any great city.
- How pleasant to be able to window-shop comfortably in all weathers under those permanent awnings! The best window display in London can't be enjoyed in pouring rain or blazing sun.

Mrs. Joyce Cole, R.M.B. 166, Orchard Hills, via Penrith, N.S.W.

At least he liked the beer

LESLIE BRICUSSE wisely and modestly dons his armor when he gives his views about Sydney by claiming to be an averagely stupid Englishman.

With his delightful sense of humor he has pointed out items in our national characteristics which he found very strange.

I agree that some things could be better: Our pedestrians have to be skilled to survive; Bondi is more important to us at the moment than Venus or Mars; it is a shame that Australian stars were not chosen for the film of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll."

But our women don't wear dull and outdated clothes. All our girls dress sensibly, prettily, and inexpensively to suit our climate and way of living.

That our girls are the prettiest in the world is the considered opinion of many people. As Mr. Bricusse is on his honeymoon, we can understand that he has eyes only for his wife.

We welcome his criticism and we are glad that he did like our oysters, athletes, beer, beaches, and our hospitality.

G. Boland, 37 Halley St., Five Dock, N.S.W.

So what!

THE humor of writers criticising Australia, whether tongue-in-cheek or intentional, is wearing rather thin.

So we're civic-minded instead of war-minded, sports-minded instead of space-minded — so we have rain in the summer. So what!

Mrs. Jacqueline Wickham, 66 McMichael St., Maryville, Newcastle, N.S.W.

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DOMINIE — THE DEVASTATING DEB

Meet Dominie Smith . . . ex-debutante and a rebel. Dominie has been dubbed Britain's Angry Young Woman.

● There is nothing about Dominie Riley-Smith's appearance which suggests anger or cruelty. She is an attractive, relaxed girl who smiles easily and quickly, and there is laughter in her enormous blue eyes.

YET Dominie has just written a cruel satire—"Curtains for Curtsies" — which exposes the coming-out racket and the vulgarity and snobbery of the London Season.

Nineteen-year-old Dominie, who came out herself last year, is the daughter of wealthy parents and enjoyed the benefits of an expensive education at exclusive schools.

She was to have gone to a finishing-school in Italy, but the Suez crisis intervened. Later, when she was about to leave for Italy, she became ill.

"So you see, I am completely unfinished," she told me. "But when you see some of the girls who HAVE been finished! Perhaps I benefited by missing that experience."

Dominie came out last year, and her dance at Claridge's was one of the biggest and best of the season.

She went to an average of five dances a week. "A car was always sent at 2 a.m. to fetch me home," she said. "It became a joke in the end, and I was never allowed to go to nightclubs."

Dominie went to the Derby and Ascot, to parties in the country, and was part of all the rest of the razz-a-matazz of the London season.

The book she has written deals with her experiences during these hectic four months.

I would guess that not all the characters in the book are imaginary and that the likeness between them and any living person is not always coincidental.

From DIANA PHIPPS, in London

The book tells of the problems which confront Lydia, a deb's mum, when she decides to bring out her daughter. Candida, the daughter, is a difficult girl with a tiresome habit of bursting into tears at the slightest provocation.

Having decided to give a dance for her daughter, Lydia has to solve the problem of how to find people to invite.

She learns that this is done at luncheon parties given for mothers of the coming season's debutantes.

When a mother is giving a dance, all other mothers crowd up to ask for her address and telephone number. She asks for theirs in return.

Then they all ask one another's daughters to their various balls.

Lydia is warned against asking for the address of a certain woman: "It will be a waste of time, dear. She cannot afford to give a dance for her daughter. After all, one must be worldly about these things."

Gradually the address books are filled, and all debs are assured of a hundred different invitations—except the poor girl who is not having a dance of her own.

The debs' mums are pictured as ill-dressed harridans, red-necked and fat or thin and plucked-chicken-like. They are sometimes rich, sometimes aristocratic, always vulgar.

Their daughters suffer from defects of figure, from spots and acne, and from permanent fits of the giggles. Some of them are man-mad.

The young men who partner them are boring spongers, vapid in conversation, conceited, and ill-mannered.

The only pleasant person in the book is Lydia, the heroine's mother, who is perpetually harried by the necessity for making a hundred invitation lists, who spends a good deal of time thumbing through Debrett, checking on the families of her daugher's boyfriends, and who is plagued by several pounds of excess weight which she cannot lose.

The book describes the annual Debs' Dress Show, which is held at the Berkeley Hotel in aid of charity.

The daughter of a duchess, who also happens to be chairman of the show, is chosen to be a model, despite her triangle-shaped figure. Several hundred debs with perfect figures are passed over.

(Dominie's curvaceous figure precluded her from being chosen to model at the show last year.)

Candida, the heroine of the novel, then goes to her first ball.

And what an anti-climax this is!

She is trundled around the dance floor as though she were a wheelbarrow by a series of uncouth young men, each of whom tell her that they are members of Lloyds in the city.

To each of them she has to simulate surprise at their brilliance and originality in choice of careers.

Besides the very young men, there are the less young men who turn up at all the dances year after year. These are the spongers who go for the free dinners and free drinks.

They smoke cigarettes through long holders and are at pains to tell their partners how boring they find debs and deb dances.

Dominie also describes a selection of debs.

The rich daughter of a one-time barmaid charms her way to popularity and into the social columns of the newspapers. She always ensures a good Press by lingering in dark corners with reporters.

There is the girl whose mother is careful to say that all her daughter's clothes are made by Hartnell. (Dominie's coming-out dress, incidentally, was made by Hartnell.)

Then there is the girl who hires a social secretary and a publicity agent to push her way to the front pages.

All the girls are obsessed with the ambition to be "Deb of the Year."

Candida goes to Ascot, where it rains and rains and rains, and she goes to dances in the country.

The routine on these occasions is for three girls to share a tiny bedroom in a country house, to have a bath in three inches of cold water, and, because they are too shy to ask for an iron, to try to remove the creases from their dresses by the process of "pulling."

At a country dance a future marquess proposes to Candida behind the potting-shed and because she cannot think of anything else to do she accepts him.

The book ends as her father has to face the problem of paying the bills for a fashionable marriage and her mother finds joyfully that the worries of the season have caused her to lose several pounds' weight.

DOMINIE RILEY-SMITH likes working on the floor of her luxurious 15th-century Surrey home. Her white dress (right) is a Norman Hartnell creation which she wore at Queen Charlotte's Ball last year.

Dominie Riley-Smith returned to her home in the country after the season and wrote "Curtains for Curtsies."

She works hard at writing. "There is no point in waiting for inspiration," she says, "because it might never come."

The book finished, she is looking for an agent to help her find a publisher.

Asked how she could reconcile the book and her apparent enjoyment of coming out, she replied, "Don't you think you can enjoy doing something which you secretly despise?"

She explained how pointless it all seemed to her. The debs who tell reporters that they plan to go to Hollywood or become famous models—"after the season you meet them at the stocking counter in Harrods."

"Buying stockings?"

"No. Selling them."

Dominie has already started a second book. It deals with failure.

She prefers writing in a serious vein. Her favorite author is Kafka.

She lives with her parents and brothers in a modernised 500-year-old farmhouse.

The Riley-Smiths have eight dogs—a canine hairdresser comes once a week to groom them and to tie ribbons in their hair—a Siamese cat, a canary, a budgerigar, hundreds of pigeons, and several peacocks.

In the stables built by Mr. Riley-Smith are his ten polo ponies and one or two racehorses. Dominie rides an old fat pony around the fields which surround the house.

The house, though not big, is a dream of luxury and comfort. Even the sides of the bath are of white padded leather buttoned in pink.

So many pictures and china ornaments line the walls that the house looks like a very expensive antique shop.

It is certainly a comfortable setting in which to write books on uncomfortable subjects.

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IN WHITE OR COLOUR TO MEET YOUR EVERY NEED

QUALITY
Actil 'Colonial House' Sheets have the superior quality and durability of firm, close weave. **Extra length** of full 108" hemmed size gives extra comfort and ample tuck-under.

LASTING
Actil 'Manor House' Sheets strongly woven to give lasting wear — they'll stay smooth and comfortable through laundering after laundering. Full 100" hemmed size.

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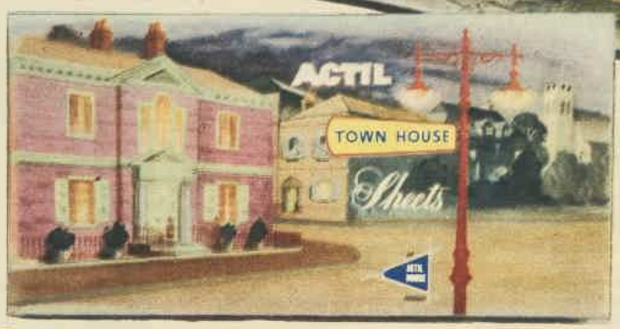
In smooth, plain linen finish. One pair of sheets to each colorful carton — with even . . . strong . . . closely stitched hems for extra service.



THRIFTY
Actil 'Town House' Sheets are real economy — firmly woven for tough, family wear — yet attractively priced for thrifty housewives. Full 100" hemmed size.

EXQUISITE
Actil 'Contemporary House' Bedsets make the prettiest beds! In soft pastel tones — sheet top hems beautifully thread drawn and hemstitched — decorative cases with reinforced French corners, thread drawn and hemstitched all round. Wonders for wear!

GLAMOROUS
Actil 'Pent House' Bedsets grace your bed with the beauty of colour — with top hems of sheets and cases two-row corded in self-colour. Strongly woven the careful Actil way for long-wearing quality.

SMART
Actil 'Holiday House' Bedsets in perfect pastel shades to blend with bedroom colour schemes. Sheets and cases plain hemmed — dependable Actil quality, strength and service, of course!

New, Wonderful Coloured Bedsets

In four wonderful colours — Pink, Blue, Green or Maize — and in White. One pair sheets and two matching pillow cases per Bedset. Full 104" hemmed size sheets.

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Wholly produced in Australia

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COUNTRY WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. John Smith outside St. Luke's Church, Gulgong, with (from left) Helen Webb, Jim Kiss, Elizabeth Benson, Brian Smith, Joslyn Smith, and Michael Scott. The bride was formerly Barbara Reynolds, of "Guntaweang," Gulgong, and John is the elder son of the Lester Smiths, of Wellington.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED. Alex Baldry, of "Wallandoon," Wallendbeen, with his fiancee, Michele Meagher, of "Milton," Cootamundra. Alex and Michele will be married in Cootamundra in July.

BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crouch, who were married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, with (from left) Michael Crouch, David Voss, Mrs. John Lavender, and Judy Ranken, and junior attendants David White, Diana Walker, Vicki Lavender, and Jock Grieve. The bride was formerly Robin Linsley, of "Harben Vale," Blandford, and Henry is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Crouch, of Point Piper. They will live on Henry's property, "Eucalibah," Coolah.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

I KNOW where I'm going this weekend —to Warwick Farm racecourse, where polo teams from New South Wales, Queensland, and New Zealand will be fighting it out for the Australasian Gold Cup.

Everybody's going to pack a picnic lunch to eat on the course, and if we get there bright and early we're sure of a good view—and the matches start soon after 1 p.m. each day. They'll be playing on April 17, 18, and 19.

• • •

A FASHION parade with a difference will be held in the Occupational Therapy Training centre on April 23—all the high-fashion clothes have been specially designed for disabled persons, especially for those confined to wheelchairs.

• • •

DIDN'T Zoe Redler look wonderful at her twenty-first birthday party last week —her suntan looked terrific against that pretty magnolia satin dress. Dr. and Mrs Adam Redler gave the party for ninety guests at Glen Ascham. By the way, Zoe's brother Alex and his fiancee, Margaret O'Neill, will be married at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, on June 6.

BRIDE - TO - BE Eileen Dunn, who marries John Shaw on Wednesday, April 15, will wear her grandmother's pearl necklace with her graceful wedding gown of heavy white satin. Eileen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Dunn, of Killara.

• • •

CALLING all ex-students of Bethlehem College—the annual dance will be held in the Empress Ballroom on April 28.

• • •

I LIKE the latest fashion fad with Sydney's younger set —a single pearl at the throat on a fine silver or gold chain.

• • •

DID you know that Sydney University Dramatic Society is presenting an early Victorian play in Paling's Building on April 16? Proceeds will go to a very worthy cause, the Cancer Patients' Assistance Fund.

• • •

A DEB'S delight — that's Mary Prue Dunlop's dreamy dress of white pure silk taffeta. It has a swathed bodice and a floaty skirt caught round the hem with full-blown roses. Mary Prue is down from "Cliffdale," Currabubula, to study physiotherapy at Sydney University.

• • •

BRIGHTEST splash of color along Ocean St., Woollahra, is the eyecatching coat of burnt-orange paint that decorates the Dale Turnbulls' old home, which has pretty, white-painted, wrought-iron railings and two large gardenia bushes in tubs beside the white front door. Virginia has done all the interior decorating herself, including bright red wallpaper in their dining-room. And there's a brand-new occupant in the house now that Virginia has arrived home from hospital with a sister for young Luke—the baby will be christened Virginia.

Anne

INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Lady Myer photographed in her Toorak, Melbourne, home with her American fiance, Mr. Rex Dunn, of Los Angeles. They plan to marry in July. Lady Myer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sallman, of Toorak, and widow of the late Sir Norman Myer. Mr. Dunn has been in Melbourne since May.

LEAVING St. Philip's, Church Hill, are Mr. and Mrs. John Shannon. The bride was formerly Rosalind Patrick, third daughter of the Eric Patricks, of "Struan," Grenfell. The couple will live at "Ballandean," Grenfell.

N.S.W.

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Our International Wool Parades

THE most exciting wool season in years is forecast by these news-making international wool fashions. The designs were chosen from top couture houses in Paris, Rome, and New York, and will be among those shown at our International Wool Parades. The parades will be held throughout the Commonwealth, in conjunction with David Jones Ltd. and the Myer Emporium, starting with a spectacular gala in Sydney on May 23. The fashions show the key shapes modelled a short time ago at the Paris spring collections.

New York

TYPICAL American designing, with its chic simplicity and details pared to a minimum, is seen in the coat (above) made in smooth-surface wool cloth. It has a double-breasted fastening and flap pockets placed above waist level. Coat styled by Milstein for Lord and Taylor, New York.

ITALIAN designer Antonelli uses horizontal-striped wool for the two-piece dress (above). The long scarf ties at the neckline and has fringed streamer ends. The hat has a curving brim.

Rome

ROSE-PINK SUIT (left), by Carosa. The nipped waistline of the skirt emphasises the rounder-hip look. The close-fitted jacket is short cut. A single rose matched to the suit fabric trims the hat.

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Paris

ABOVE: Cocktail dress from Maison Dior is made in superb satin-backed mossy-green wool.

BELOW: Theatre coat by Dior is bow-trimmed and matched in color and fabric to the dress above.

"RUSTIQUE" (above), by Dior, is made in a light-textured wool with a slightly rough-textured surface. The design has easy fullness caught at the waist with a wide suede belt. Sleeveless, with a long shoulder-line, the dress is cool and practical for warm spring days. A single button is the only trim at the collarless neckline.

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Mink Soft!

Caressably mink soft is just how your hair will be after the luxury of a White Rain shampoo; after a million gentle bubbles leave your hair glistening with new highlights; after the purest of costly ingredients make it so easy to manage.

He'll love it, too . . . The Touch of

WHITE RAIN

the superlative shampoo 5/-

LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

We have our bores at home, too

I WENT to the country to live as a bride and can remember always talking about what we did "down home" to my neighbors. It is only since I came to live near several British migrants that I have realised what a bore I must have been. No matter what we discuss it's "Oh, we had so-and-so at home," always deprecating what we have here. I sometimes feel I should write a note of apology to my old neighbors, as I was just as insufferable.

£1/1/- to "M.C." (name supplied), Corrimal, N.S.W.

Sex equality

JOHN ADAMSON says (18/2/'59) that equal conditions for women mean that they have an equal right to stand in a crowded bus, and Mrs. H. R. Morley (25/3/'59) belittles career-women, urging them to wear trousers. Both have a wrong slant on the question of sex equality. Equal status means that women should not be penalised on the ground of sex. If Mrs. Morley, through unfortunate circumstances, should ever find herself the breadwinner in her family she would soon regret unequal status unless engaged in work in which equal pay was operating. Standing in buses has been queried. Delicately constituted men and women should sit—the able-bodied of both sexes are able to stand.

£1/1/- to Miss Edith Hedger (President, League of Women Voters of Victoria), St. Kilda, Vic.

Fare's fair

WHY do taxi-drivers always expect you to let them have the change? Often I wait on change, sometimes sixpence or ninepence, and they fumble in the change bag for so long that I give up and just get out in disgust. They never let you have the benefit of the penny or twopence. We would be horrified if the same thing happened with a bus or tram conductor, and, after all, what's the difference?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Barbara Tobin, Annandale, N.S.W.

Perks for pensioners

WHAT a blessing it would be for aged pensioners, particularly those living alone, if they were able to have a telephone in their home. The cost of installation and rental is far beyond their means, but surely a concession rate could be provided. The knowledge that family, friend, or help in time of need was only the ring of a telephone away would be a great comfort to many.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Edna Robinson, Eudlo, Qld.

NOW that we are on the pension, Christmas and birthday gifts are quite a problem. Or they were until we bought three ducks and one drake. In August we reared 40 ducklings. These we fattened and presented two to each family for Christmas. The rest we sold to defray costs. Dad and the mothers are still with us for next Christmas. For birthdays we rely on the garden—a cutting, a potplant, or a bunch of flowers. Birthdays are fun now.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Coleman, Yeppoon, Qld.

Ignore cry-babies

WHY is it that passers-by give young mothers such a bad time where our wailing, weeping babies are concerned? Everyone knows we have to do our shopping, and it is doubly embarrassing when people stop and stare, or comment when junior is grizzly or objecting to the immobile pram. As a general request—please look the other way.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Moyle, Frankston, Vic.

Flick, don't lick

I HAD just been given The Australian Women's Weekly (17/9/'58) and moistened my fingers to flick over the pages; and there, on the Letter Box page, was a voice from Australia (Nurse Brentall, of Perth) saying what a really bad habit it is. I think this time I will remember. Nurse Brentall may wonder how many have taken notice of her letter—well, here's one in England.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Compton, Seaton, Devon, England.

Know your natives

I WISH all country centres would establish a botanical garden with named specimens of the trees and shrubs growing in their own district. We read of mallee, yellow box, salt bush, emu grass, brigalow, mulga, kurrajong, tallowwood, mountain ash, etc., in our Australian stories, but to many of us they are names only. Even though we travel considerably we could pass them a thousand times without recognising them. In country parks the elms and poplars, the willows and cypresses are like old friends. It would be a fine thing if we could recognise as confidently our own Australian trees.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. M. Edgecombe, Thornleigh, N.S.W.

Comics, please

I AM trying to collect comics and picture books for the little boy of a friend of mine. He has leukemia, and is unable to walk or get around unless his mother carries him. He has to lie on the bed nearly all day and is very fond of reading.

Sent in by Mrs. M. Radunz, 72 Creek Rd., Maryborough, Qld.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Proud parents of State ward

OUR family problem is boredom. After the family settled into their careers, Dad and I decided to take a State ward into our home and hearts. Now we are the happiest and proudest Dad and Mum in the world. We can recommend our solution to the many fortyish parents who suddenly find that they are expendable to their grown-up family.

£1/1/- to "Young At Heart" (name supplied), Wollongong, N.S.W.

"Schoolies"

WHEN preparing lunch for my young children I cut extra slices of bread, spread them with sauce, paste, or jam, and place them in the breadbox for the "schoolies." With a family of seven to care for I find this idea a real time-saver at 4 p.m. I can continue with my baking, sewing, etc., without cries of "I'm hungry, Mum," to interrupt me.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Rankine, Croydon Park, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

AN Italian dressmaker named Simonetta has let an important cat out of the bag.

"A woman can't be chic and comfortable at the same time," she said.

Many women have known this all along, although they don't admit it.

When they want to be comfortable, they say they are going to slip into something loose.

If they aim to be glamorous, they squeeze into something tight.

Take the famous petticoat worn by Elizabeth Taylor in "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof."

I am not an expert on petticoats, but I could see that this one did something for Miss Taylor.

I said to my wife, when we were watching the picture: "What is there special about this petticoat?"

"It's too tight," she replied simply.

No doubt Miss Taylor was glad, after a hard day's work, to get out of her petticoat and slip into something more formal.

Some women would rather be dowdy than face the discomfort of being chic.

COLD COMFORT

Old Mrs. Arblastit, of our district, is like that.

Her husband, the late Mr. Arblastit, left her well provided for. But she has never risen above the cardigan and string-bag style of couture.

She thinks a foundation garment is something worn by men digging trenches for a new house.

If she would only submit to a

little control, as they call it in the trade, she would look better.

But she chose freedom and she is sticking to it.

A more sensible line is taken by women like Mrs. Elva Donkling, who are chic part-time.

Knock on the door in the morning and you'll find Elva taking it easy in a dressing-gown and pom-pom slippers.

But when she goes out she is uncomfortable from her stiletto heels to her lopsided hat.

She has a dress called Little Ease, which is so chic that she can't sit down in it.

Simonetta says: "If a tight skirt prevents you from walking in the usual way, you must learn to walk differently."

Quite right, too — otherwise you will fall on your face. This happened once to Simonetta; I wish I'd been there.

Here is a final tip. Before going to a party ask yourself: Am I comfortable? If you are, there is something wrong, and you had better start all over again.

Remember what happened to Mrs. Clarrie Garfinkle, of Melbourne. A social reporter at the races said she looked comfortable in her drip-dry cotton ensemble.

She had spent a packet on it, too.

No woman likes to have an experience like that.

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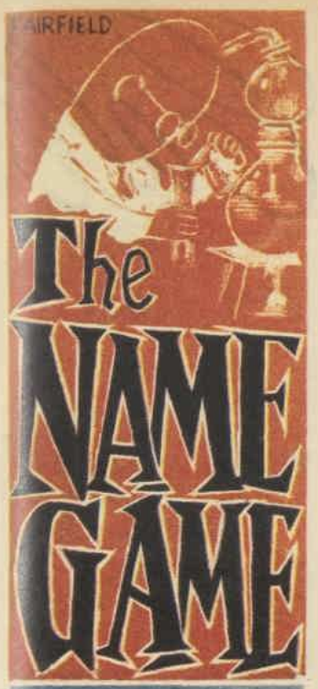

The NAME GAME

An amusing complete short story By SCOTT CORBETT

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

As they drove him from the Baileys' cocktail party, he was thoughtful. Ernie Maxwell tended to be an honest man. He tried to keep up on things, and he knew what he knew, and what he didn't know. Consequently he often felt inferior at social gatherings, since he was constantly encountering authoritative persons like Bellnap, who seemed to know such a great deal more about almost everything than he did. And once in a while he came away with a guilty feeling, as he had now.

"Doris, have you ever heard of Schoenbrunn?" he asked after a long silence.

"No. Who's he?"

"Well, that fellow Bellnap was talking about the German situation, and dropped him into the conversation. So what did I do? Did I say, 'Who's Schoenbrunn?' and risk sounding uninformed? I did not. I merely nodded and let the name slide quietly by. Isn't that contemptible?"

Doris was comfortable about it. "Oh, I don't know. I guess we've all done that at one time or another."

"Well, maybe. Still, it isn't right. And there's another side to it, too. An awful thought suddenly occurred to me as he went on talking, and it made me very uneasy."

"What's that?"

"How do I know there really is a Schoenbrunn? Bellnap could have thrown him in just to see if I'd pretend to know who he was. He could be laughing up his sleeve at me right now, and telling his friends about this boob he met at the Baileys' who pretended to know about a non-existent West German leader."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. Mr. Bellnap was pretty impressed with himself, I thought. People like that are too busy telling you what they do know to care much about what you don't know. I mean, I just don't think it would ever occur to a Bellnap to pull a trick like that."

"Maybe you're right. In fact, I expect you are. Actually, only some boob like me would ever think of it," admitted Ernie.

The implications of his own remark clicked into place one after another like a winning combination on a slot machine. Ernie grew taller behind the steering-wheel, and his brown eyes, ordinarily as guileless as a spaniel's, gleamed.

"Say, how about that?" he murmured. "Can't you just see the way it would work on some of those Bellnaps?" His fingers drummed briefly on the wheel. "When did you say the Saunders' are having their dinner-party?"

Doris became mildly alarmed.

"Now, just a minute, Ernie."

"It would be fun to try, just once."

"No. Don't you dare."

"Well, I don't suppose Bellnap will still be around by then, anyway."

During the next few busy days he scarcely gave the matter another thought, or at least he pretended to himself that he didn't. Not until they were actually on their way to the Saunders' did he ask, "Who's going to be there tonight? Anyone special?"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he knew he should never have attempted an innocent tone. He had never yet fooled Doris with it. Besides, being Doris, she had naturally not forgotten their conversation about Bellnap.

"I don't know of anyone special who's going to be there, and no matter who's there I don't want to catch you trying anything funny," she said, all in one breath.

"Why, dear, I don't know what you're talking about, and besides I wouldn't really have the nerve to try it, anyway," he declared, also all in one breath.

In spite of this assurance he could tell that Doris was relieved to see nothing but familiar faces in the large living-room when they arrived. Ernie joined a group standing near the small bar Bert Saunders had wheeled in.

Ten minutes later a stranger arrived who had Bellnap written all over him. The sight of the man made Ernie's pulses throb.

As he circled his prey shortly after Mr. Quinn had been introduced all around the room, Ernie was careful not to look directly at Doris, because he was conscious of her eyes on him, and he knew he would get a warning shake of the head if he did.

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Ernie having decided that Mr. Quinn was the perfect subject said chattily, "The Pignolini was my favorite."

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"Listen," said the girl slowly. "If we're to go on talking we must agree that there are no personal questions."

IT was after midnight when Johnny Carswell, rising young lawyer and man about town, came home to his bachelor apartment. The party had been a typical big-city affair with lots of pretty girls, and one of them—more than obligingly—had given him her telephone number. She had scribbled it hastily while her escort wasn't looking. "In case you feel like calling later," she had whispered to Johnny. "I never go to sleep before one or two . . ."

Well, she was a pretty girl (her name was Susan Something-or-other), and Johnny wasn't feeling particularly sleepy when he finally climbed into bed. So he smoothed out the scrap of paper with her number on it, and after puzzling briefly over whether the last digit was a seven or a nine he picked up the phone and dialled it.

The receiver at the other end was lifted instantly. A feminine voice said, "Hello?"

Johnny said, "Hi, Susan! How's the insomnia?"

There was a brief pause, then the voice said, with a hint of laughter in it, "The insomnia's about as usual, thanks. But the name isn't Susan."

"Not Susan?" Johnny gave the scrap of paper a startled glance. "But she wrote the number down for me! I have it right here!"

"Doesn't she write very legibly?" asked the voice. "Or have you mislaid your glasses?"

Johnny grinned. "She was in sort of a hurry. And I don't wear glasses."

"You don't sound as if you did. Why was she in a hurry?"

"Well," said Johnny, "to tell you the truth, her escort was a large, fierce-looking young man, and neither of us wanted to—ah—antagonise him more than was strictly necessary."

"Oho!" said the voice. "And aha! A picture of you is beginning to form in my mind. Rather shaggy. With long, sharp teeth."

"Wrong!" said Johnny happily. "I'm a sheep. And not even in wolf's clothing. In pyjamas."

"I'm not sure that it's proper for me to be talking to a strange sheep in pyjamas at this hour. Hadn't you better hang up now and call Susan?"

"I don't want to hang up," said Johnny, and it was true.

"Perhaps I'd better, then."

"No," said Johnny. "Don't, please. Not yet, anyway." It was strange how important it suddenly seemed to him to maintain this tenuous contact.

"Do you think," said the voice doubtfully, "that we have anything in common?"

"You have insomnia," Johnny said. "I could develop some, too."

She laughed. It was a clear, low laugh, but his suddenly sharpened perceptions seemed to catch a faint note of sadness in it. "I must admit," she said, "talking to you is more fun than just lying here thinking . . ."

"Thinking about what?"

"Nothing very important. Look, if we—if we're to go on talking, let's have an understanding, shall we? No personal questions. No vital statistics. No established identities."

"But why not?"

"Because," she said slowly, "I like it the way it is. You can visualise me any way you want to, and I can do the same, and neither of us need ever be disillusioned. If we exchange names and—and facts, it'll be different. It might be ruined."

"Ruined? Why should it be ruined?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "Those will have to be the rules of the game. I can't play unless you agree to abide by them."

"All right," he said recklessly. By this time he would have agreed to anything.

"You promise, then? No attempt to trace this number or anything?"

"I promise. But only if I can keep on talking to you."

"We've talked enough for tonight, I think."

"Tomorrow, then. When can I call?"

She hesitated. "It might be better if I called you. Will you give me your number?"

"Of course," he said, and did. "But will you really call me?"

"Yes," she assured him, "I will. About this same time. After midnight."

"Look," he said desperately, "won't you even tell me your first name?"

She laughed, and again he seemed to catch a faint echo of something wistful, something lonely. "We made a bargain, Sir Wolf; you'll have to invent one. Goodnight." There was a click. She was gone.

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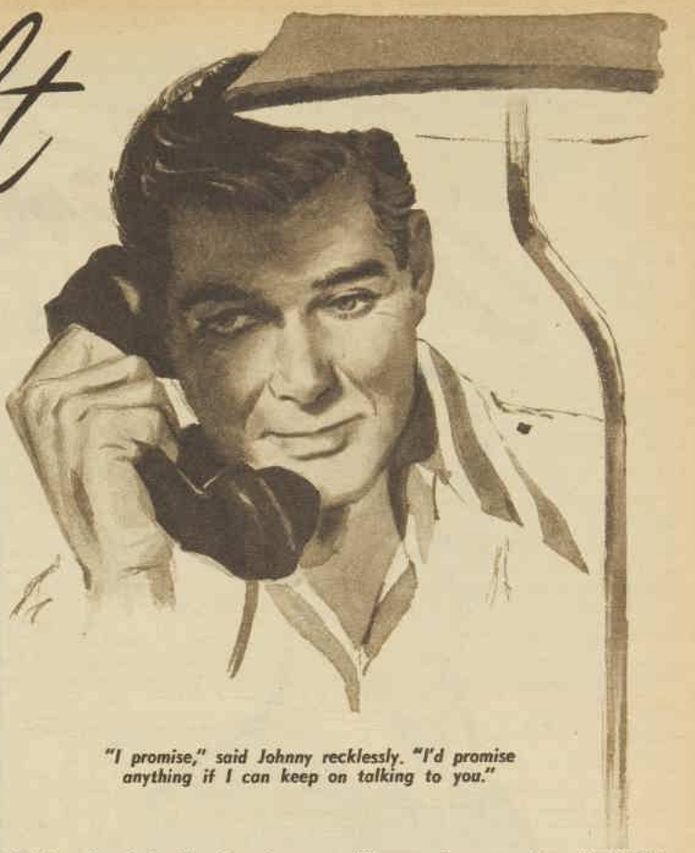
After Midnight

Theirs was the strangest romance . . . a short story

By ARTHUR GORDON



"I promise," said Johnny recklessly. "I'd promise anything if I can keep on talking to you."

Slowly Johnny Carswell put the phone down. He reached for his cigarettes and lit one. Then, impelled by a strange restlessness, he got up and moved over to the window.

Above the city the stars glittered, remote and indifferent. He stood there, staring at them. Who was she, this voice at the other end of a humming wire? She could be anybody. She might be young or old, rich or poor, married or single——

Married? His reaction to that possibility was so strange that it startled him. Maybe that was why she wanted to conceal her identity, wanted to call him instead of waiting for his call.

He wheeled around, walked to the bed, crushed out his cigarette. Rationally he knew the theory was perfectly sound. Emotionally he found that he rejected it completely. There was nothing furtive or dishonest about the owner of the voice.

He sat down on the edge of the bed. He had a clear, legal mind, and now it told him that he was taking the whole thing much too seriously. It was an amusing incident, to be sure. One that would make a good conversation piece whether this girl—this woman—called him back or not. But why worry about it? Why not follow her suggestion and visualise her any way he wanted?

Make her a princess in a tower, a golden girl with emerald eyes. Let her be a combination of Cleopatra and Helen of Troy. What difference did it make if she was married to a nightwatchman or had sixteen grandchildren? Why should he care?

He swung himself into bed. "Stop being a romantic fool, Carswell," he said aloud. But it was a long time before he fell asleep.

The next midnight found him in his room, waiting. As minutes ticked past and no call came, the tension inside him grew until at last, when the phone did ring, he almost jumped out of his skin.

In half a second the receiver was at his ear. "Good evening, Sir Wolf," said the musical voice. "I did hesitate," she admitted. "The puritan in me, probably. The thought of talking to you gave me pleasure, so my conscience told me there must be something wrong in it."

"I hope you told your conscience to relax!"

"I did better than that. I gave it some old, unrepented sins to play with."

"Has your past been so sinful, then?"

"Personal question, Sir Wolf!"

He laughed. "Objection sustained. But I warn you, I'm going to listen for clues. Clues as to who you are, where you are—"

"In that case," she said, "I'd better think up some false clues."

"That wouldn't be fair," he said quickly. "It would be a clear violation of Rule 22-B, subsection K."

She sighed. "You have a stern sense of justice, Sir Wolf. All right, then. No false clues."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

They talked for fifteen minutes that night. The next night they talked for half an hour. The third night they talked for an hour, and Johnny would gladly have gone on indefinitely, but she wouldn't let him. No conversation longer than an hour, she said. It violated Rule 43-D, subsection Q. When he tried to claim that no such rule existed, she blocked that, too. Any rule that either of them proposed, she declared, was automatically binding on both. Even as a lawyer, he could think of no answer to that.

They talked about everything under the sun except themselves. He found that they liked the same kind of music, disagreed mildly on politics and violently on baseball. She was a rabid Yankee fan; he despised the Yankees.

The more they talked, the more he learned about her—that she hated clams, that she adored auctions, that she thought cats had stronger personalities but were less lovable than dogs. But his chances of identifying her —unless he broke the rules—seemed as remote as ever. He did the best he could. He asked leading questions: he laid artful verbal snares for her. He was good at this; he had had considerable courtroom experience. She sidestepped every one.

Their conversations began to impinge on his everyday life. Twice he refused invitations for fear he might not get home before midnight. He began to be aware, too, that her strangely penetrating way of looking at things sometimes affected his own attitude and behaviour.

Once he told her about an unpleasant office assignment he had been handed: the thankless task of firing an unsatisfactory fellow employee. "Darn it all," he said, "this fellow's married, his wife's expecting a baby, and tomorrow I'm supposed to tell him he's through. You don't know how I dread it. I hate hurting people, don't you?"

"Well," she said, "if he really doesn't fit, the sooner he's out of that job the better for him, don't you think? Also, when you say you hate hurting people, is it entirely the thought of causing them distress that bothers you, or is it also your own fear of being disliked or resented?"

"Both, I suppose," he admitted ruefully. The next day he carried out his executioner's task, not with enjoyment, certainly, but with less distaste and more understanding.

A week went by, then another. Each day he found himself waiting more and more impatiently for the hour after midnight. Already it was more than just a friendship; it was a sharing of ideas and emotions and opinions deeper and more satisfying than any he had ever known.

But it was maddening and frustrating, too. He wanted to see her as well as hear her. There were times when he wanted to touch her. He never succeeded in finding a name to call her. He thought of dozens, but none was right. She was simply she, and would have to remain so until . . .

Until what? He did not see how such a strange relationship could continue indefinitely. But he was afraid to force the issue. He was afraid of losing even the little bit of her he had.

Most of the time she was gay, but once or twice he thought he caught again the note of wistfulness that he had sensed the first time he heard her voice. It was a faint and elusive thing; he could never quite pin it down. It would be there briefly, like a cloud shadow on a windy day, and then it would be gone.

Once, when he was discussing the importance of foresight and planning in choosing a career, she said a little sadly, "Yes, but no matter how carefully you plan you can never rule out the element of chance. I think it's a little terrifying, really, how unexpected things can affect human destiny. Call it luck, call it fate, call it anything you like — it's a factor, and a big one, sometimes the decisive one."

"That's true," he said. "But the change can be for the better, you know. Like dialling a wrong number, for instance!"

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, "Perhaps."

It was the hesitancy, the uncertainty in that one word that decided him. The next night, when their hour was almost up, he said gently, "Look, there's something I'd like to say to you. Will you promise not to interrupt?"

"That sounds pretty serious, Sir Wolf."

"I am serious," he told her. "Very. Talking to you like this has been wonderful. It still is. But I don't want to go on being kept at arm's length this way. I want to know who you are. I want to see you. Maybe this sounds preposterous, but I — I'm more than halfway in love with you, I think."

"Wait," she said, "please——"

"I'm tired of waiting! It's not a game any more — not for me, anyway. Why do we have to fence like this?"

"You promised," she said faintly. "You—"

"I promised not to try to trace your number. I haven't, and I won't. But I didn't promise not to tell you who I am. My name is Johnny Carswell. I'm a lawyer. I'm talking from a two-room apartment in the Cheshire Arms. I'm twenty-eight years old and unmarried and I——"

There was a click; she had hung up. He dialled her number instantly and got a busy signal. He waited two minutes, then tried again. It was no use; she had left the receiver off the hook.

Slowly he put the buzzing instrument down. Then deliberately he made himself relax. This powerful attraction was not altogether one-sided; he was sure of it. His attempt to break through the barrier of anonymity might have startled her into momentary silence. But she couldn't mean to vanish altogether! In twenty-four hours his phone would ring again. It would ring, he would lift the receiver, the contact would be re-established with all its warmth and magic, all its mystery.

All the next day he told himself this, trying to suppress the cold whisper of doubt that spoke to him. At midnight he was beside the phone, waiting. The minutes passed. The phone did not ring.

At one o'clock he dialled her number. This time her telephone rang; he could hear it. But there was no answer. He waited, feeling something that was close to panic. Nothing. He dialled the number at one-thirty, and again at two. Still no answer.

He paced the floor, telling himself that there was some reasonable explanation, that there was nothing to get excited about. At last he undressed slowly, got into bed, switched off the light.

Instantly a thousand jumbled questions flashed through his mind — possibilities, probabilities, hopes, fears. At four o'clock, knowing that sleep was out of the question, he got up, dressed, and went out and walked through the dark, deserted canyons of the city. He walked until the sunrise smeared the eastern

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Illustrated by Leskie

"Quickly," he said sharply, his hand coming up in a sudden gesture, "we'd better hurry."

ROADBLOCK ON THE BRIDGE

HER hands were clenched to the steering-wheel of the dark sedan parked outside the old imposing city building. She had taken off her gloves and was wondering now whether this had been wise, for her palms were moist.

I must relax, Kay thought, as she recalled Ed's final instructions.

"Just take it easy and do as you're told." He had grinned encouragement to her through the pain of his shattered arm.

Getting ready, she had been quite confident. No frills to catch on anything or get in her way. Studying the mirror before leaving, she had felt very proud that her husband had turned to her in an emergency.

But now her determination was wavering by the minute. Every second passer-by seemed to be taking an interest in the car and its driver.

Her thoughts tumbled on. This was Ed's job — hers was at home. Everything had been going so nicely for them lately, why did he have to go and spoil it all? "Carelessness, darling," he had explained.

Now here she was, sitting alongside a busy flow of traffic at the wheel of a car she had driven on only a few occasions, with her head full of instructions and directions that she was sure she would never remember.

"If I just take it easy and do as I'm told, I must be all right."

Her resolution, however, was not to last for long. All this time her glance had rarely left the glass doors of the nearby building, and now, as they opened and a man strode purposefully towards her, she stiffened and the pounding inside her announced the return of panic.

"Start the car as soon as he comes out." The words flashed through her mind and she grabbed hurriedly at the ignition.

It wouldn't turn. Still watching the approaching figure, she twisted harder. It wouldn't budge. She turned to the dashboard. Her hand was on the light switch and the ignition key was glistening at her, untouched, a few inches away.

As she heard the door opening beside her, the engine fired.

"When you're ready."

His voice was deep and encouraging. Kay caught a glimpse of him settling himself with apparent unconcern as she faced the road in search of a gap in the traffic.

There seemed to be a line of cars and trucks without end going past her, and her immediate thought was that everyone knew what she was doing and were ganging up to stop them getting away.

"Now you're right."

Were the words spoken a little impatiently this time? She saw the space coming towards them and jerked the car into gear. A half-sigh of relief escaped her as they inched out from the kerb.

As the wheel came round in her hands, Ed's instructions came clearly to her . . .

"Once you've started, let nothing distract you. Nothing, understand? No matter what happens, just keep your mind on the road."

She came up into second gear and concentrated on the car ahead.

A movement beside her reminded Kay of her passenger. The silent type, apparently, as he certainly hadn't said much so far.

"Left, please."

The traffic lights were with her and the road was clear of pedestrians. The car rolled smoothly and slowly around the corner. There was really nothing to it, after all. In much lighter traffic now and with the car running nicely, she crossed the intersections carefully and wondered why she had been so upset.

"Left again, then up the hill."

He didn't seem very worried, and it seemed to Kay that he spoke with almost a trace of indifference. Presumably everything was in order up to this stage. Although there was still that queer feeling inside her, she knew it for excitement now, and not fright.

They were going the way Ed had thought probable, and, as he had suggested, she stayed in second gear until the sharp corner, the roundabout, and the hill were behind them. Picking up speed on the winding downhill slope, it was hard to realise that this trip was different to any other that she and Ed had made together.

She slowed for the turn-off.

"Straight ahead."

Startled, she dug the accelerator and the car lunged jerkingly forward. This was the road to the bridge. Why were they going this way? Ed had said they were sure to take the usual route. Why was it different this time?

Perhaps they weren't going over the bridge at all, just taking the quieter road along the river. Reassured, she stayed in the left-hand lane and kept her speed up.

The man came suddenly forward in his seat.

"Over the bridge."

He spoke quickly, urgently; but he was a little late. She was travelling fast and the bypass was almost on her. Yet she found herself reacting immediately and confidently.

The car heeled. She could feel the force of the turn swinging them up and out, and heard the discomfited grunt of her passenger as he rolled with it along the seat. The gutter was right in front of her, and with both hands on the wheel now, still turning, she tensed for the impact. The kiss of concrete and tyre, however, was no more than a brushing of lips together.

The next instant she was straightening up, hard. Her clutch was right down and now she was giving the same treatment to the brake, for the car in front had stopped and she was almost on top of it. The car squealed to a halt.

"Sorry. That was my fault."

He was leaning forward studying the traffic ahead, and spoke without turning. Kay followed his gaze.

There was a solid lane of stationary vehicles in front of her and a steady stream of oncoming traffic beside her. To her left were other cars waiting to move. Across her side of the road ahead was some kind of barricade with a policeman in command.

She was completely hemmed in and there was a policeman not fifty yards ahead of her.

She heard her passenger say something about a "roadblock," but she was too sick from apprehension now to reply or care.

"Just pray that I don't have to drive past a policeman" had been almost her last words to Ed.

Her left leg, still hard on the clutch, was hurting and without thinking she lifted it.

The car seemed to leap in the air. For an instant she had the impression that only her grip on the steering-wheel was restraining the car from hurling itself into the one in front. Then, with a choking cough, it suddenly steadied beneath her. With her brake on and still in gear, she had stalled.

She turned around in confusion and spoke to him for the first time.

"My fault this time."

"We'd better get a move on," was all he said.

The car in front was drawing away from her. With her mind whirling, she raised the gear level to neutral and turned the ignition key. The grinding of the engine brought the tears back close again. She could feel herself becoming hysterical as every grind increased the lead of the car ahead. It was almost level with the barricade now, and she hadn't even started. From somewhere, inside her brain, Ed's voice came clearly to her . . . "Keep calm, old girl, and you'll be all right." It was like a bad dream, but she acted on it, and, deliberately turning the key to off, tried again.

The engine roared into life.

The policeman was out on the road, signalling angrily. She couldn't look at him as she drove slowly past. Half the bridge was out and he was controlling the traffic from both directions through the single remaining lane. She shrank into her seat and stared fixedly in front of her, but he paid her no further attention once she was on the bridge. There were no more signs of tears — humiliation had wrung her dry and left her too weak to care.

She had taken a corner so fast she had nearly hit the gutter; she had stupidly stalled the car; she had been left behind when the traffic moved and attracted the attention of a policeman; she had been nervous near panic ever since she started. She should have known this sort of thing was beyond her and never have come in the first place!

Mentally engrossed with these reflections, Kay did not notice that she had negotiated the narrow half-road and swung back on to the bridge proper with ease. Suddenly she was able to sit up straight in her seat.

"My husband will be able to go back to work next week. Of course, he'll have to stay in the office for a while and someone will have to drive him to work or at least to the bus."

"What exactly happened, Mrs. Johnston?"

"He felt like a change of scenery and went out on an inspection with one of the stock salesmen. He got caught up in a sheep race with some big rams and came out of it with a compound fracture of his left arm."

"Anyway, he's lucky he has you to do the driving while he's out of action."

Gradually, the import of his words became clear and she turned her head quickly. He was smiling.

"I know it's a nerve-racking experience for all but a few. That's why I never attempt to make conversation until they've had a fair go on their own and all the 'butterflies' are gone. You handle the car quite well, you know."

"I made a mess of things at the bridge, though, didn't I?"

"You probably won't do that again for years. No, Mrs. Johnston, if the worst trouble you get into is stalling your car, I don't think we'll ever regret giving you a driver's licence."

Crossing the bridge this time she caught the policeman's eyes and, bursting with confidence and pride, smiled at him happily. He grinned back, grimaced horribly at the large "L" on the windscreen, and waved her on.

A short short story by JOHN ROBERT GEARY

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Venetia

Our new serial, the latest Regency romance

By GEORGETTE HEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

"A FOX got in amongst the hens last night and ravished our best layer," remarked Miss Lanyon. "A great-grandmother, too! You'd think he would be ashamed!" Receiving no answer, she continued in an altered voice: "Indeed, you would! It is a great deal too bold. What is to be done?"

His attention caught, her companion raised his eyes from the book which lay open beside him on the table. "What's that? Did you say something to me, Venetia?"

"Yes, love," responded his sister cheerfully, "but it wasn't of the least consequence, and, in any event, I answered for you. You would be astonished, I dare say, if you knew what interesting conversations I enjoy with myself."

"I was reading."

"So you were—and have let your coffee grow cold, besides abandoning that slice of bread and butter. I'm persuaded I ought not to permit you to read at table."

"Oh, the breakfast-table!" he said disparagingly. "Try if you can stop me."

"I can't, of course. What is it?" she returned, glancing at the volume. "Ah, Greek! Some improving tale, I don't doubt."

"'The Medea'," he said repressively.

"I know! She was the delightful creature who cut up her brother and cast the pieces in her papa's way, wasn't she? I dare say perfectly amiable when one came to know her."

He hunched an impatient shoulder and replied contemptuously. "You don't understand."

Her eyes twinkled at him. "But I promise you I do! Yes, and sympathise with her, besides wishing I had her resolution! Though I think I should rather have buried your remains tidily in the garden, my dear!"

This sally drew a grin from him, but he merely turned back to his book. Inured to his habits, his sister made no further attempt to engage his attention.

He was a thin boy, rather undersized, by no means ill-looking, but with a countenance sharpened and lined beyond his years. In point of fact, he had not long entered on his seventeenth year, but physical suffering had dug the lines in his face, and association with none but his seniors, coupled with an intellect at once scholarly and powerful, had made him precocious. A disease of the hip-joint had kept him away from Eton, where his brother, Conway, his senior by six years, had been educated, and this had resulted in a shortening of one leg. When he walked it was with a pronounced and ugly limp. Such sports as his brother delighted in were denied him, but he was a gallant rider and a fair shot, and only he knew, and Venetia guessed, how bitterly he loathed his infirmity.

A boyhood of enforced physical inertia had strengthened a natural turn for scholarship. By the time he was fourteen if he had not outstripped his tutor in learning he had done so in understanding; and it was recognised by that worthy man that more advanced coaching than he felt himself able to supply was needed. Fortunately, the means of obtaining it were at hand. The incumbent of the parish was a notable scholar, who offered to prepare the boy for Cambridge; Sir Francis Lanyon acquiesced in the arrangement; and Aubrey, by that time able to bestride a horse, thereafter spent the better part of his days at the Parsonage, poring over texts in the Reverend Julius Appersett's dim bookroom. He was entered already at Trinity College, where he would be admitted at Michaelmas in the following year; and Mr. Appersett had no doubt that he would very soon be elected a scholar.

Neither his sister nor his elder brother cherished doubts on this head, but Venetia thought he was showing at an alarmingly early age every sign of becoming such an obstinate recluse as their father had been. He was supposed at the moment to be enjoying a holiday, for Mr. Appersett was in Bath, recuperating from a serious illness. Any other boy would have thrust his books on to a shelf and equipped himself instead with his rod. Aubrey brought books even to the breakfast table. It did not occur to him that such absorption made him a poor companion. It occurred forcibly to Venetia, but, since she had long since recognised that he was quite as selfish as his father or his brother, she was able to accept his ways with perfect equanimity.

She was nine years his senior, the eldest of the three surviving children of a Yorkshire landowner of long lineage, comfortable fortune, and eccentric habits. The loss of his wife before Aubrey was out of short coats had caused Sir Francis to immure himself in the fastness of his manor, some fifteen miles from York, and to remain there, sublimely indifferent to the welfare of his offspring, adjuring the society of his fellows. Venetia was quite unable to believe that such extravagant conduct had arisen from a broken heart. Sir Francis had been a man of rigid pride, but never one of sensibility, and that his marriage had been one of unmixed bliss was an amiable fiction his clear-sighted daughter was quite unable to believe.

Her memories of her mother were vague, but they included the echoes of bitter quarrels, slammed doors, and painful fits of hysteria. She could remember being admitted to her mother's scented bedchamber to see her dressed for a ball at Castle Howard; she could remember a beautiful, discontented face; a welter of expensive dresses; a French maid; but not one recollection could she summon up of maternal concern or affection. It was certain that Lady Lanyon had not shared her husband's love of country life. Every spring had seen the ill-assorted pair in London; early autumn took them to Brighton; when they returned to Undershaw it was not long before her ladyship became moped. No one could think that such a butterfly's existence suited Sir Francis, yet when a sudden illness had carried her off he had come home a stricken man, unable to bear the sight of her portrait on the wall or to hear her name mentioned.

His children grew up in the desert of his creating, only Conway, sent to Eton and passing

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Oswald fervently kissed Venetia's hand to the amazement of Edward and amusement of Aubrey.

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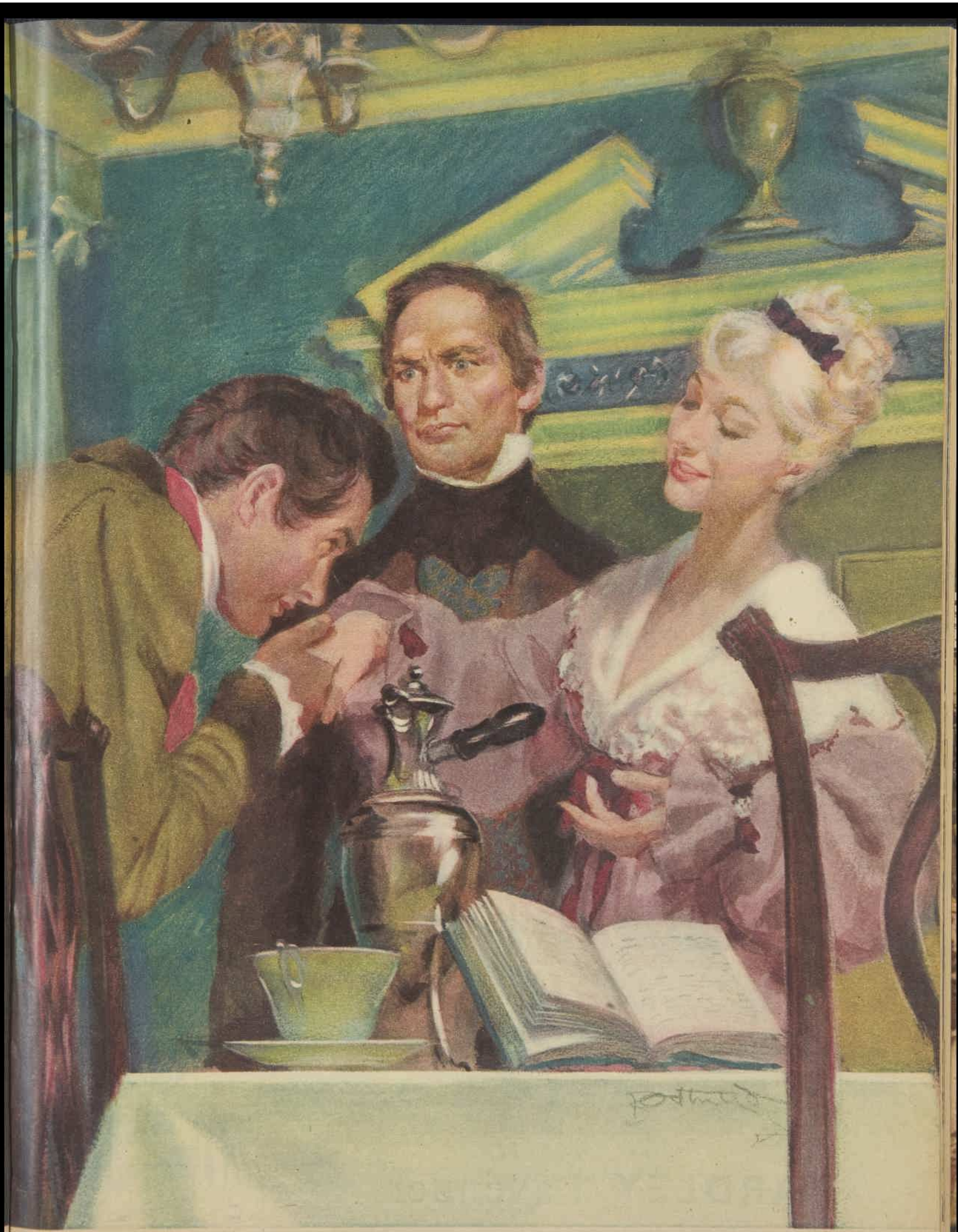

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YARDLEY Lavender

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NEW SEASON'S KNITTEDS

● Inches have been added to all the new season's knitteds —the longer line is an overwhelming fashion success. Our knitting patterns in this section follow this new and eye-catching trend.

AT right is an overblouse in a color to make you feel gay even on the greyest winter afternoon. The one in the picture is suede, but we had it copied for our readers in orlon yarn—so eminently washable for a pale shade, so light for the girl who likes warmth without weight.

All the elegantly casual features of the new mode have been faithfully reproduced — the jacket sleeves, the side slits, the inset collar in blue relief that is knitted separately and simply tucked in. It can be worn earmuff high if you are really cold.

Here are the directions:

Materials: 12 (12-13) balls primrose, 5 (5-6) balls forget-me-not F. W. Hughes orlon or Twinprufe crochet or Twinprufe 3-ply crepe wool; 1 pr. No. 12 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 11 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22 (22½-22½) in.; bust, 32 (34-36) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 (17-17) in.

Tension: 10 sts. to 1in.; 12 rows to 1in.

HALF LEFT SLEEVE

Using No. 12 needles and primrose wool, cast on 3 sts.

1st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end, cast on 5 sts.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. the last 2 rows until inc. to 183 sts., ending with a p row. Leave on a spare needle.

HALF RIGHT SLEEVE

Using No. 12 needles and primrose wool, cast on 3 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: P twice into 1st st., p to end, cast on 5 sts.

Rep. last 2 rows until inc. to 183 sts. Leave on a spare needle.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and primrose wool, cast on 162 (170-178) sts. Work in st-st. for 2in., then make a hem as follows: Using a spare needle, pick up the cast-on sts., then, holding both needles tog., k tog. 1 st. from each needle to end of row.

Next Row: Cast on 10 sts., p to end, cast on 10 sts.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 4½in. Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 14 (14-14) in. or required length.

Next Row: K 183 sts. of left sleeve, 162 (170-178) sts. of front and 183 sts. of right sleeve, 528 (536-544) sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. i[illegible] and cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 22 rows, then cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of every row until dec. to 236 (238-240) sts.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., k 88 (88-88), leave on a spare needle, cast off loosely 52 (54-56) sts., k 92 (92-92).

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., p 88 (88-88).

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Cast off 7 sts., p to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows until all sts. have been dec. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

BACK

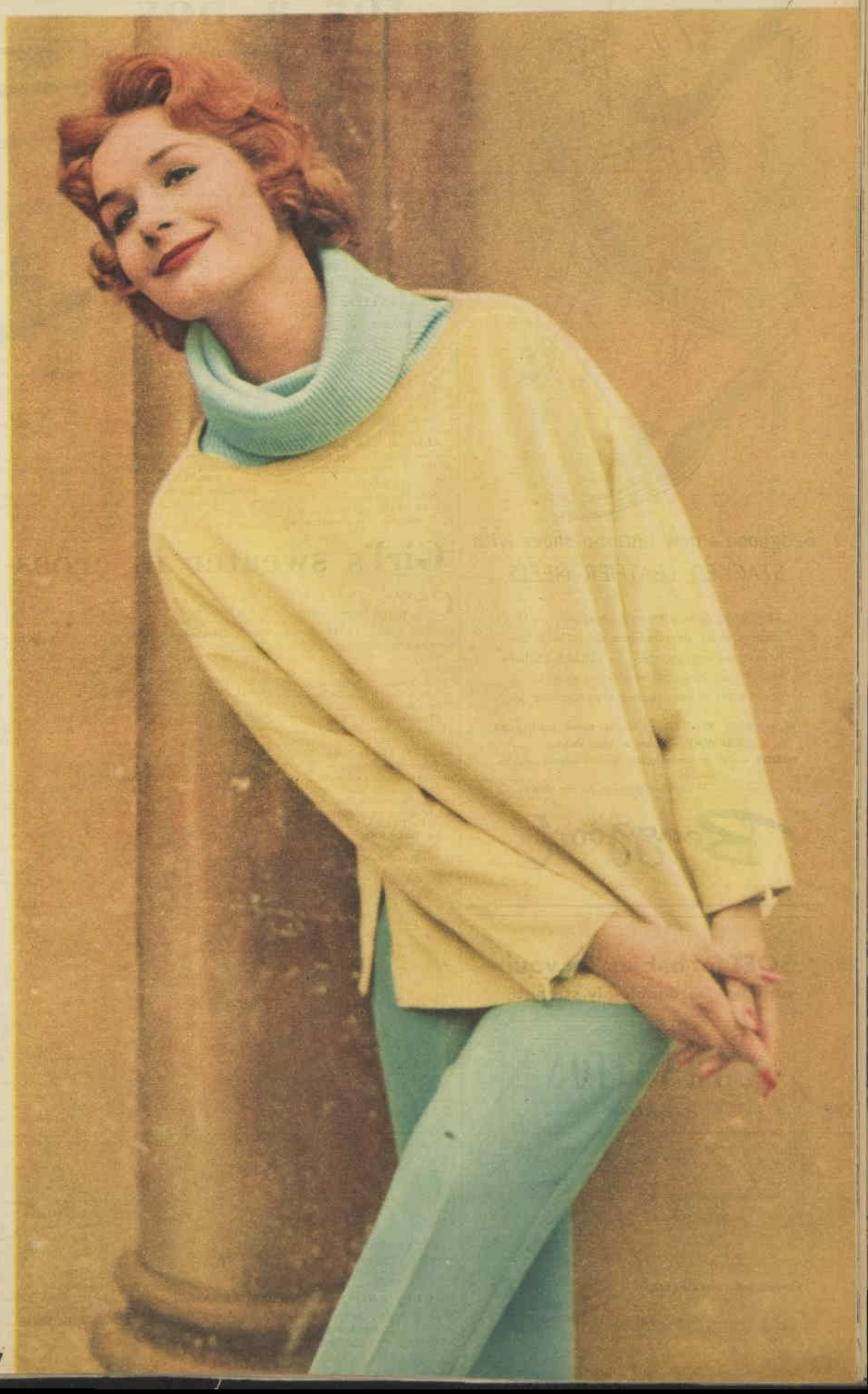
Work as for front, working sleeves the same way.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly press on the wrong side with a cool iron and damp cloth. Join centre sleeve and shoulder seams. Fold back and st. the 10 cast-on sts. at lower edge to form facing, then sew up side and underarm sleeve seams. Using 4 No. 12 needles and primrose wool, pick up and k about 240 (244-248) sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Cast off in ribbing. Turn back 1in. hem on lower edge of sleeves.

POLO NECK

Using 4 No. 11 needles and forget-me-not wool, cast on loosely 400 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 6in. Change to 4 No. 12 needles and cont. in rib for another 6in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.



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All with Saf-Flex cushioned inner sole for foot comfort

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B120

NEW SEASON'S KNITTEDS

Raglan style for a boy

● This smartly striped sweater at right was designed for a child aged five to six years. Light stripes on a dark background make an effective color scheme.

Materials: Six balls main color (m.c.); 2 balls first contrast color (1st c.c.); 2 balls second contrast color (2nd c.c.) Patons' nylette crepe yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 1 6in. zip fastener.

Measurements: To fit 25-26in. underarm; length from top of shoulder, 15½in.; length of sleeve seam, 11¼in.

Tension: 16 sts. and 21 rows to 2 sq. in. over patt. on No. 10 needles.

PATTERN

1st Row: Using m.c., knit.

2nd Row: Using m.c., purl. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: Using 1st c.c., k 1, * k 1, p 1. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

6th Row: Using 1st c.c., * k 1, p 1. Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

7th to 10th Row: Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

11th and 12th Row: Using 2nd c.c., rep. 5th and 6th rows. These 12 rows form patt.

BACK

With No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 84 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in., ending on wrong side. Change to No. 10 needles and, inc. 11 sts. evenly spaced across 1st row (95 sts.), cont. in patt., shaping sides by inc. 1 st. at each end of every 12th row 5 times (105 sts.).

Cont. straight until 8in. from cast-on row have been worked, ending on wrong side.

Raglan Shaping: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cast off 1 st. at beg. of next 66 rows. Cast off rem. 31 sts. (6¾in. from beg. of raglan shaping).

FRONT

Work as for back until 5½in. have been worked from beg. of raglan shaping, ending on wrong side (43 sts.).

Shape neck.

Next Row: Cast off 1 st., work 14 sts., cast off 13 sts., work 15 sts. Working over last 15 sts. only, cont. raglan shaping as before, cast off at beg. of rows at neck edge: 3 sts. once, 2 sts. once, and 1 st. 4 times. Fasten off. Join wool at neck edge, and work on rem. sts. to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and m.c. cast on 46 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2¾in., ending on wrong side. Change to No. 10 needles and, inc. 11 sts. evenly spaced across 1st patt. row (57 sts.), cont. in patt., shaping sides by inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every following 6th row until there are 87 sts., then cont. straight until sleeve measures 11¼in. from cast-on row, ending on wrong side. Shape raglan same as for back. Cast off rem. 13 sts.

TO MAKE UP

Join seams, insert sleeves, leaving an opening of 5in. at left raglan line of front. With No. 12 needles and m.c., pick up and knit 89 sts. around neck edge, and working k 1, p 1, rib for 1¾in. Cast off loosely in rib. Fold neckband in half to wrong side and sl. hem. Sew in zip-fastener.

SWISS DESIGN for a boy is smartly striped, has a zip fastening at the top of the raglan sleeve. The design is also suitable for a girl.

Girl's sweater in cross-stitch pattern

CREW-NECKED sweater with ribbed basque and cuffs is a warm winter garment.

Materials: 12 (B-13) oz. Villawool "Speedknit" or "Nylo-Tweed" sports wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 11 needles; 3 buttons; stitch-holder.

Measurements: Chest: 28 (B-31) in.; length from shoulder: 16 (B-17½) in.; sleeve seam: 15¼ (B-17) in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in. (No. 8 needles).

Instructions given are for size A, any variations for size B are given in parentheses.

PATTERN STITCH

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Same as 1st row.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row.

5th Row: K 5, * k into back of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then k 1st st. and sl. both sts. off needle tog. (this will be known as "twist left"), then k into front of 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then k 1st st. and sl. both sts. off needle tog. (this will be known as "twist right"), k 4 * rep. from * to* to last st., k 1.

6th Row: P 6, * p 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then p 1st st. and sl. both sts. off needle tog., p 6 * rep. from * to * to end of row.

7th Row: K 5, * twist right, twist left, k 4 * rep. from * to * to last st., k 1.

8th Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

13th Row: K 1, * twist left, twist right, k 4 * rep. from * to *, ending k 1 instead of k 4.

14th Row: P 2, rep. from * to * of 6th row, ending p 2 instead of p 6.

15th Row: K 1, * twist right, twist left, k 4 * rep. from * to *, ending k 1 instead of k 4.

16th Row: Purl.

Rep. these 16 rows for patt.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 70 (B-78) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in.

Change to No. 8 needles and work even in patt.-st. until work measures 10½ (B-11½) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 alt. rows (A-56; B-64 sts.).

To Make Back Placket (right side facing): Work 28 (B-32) sts., turn, and placing rem. sts. on a stitch-holder, work on this side only. Cont. even in patt.-st., having 4 sts. at placket edge in g-st. and making 2 buttonholes (the 3rd is in neckband) when placket measures 2in. and 4in.

To Make Buttonholes (wrong side facing): K 2, cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work to last 2 sts., cast on 2 sts., k 2. When armhole measures 6½ (B-7) in. measured on straight shape shoulders as follows:

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 8 (B-10) sts. at armhole edge on next row and following alt. row.

Cast off rem. sts.

Join wool to rem. sts. at placket edge, cast on 4 sts. (placket underflap), and keeping these 4 sts. in g-st. work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings and omitting buttonholes.

FRONT

Work as given for back, omitting back placket, until armholes measure 3½ (B-4) in. measured on straight.

To Shape Neck (right side facing): Work 20 (B-23) sts., turn, leaving rem. sts. on a stitch-holder work on these 20 (B-23) sts. only.

Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. every row at neck edge until 16 (B-20) sts. rem.

Cont. even in patt. until armhole measures same as back armhole to shoulder, then shape shoulder as given for back shoulder.

Leaving centre 16 (B-18) sts. on a stitch-holder for neckband work on rem. 20 (B-23) sts. only, working to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 46 (B-46) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in.

Change to No. 8 needles and patt.-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 56 (B-62) sts. are on needle.

Cont. even in patt. until sleeve measures 15¼ (B-17) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 30 sts. rem.

Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. Using No. 11 needles, commencing at left side of back placket (right side facing), pick up and k 16 sts. across left side of back neck to shoulder seams, 16 sts. down left side of front neck, k 16 (B-18) sts. on front stitch-holder, pick up and k 16 sts. up right side of front neck, then 12 sts. across back neck to placket edge.

Next Row: K 4, work in rib of k 1, p 1 to last 4 sts., k 4.

Rep. last row until neckband measures 1in., making last buttonhole, as before, when band measures ½in.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press all sections except ribbing with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Sew end of placket. Sew on buttons. Press seams open.

PRETTY CROSS-STITCH PATTERN is featured in this sweater for a girl. It is ideal to wear with winter skirts and over slacks.

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NEW SEASON'S KNITTEDS

Long-line jacket has that new, sculptured look

● Don't be caught without a smart knitted in your wardrobe for that winter outing.. Start now to knit this long-line jacket in ribbon cable-stitch and it will be ready for the cold weather. It is a real button-up with an unusual neckline and pockets to match the cuffs and basque.

Materials: 20 (B—21; C—22) oz. Villawool "Starlite" crepe (equiv. 5-ply); 1 pr. each No. 11 and No. 9 needles; 7 buttons; 1 cable needle; 3 stitch-holders.

Measurements: Bust, 33-34 (B—34-35; C—36-37) in.; length from shoulder, 24 (B—24½; C—25) in.; sleeve seam, 18 (B—18; C—18½) in.

Tension: 6½ sts. to 1in. (over st-st. on No. 9 needles).

PATTERN STITCH

1st and 3rd Rows: Knit.

2nd and 4th Rows: Purl.

5th Row: K 2, * sl. next 3 sts. on to cable needle and place at back of work, k 3, then k 3 from cable needle, k 2 *, rep. from * to * to end of row.

6th, 8th, and 10th Rows: Purl.

7th and 9th Rows: Knit.

11th Row: K 2, * slip next 3 sts. on to cable needle and place at front of work, k 3, then k 3 from cable needle, k 2 *, rep. from * to * to end of row.

12th Row: Purl.

Rep. these 12 rows for patt-st.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 138 (B—146 C—154) sts.

Work 9 rows in rib of k 1, p 1.

Change to No. 9 needles and work even in patt-st. until work measures 14½ (B—15; C—15) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping continuity of pattern, cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of following 3 alt. rows. Cont. even in patt-st. until armholes measure 9 (B—9; C—9½) in. measured on straight.

To Shape Shoulders and Neck.—Next Row (right side facing): Cast off 12 (B—13; C—14) sts., work 24 (B—26, C—28) sts., turn, cont. on these 24 (B—26; C—28) sts. only and place rem. sts. on stitch-holder.

Cont. in patt., casting off 12 (B—13; C—14) sts. at armhole edge on next 2 alt. rows.

Return to sts. on stitch-holder, leaving centre 42 (B—44; C—46) sts. on stitch-holder for neckband, work on rem. sts. only, joining wool at neck edge, and work this side to correspond with first side.

LEFT FRONT

Pocket Lining: Using No. 11 needles, cast on 36 sts. Work even in st-st. for 5in., ending with a k row. Leave aside on a spare needle.

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 80 (B—84; C—88) sts. Work 9 rows in rib of k 1, p 1.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in patt-st., casting on 10 sts. at end of first row for front facing (90; B—94; C—98 sts.).

Cont. in patt-st., keeping 8 sts. at front facing in st-st. until work measures 6in. from commencement.

Next Row (right side facing): K12, then k next 36 sts. for pocket top and place on stitch-holder, k to end of row.

Next Row: P 42 (B—46; C—50), join in and p across 36 pocket-lining sts., p 12.

Cont. even in patt. (with st-st. front facing) until work measures same as back to underarm.

To Shape Armhole (right side facing): Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of row, work to end. Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next 4 alt. rows, then work even until armholes measure 6½in. measured on straight.

To Shape Neck (wrong side facing): Cast off 20 sts., p 10 (B—12; C—14), turn, work even in st-st. on these 10 (B—12; C—14) sts. for 6 rows. Cast off these 10 (B—12; C—14) sts.

Rejoin wool to rem. sts. at neck edge, cast off next 12 sts., work to end of row (A—36; B—39; C—42 sts. rem.).

Cont. even in patt. until armhole measures same as back armhole to shoulder.

To Shape Shoulder (right side facing): Cast off 12 (B—13; C—14) sts. at beg. of next row and following 2 alt. rows.

Place 7 markers for buttons along front edge, the first 1½ in. from lower edge, the last ½in. from neckline, and the remainder at equal intervals.

RIGHT FRONT

Make pocket lining as given in left front. Work right front to correspond with left front, reversing shapings and having front facing at opposite end of rows. Make buttonholes opposite markers as follows:

To Make Buttonholes (right side facing): K 3, cast off 3 sts., k 8, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl to last 11 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 8, cast on 3 sts., p 3.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 60 (B—60; C—64) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in patt-st., inc. 6 (B—6; C—10) sts. along 1st row.

When sleeve measures 3in., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row (keeping extra sts. in patt.) until 92 (B—92; C—96) sts. are on needle. Now inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 116 (B—116; C—120) sts. are on needle.

Work even in patt. until sleeve measures 18 (B—18; C—18½) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 66 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 36 sts. rem.

Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. Using No. 11 needles, commencing at inside corner of right neck edge (right side facing), pick up and k 32 (B—32; C—36) sts. up right side of front neck, 5 sts. down right back neck edge, k across 42 (B—44; C—46) sts. on back stitch-holder, pick up and k 5 sts. up left back neck edge, 32 (B—32; C—36) sts. down left side of front neck to left corner of neck edge (A—116; B—118; C—128 sts.). Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in.

Cast off in rib.

POCKET TOPS

Using No. 11 needles, work 9 rows of k 1, p 1 rib over 36 pocket-top sts. left on stitch-holder. Cast off in rib

TO MAKE UP

Press all sections lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Fold front facing sts. to reverse side and sl-st. into place, matching double buttonholes. Turn neck facing to reverse side and stitch into place. Sew ends of neckband to front neck edge. Sew around double buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Sew pocket linings and pocket tops into place. Press seams open.

RIBBON CABLE-STITCH gives a sculptured look to the smooth lines of this jacket. It fits snugly over the hips, and is a slimming style.

ROLL-BACK CUFFS match the turtle neckband and folded hem of this stylish pull-on.

Pull-on featured on our cover

● This pull-on sweater is featured on our cover. It is knitted in a new boucle wool with a rough texture.

Materials: Size A, 14 balls; size B, 15 balls; size C, 16 balls of Patons Bouclon Kemtweed; 1 pr. No. 9 and set each of 4 No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (B-34; C-36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 21 (B-22; C-23) in.; length of sleeve seam, 8 (B-8; C-8) in.

Tension: 6½ sts. to 1in. in width.

FRONT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 108 (B-114; C-120) sts.

Work 10 rows in rib of k 1, p 1.

11th Row: Purl (to form hemline).

Cont. in rib until work measures 16 (B-17; C-18) in. from commencement.

Cast off 5 (B-6; C-7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 94 (B-96; C-98) sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 4½ (B-4½; C-4½) in. on the straight.

In Next Row: Work in rib for 32 (B-32; C-33) sts., cast off 30 (B-32; C-32) sts.; work in patt. to end of row.

Cont. on last 32 (B-32; C-33) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row until 25 (B-27; C-28) sts. rem.

Work 2 (B-6; C-6) rows without shaping.

Shape shoulder by casting off Size A 8 sts. at armhole edge in next and following alt. row, then 9 sts. on following alt. row. Size B: 9 sts. at armhole edge in next and following alt. rows twice. Size C: 9 sts. at armhole edge in next and following alt. row, then 10 sts. on following alt. row.

Join in wool at centre and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as given for front until underarm shapings are completed, 94 (B-96; C-98) sts.

Work without shaping until armhole measures same as front.

Shape shoulders by casting off—Size A: 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Size B: 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Size C: 9 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 84 (B-86; C-88) sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1, inc. 1 st. at each end of the 9th and every following 8th row until there are 96 (B-98; C-100) sts. on needle.

Cont. without shaping until sleeve seam measures 8in.

Cast off 3 (B-4; C-5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every following alt row until there are 44 (B-46; C-48) sts. on needle, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 26 (B-28; C-30) sts. rem Cast off.

CUFFS

Using No. 12 needles, pick up 98 (B-100; C-102) sts. along lower edge of sleeve.

Work 17 rows in rib of k 1, p 1.

Change to No. 9 needles and work 10 rows in rib.

11th Row: Purl (to form hemline).

Work 9 rows in rib.

Cast off in rib.

COLLAR

Pin out and press front and back to size.

Join shoulders with back-stitch seam.

Using set of 4 No. 12 needles, and with wrong side of work facing, and commencing at right shoulder, pick up 52 (B-54; C-56) sts. down right side to centre front, 52 (B-54; C-56) sts. along left side of neck, and 62 (B-64; C-66) sts. across back (166; B-172; C-178 sts.).

Work 17 rounds in rib of k 1, p 1.

Change to No. 9 needles and work 10 rounds in rib.

11th Round: Purl (to form hemline).

Work 9 rounds in rib.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew in sleeve with back-stitch seam. Using flat seam, sew side and sleeve seams. Sew cuff seam, then turn back hem of cuff and sl-st. on wrong side. Turn back hem round lower edge of jumper and collar and sl-st. on wrong side. Finally press all seams well.

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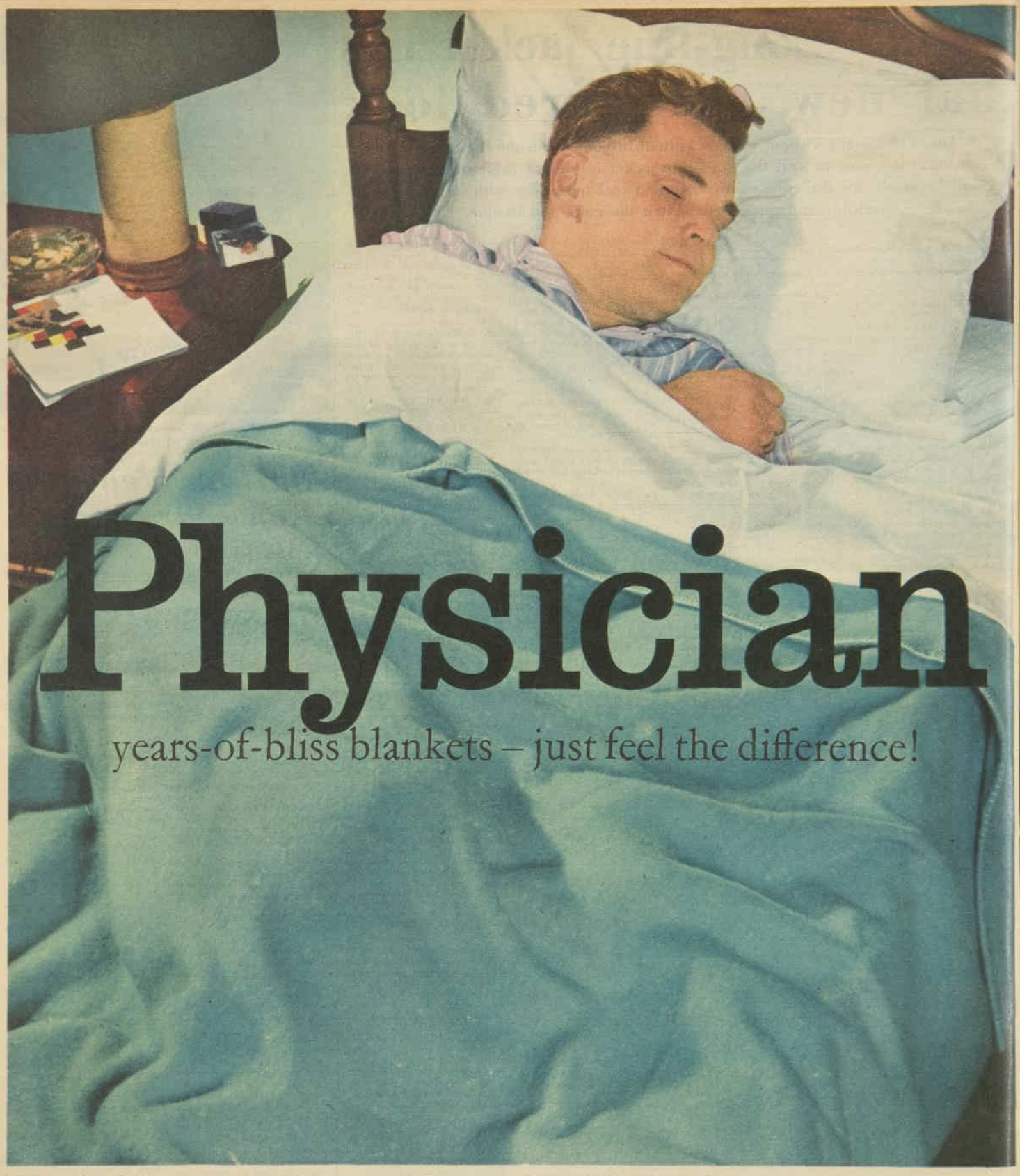

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You don't really know this woman. But the chances are *you know and admire someone very much like her.* A woman serenely poised and sure of herself *in any circumstances.*

The reason is simple. She refuses to put up with any personal inconvenience that can be avoided. For example, she long ago gave up using external sanitary protection because of two disadvantages—odour and chafing. She knows these problems don't arise with Tampax.

For Tampax is worn internally. It does away with belts, pins and pads. It's such a blessing when you're away from home—disposal is so simple. (Even the applicator can be flushed away.) A month's supply will go into your handbag—and of course you can take a bath or go swimming while you're wearing Tampax.

Millions of women rely on Tampax sanitary protection regularly. Why don't *you* try it? Choice of two absorbencies: Regular and Super, at chemists and department stores.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I AM a young girl of 13½. I like a boy of the same age in my class at school. I know from his friends that he likes me, but from my lack of knowledge what to say and from shyness we have not spoken to each other. Please tell me what to say to start the ball rolling."

"Wondering," Qld.

Say nothing. Just get on with your lessons and forget about boys for a while, but make a note to yourself for a couple of years hence: Boys are the ones who chase the girls.

"I AM 18 years of age, and I am going with a boy of 21. We planned to be engaged by next Christmas. Although I like him very dearly, I am afraid for him and myself, as he drinks far too much, and is also a very fast driver. I am most afraid of this, as I have had a very bad car smash. I told him about it, but he just said that he is only young once. I don't want to break this up, for it would hurt him very deeply as well as me."

"No Mother," N.S.W.

Get rid of this young man as fast as you can. It is better to be alive with a broken heart than dead in a car smash. Anyway, he obviously doesn't think much of you and your opinions or he would at least drive slowly while you are in the car.

"I AM pretty sure I am in love, but I am not sure whether it is love or just the usual teenage crush. I am 16 and my boy-friend is 18. We have been going out together continually for the past four months (which have been the most wonderful in my short life). He likes me a lot—I know, because he told me. Unfortunately, I am getting very depressed lately because he has had to take up night school during the week, and with his car (which is continually going bung) and his great piles of homework I only see him on Saturday night. And during the daytime he works, even on Saturday and Sunday, from 8 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., so you see I never see him. It is between Sunday and Friday that I feel this depressing down-in-the-dumps feeling. It's a horrid feeling and I don't know why I feel this way—could it be honest love? Do you think it would be all right for me to ring him once or twice during the week?"

C.J.B., S.A.

No, you mustn't ring him through the week. Let him make the running.

There are many things you should know about love. The first thing is that being in love when you're a teenager is one of the most miserable things that can possibly happen to you. You're happy with the boy you love, unhappy the moment he's out of sight, worried in case he doesn't ring you up, see you again, and disappointed with life generally.

I always think that terrible in-love depression you get comes from the stories girls are told and read from the time they are born.

Every girl in the world believes from the fairy-tale stage on that love is a vehicle that transports her to a pink cloud, that smooths the problems from everyday life, that turns the most ordinary boy-next-door type into Prince Charming himself.

You know already that this is not true, even if some girls try to kid you or themselves that it is.

Your boy-friend is like most men. He has to put first things first. First things at 18 are earning a living, improving his education, messing about with his car, and seeing you occasionally.

The life of a man is made up of many special things. One of them is the woman he loves, but he keeps her tucked away in his heart until the other special things in his life allow him to catch up with her. That is where men and women differ. Men are no more important to women, but generally they are the only special thing in women's lives. This is hard on them and hard on their men.

You'll have a much happier life if you realise this and realise, too, that his busy-ness with the other special things doesn't mean he no longer loves you.

But he won't love you or even like you if you turn into a telephone pest or make continual demands on his time that interfere with all his other special interests.

★★★★★ *DISC DIGEST* ★★★★★

ONE of the best things about the record game is the surprise element. Some of the most unprepossessing-looking discs turn out to be winners, and, on the other hand, many which you expect great things from turn out to be conkers once you put them on the turntable. I came across one in the first category this week.

"Afternoon in Amsterdam" (330SX.1098) looked as if it would be a prize bore. "All very nice for Dutch folk," I thought, "but not for me," but I soon changed my tune, because it's one of the most bewitching and happiest records I've heard in ages.

I most heartily agree with the album notes which say that the music here is like no other music anywhere. There are organs all over the world, but only in the Netherlands are there barrel organs like the massive "Gavioli Draaiorgel Jupiter," an ungainly affair simply dripping with rococo decoration. To me it sounds like all the circus music I've ever heard in one delicious carousel of sound, to which is added bells, chimes, gongs, and what-not. The music is reproduced from a sort of paper-folder, the perforated leaves of which create all this gaiety under air pressure.

"Jupiter" is pushed through the streets of Amsterdam, where this recording was made, by two men. One cranks a wheel to operate the music bellows while his offsider collects coins from passers-by. You'll recognise quite a number of tunes — waltzes, marches, sea chanties, and even tangos. Any collector with an appreciation for the carefree music of childhood, and a taste for the exotic, must hear "Afternoon in Amsterdam."

— BERNARD FLETCHER

A word from Debbie . . .

TOFFEE feasts seem to be the rage at the moment. Why not have one in the kitchen?

All you need is a clear go at the stove, the record-player, and a selected gang who'll not forget to stir the toffee occasionally and will enjoy eating it when it's ready.

Here are the recipes:

HONEYCOMB TOFFEE: Eight tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon water, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda. Boil the sugar, water, and golden syrup together until the mixture forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Add the soda and stir it in quickly. While it is still frothing up (use a fairly large saucepan to allow for this), pour the toffee quickly into a greased pan to set.

PEANUT BRITTLE: Two large cups sugar, half cup lukewarm water, 1 dessertspoon butter, 4oz. peanuts, 1 dessertspoon bicarbonate of soda. Dissolve the sugar in the warm water and boil steadily without stirring until the syrup turns a honey color. Add the peanuts, butter, and soda, and stir evenly through the syrup. Pour on to a buttered tin and when beginning to set pull out into thin pieces and put these on another buttered tin. Always make peanut brittle in small quantities; it is difficult to pull too large a quantity.

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Orlon or Crochet from Book 236 — Bulkyknit from Book 231 — Bulkyknit from Book 231 — Koolia or Double Crepe from Book 233

KNITTING HINTS

FOR BEST WASHING RESULTS—gently wash in luke warm, soapy suds. Rinse thoroughly in several changes of water to remove all traces of soap by gently squeezing—never wringing. Dry flat, away from strong sunlight. *TENSION IS IMPORTANT*—maintaining the correct tension ensures a correct-size garment. But, if you are inclined to knit too tightly, try using needles one size larger. Loose knitters should use needles one size smaller.

1959 STYLE GUIDE

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VICTORIA

Its tourist and industrial attractions

• *Giant Latrobe Valley circuit breakers control an immense flow of power through Victoria.*

• *Continental influence of migrants has brought popular pavement cafes to Melbourne.*

● This special 32-page section gives a glimpse of Victoria's success story. Closely settled — by Australian standards — Victoria is served by an excellent network of road and rail. One of the smallest but most highly developed States, it is a colorful year-round tourist playground and a shop window of opportunity for the overseas investor and industrialist.

• *Victoria's farmer Premier, Henry Bolte, whose faith is in Australian-American enterprise.*

• *Ski-ing at Mt. Hotham is a big item in the sparkling winter sports programme.*

• *Sun - drenched surfing beaches line the south-western Riviera. This is Torquay.*

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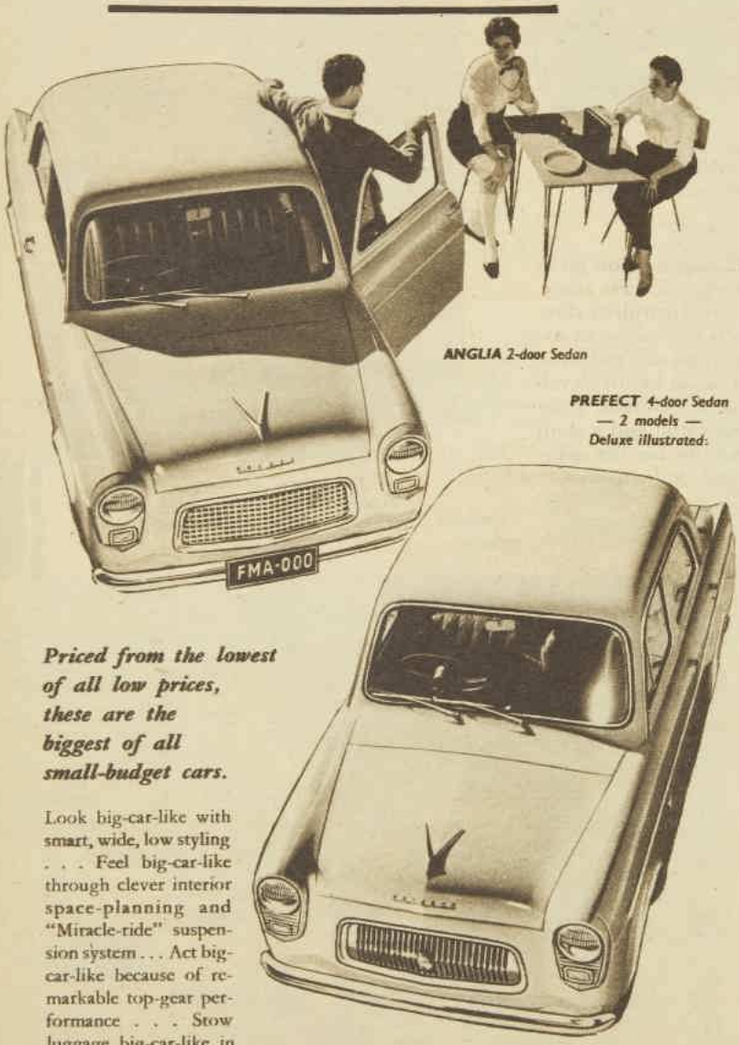

Priced from the lowest of all low prices, these are the biggest of all small-budget cars.

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● ***Buchan Caves' well-equipped caravan camping park in Gippsland.***

VICTORIA

HIGHWAY HOLIDAY

● Victoria, about the size of the British Isles, and containing one quarter of Australia's population, has the continent's densest network of highways and roads.

RADIATING from Melbourne, the roads offer the traveller a delightful choice of rugged coastal cliffs, timbered mountain ranges, picturesque bushland, and broad, clean beaches.

Caravan and camping grounds, motels, guest-houses, and picnic grounds with fireplaces and water supplies have been established at scenic spots along the highways in most parts of the State.

Drive-yourself cars and caravans may be hired in Melbourne.

State and local government authorities spend £30,000,000 a year keeping highways and roads in condition for the 750,000 Victorian and thousands of interstate users.

Maintenance teams patrol the four main highways daily and inspect other roads at regular intervals.

Pine forests planted throughout the State border highways and secondary roads for many miles and long sections of the highways have been landscaped into avenues of native and imported trees, some of them as memorials to pioneers and Australia's war dead.

The tourist who sets out on the WESTERN HIGHWAY — inland and shortest route to Adelaide — will go through Ballarat, famed for its Summer Begonia Festivals and its South Street Music Competitions, and over the fertile Western District past some of the country's wealthiest sheep and cattle properties and loveliest pioneer homesteads.

From September to mid-November wildflower lovers stream up the Western Highway to see the Grampians, a 70-mile-wide mountain range south of Stawell, ablaze in colorful wildflowers.

Among 200 species growing in these mountains are the tall white-and-pink thryptomene, the beautifully scented boronia, grevillia, wild fuchsia, sarsparilla, and pink heath, which was recently declared the official floral emblem of Victoria.

Miles of lakes

Two hundred miles of well-graded roads lace the valleys and ranges, and lead to some of the finest mountain scenery in Australia.

The coastal road to Adelaide is the western part of the PRINCES HIGHWAY, which passes the large State Government experimental farm at Werribee, jet aircraft research station at Avalon, and Geelong, which has the world's largest wheat terminal silos (capacity 22,500,000 bushels).

In the opposite direction the Princes Highway is the pick of tourist routes into New South Wales, skirting around the mountains of Central Gippsland and passing close to the 90-mile beach and the Gippsland Lakes.

Lakes Entrance, centre of the 90 miles of lakeland, has motels, camping grounds, guest-houses, and hotels. Cabin cruisers can be hired on the lakes for £15 to £45 weekly.

The cave country, a honeycomb of stalactites and stalagmites at Buchan, 36 miles beyond the lakes, is in one of the State's scenic reserves. The caves, open to the public, are electrically lit.

A worthwhile detour from the Princes Highway is along the South Gippsland Highway to Phillip Island, where penguins, koalas and caravan-camping ground attract thousands.

This road goes down to Wilson's Promontory, southern-most point of the State, an extensive national park and sanctuary for native flora and fauna.

The alternative main route to New South Wales is the HUME HIGHWAY, used mainly by commercial traffic but with many attractive stops. The township of Glenrowan, where Australia's infamous bushranger Ned Kelly was captured, is on this route.

From the CALDER HIGHWAY, reaching north from Melbourne, the traveller can reach the mineral spring resorts of Daylesford and Hepburn Springs in the Great Dividing Range.

An estimated 200,000 visitors a year enjoy

the invigorating mountain air and spa waters that flow from 17 springs in the district.

Willow trees planted by gold prospectors 100 years ago shelter one of the State's best camping and caravan grounds at Victoria Park in Daylesford.

A wonderful winter tour, particularly for fishing and shooting enthusiasts, is a drive along the MURRAY VALLEY HIGHWAY, a 525-mile stretch of excellent road, hugging the lush banks of the Murray River, in the temperate north of the State.

The NEPEAN HIGHWAY, following the east coast of Port Phillip Bay, is the State's busiest roadway in summer, when thousands drive down to swim, sail, water-ski, surf, and fish from the wide, tea-tree-sheltered beaches of the Mornington Peninsula.

The GREAT OCEAN ROAD, winding around the south-west coast from Torquay, serves the riviera playgrounds of Anglesea, Lorne, and Apollo Bay.

The ACHERON WAY on the Dividing Range is one of the best drives near Melbourne.

Beginning in the mountain township of Warburton under Mt. Donna Buang, it winds 21 miles through tall forests to Marysville, where there is a camping park and log cabins can be rented.

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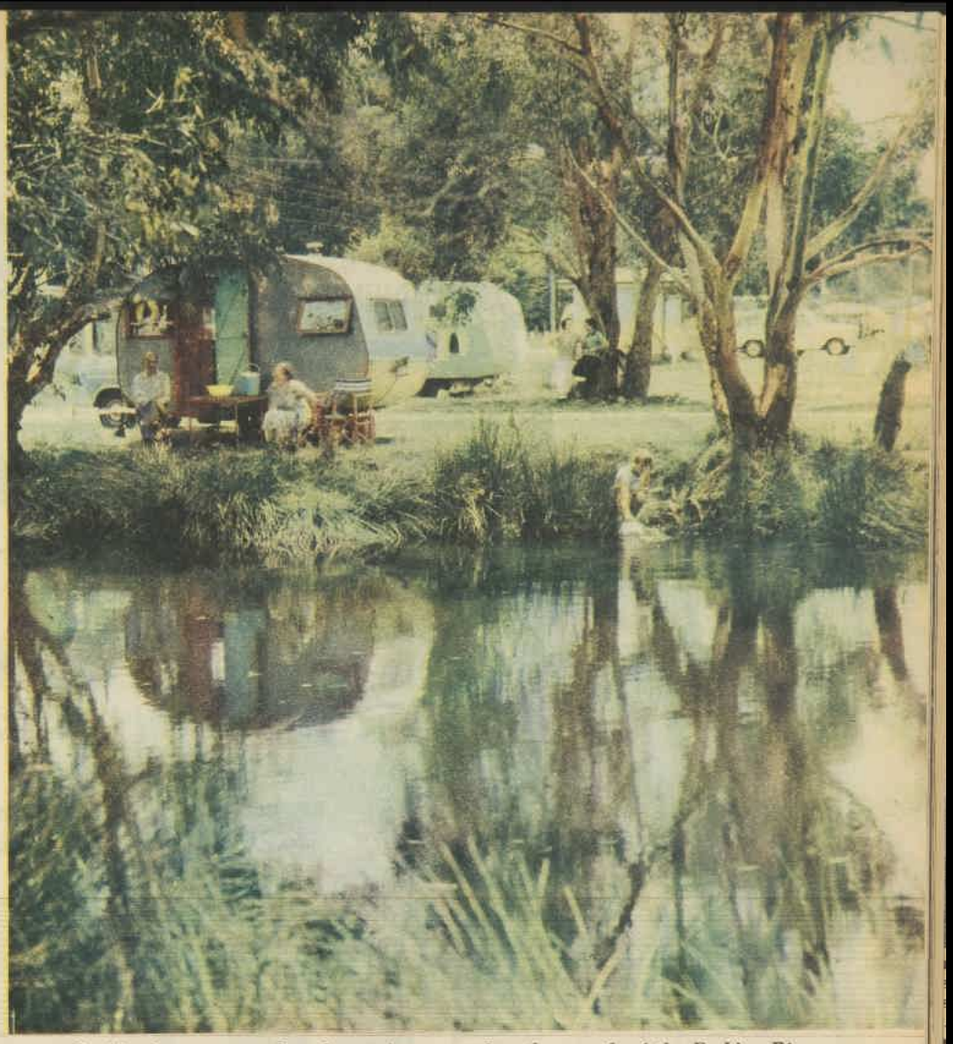
• *On the Mt. Hotham Road, looking back to Mt. Buffalo, one of the State's 15 National Parks.*

• *The Balconies, a rugged attraction of the lovely Grampian Mountains, in Central West Victoria.*



• *Bushland caravan park and camping ground at the mouth of the Erskine River. Most caravan parks have laundries, fireplaces, showers, children's playgrounds.*

• *Luxurious modern motel in Dandenong Road, Clayton (right), has 43 air-conditioned, sound-proofed rooms. At left is the contemporary-styled Kooroora motel at Jamieson, Eildon.*

• *The Great Ocean Road, west of Lorne, a popular summer resort. This road winds 135 miles round the colorful south-west coast.*

• *The River Murray, which divides Victoria from New South Wales, runs by the Murray Valley Highway for hundreds of miles.*

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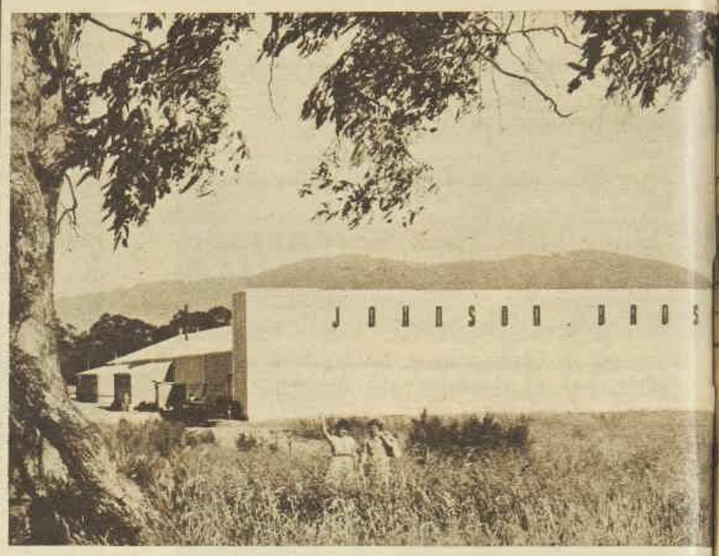

● *Johnson Bros.' crockery factory, in a rural setting at Croydon, 20 miles from Melbourne, is staffed mostly by British and European migrants.*

● Concentration in Victoria of 43 per cent. of Australia's huge migrant intake has ensured the State of an ample labor force for industrial expansion.

TODAY more than one-third of Victorian workers are engaged in industry, much of which has developed in the past ten years of the migration programme.

Among the 16,053 factories producing goods worth £1200 million a year, the history of Johnson Brothers' venture at Croydon, 20 miles from Melbourne, is a fairly typical success story among overseas investors.

Johnson Bros., a family business famous for crockery-making at Stoke-on-Trent, England, decided two years ago to open a branch in Victoria.

They started in the small Dandenong Range town with £200,000 capital and a handful of English craftsmen and women under the control of Stephen Johnson, youngest son in the family's current generation.

Since then the factory has overtaken its original plans for expansion and is now a £500,000 concern.

By the end of the year it will employ at least 200 people, most of them migrants, making utility-wear cups, saucers, and plates for Australian breakfast tables.

"Even when we reach capacity production at the end of the year, we will still be able to supply only ten per cent. of the Australian market," said Stephen Johnson.

"The Victorian quota alone is huge. For every kind of manufacture, this State has the highest consumer demand percentage in Australia. And, on the birthrate and Victoria's migration programme, it will leap by more than 35 per cent. in the next ten years."

An eligible bachelor in his late thirties, Stephen Johnson sucks his pipe with embarrassed pleasure when his "knowhow" in selecting Victoria as the place for his firm's expansion is analysed.

He explained that after modernising Johnson Bros. at Stoke-on-Trent, where a million pieces of crockery are produced a week, it was decided to spread the family's interests abroad.

"We felt it was essential to choose an English-speaking country for our expansion, and the choice was narrowed down to Australia, a place I've always liked a lot.

"We also realised that Australia had to import its utility tableware from overseas, and that we could manufacture here at a competitive price. Company taxation, for instance, is lower.

"And our technical men found the best raw materials for our purpose were in Victoria.

"Victoria has a stable Government enthusiastically disposed to private enterprise, and most of our biggest clients have the head offices of their companies here.

"The temperate climate is mild by European standards, and this countryside is beautiful, with mountains as accessible as the beaches.

"A thing to remember is that migrants arriving here from cold climates like climbing as a recreation as much as a day at the seaside."

Stephen Johnson said the Croydon district was an ideal locality for his factory. It was like the English countryside, and this helped people they brought out from England to feel less homesick.

VICTORIA

"The township is going ahead, but it is still small enough for our employees to play a part in the community life.

"To work well, people must be happy and feel they matter as much in a new country as in their former home.

"Here they can work in natural lighting all the year round (again cutting production costs), enjoy the good things of the country, yet Melbourne is only about three-quarters of an hour away.

"When we decided to move from England we called for volunteers to help us get established in Victoria. The response was tremendous.

"We picked four families with ten children between them, two unmarried members of the staff—and myself."

The migrants — all expenses paid by Johnson Bros. — were accommodated in a hotel at Croydon for about a fortnight, while wives inspected, chose, and furnished houses which the firm had under offer in the district.

The houses are let to members of the staff at below-market-value rentals. Later they will be able to buy them on terms.

"After they've finished paying for refrigerators, cars, and TV sets, they can think about buying their homes from us," said Stephen.

Today the original team is passing on to Australians and European migrants who have

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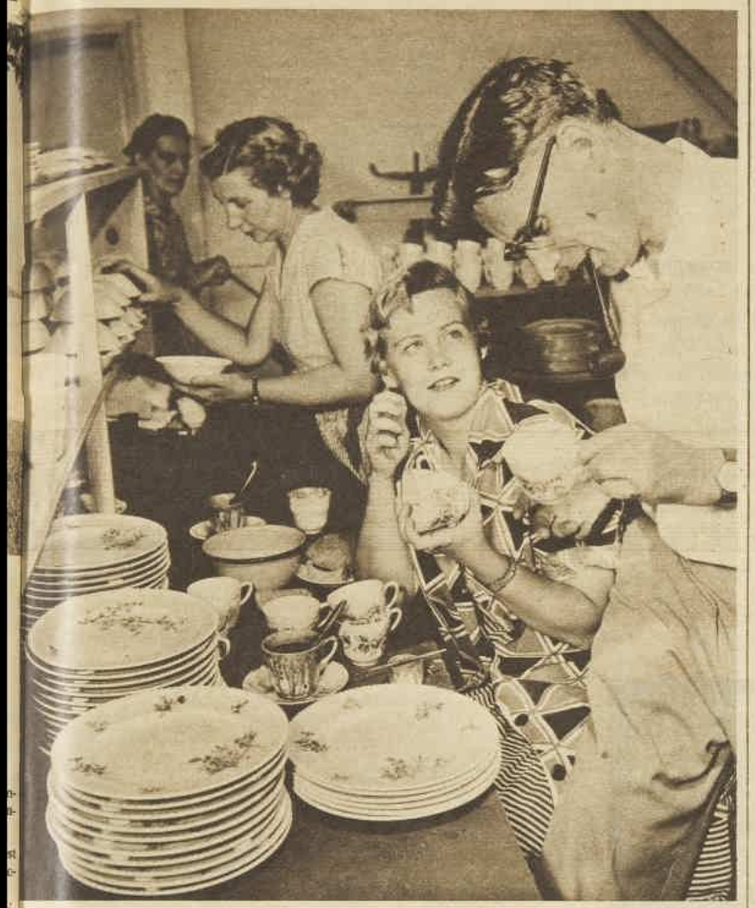
SETTLES DOWN



● *Managing director Stephen Johnson inspects decorative transfers applied by Finnish migrant Lena Tulari. Forewoman Mrs. W. Clarke (behind) has been with the firm for 21 years and moved with it from England.*

nce joined the staff centuries-old traditions English craftsmanship.

Stephen Johnson is managing-director of e parent company as well as running the bsidiary at Croydon. He "commutes" beween Melbourne and Mayfair with two quick r trips each year.

"It is no distance at all, really," he says. And when the Boeings begin the London-Melbourne service at the end of the year the trip will take only 28 hours."

● *Pottery workers Rudolf Dolensky, Gerry Willhemsen, Victorian Pat Robertson, and Alfred Fradley.*

● *Young former Bavarian artist Mrs. Ursula Liebz enjoys the freedom of working in shorts in warm weather.*

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* Section of Australia's own Nylon plant, situated at Bayswater, 18 miles east of Melbourne at the foot of the Dandenong Ranges.

British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

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MR. 'THUNDER' MEANS BIG BUSINESS

● Nuggety, hard-hitting State Premier Henry E. Bolte will leave Melbourne for the United States on April 23 with one aim — to "sell" American businessmen the advantages of industrial investment in Victoria.

MR. ("THUNDER") BOLTE is convinced his State is on the brink of expansion matched only by America's leap to greatness sixty years ago.

Given time, he says, Victorians can develop their State themselves. But the task is huge, and Victoria, like the rest of the world, is in a hurry.

"We can supply the physical resources, the manpower, and an expanding, increasingly important market. But we need American capital and American knowhow.

"What we offer is a secure place in an expanding economy that is making Australia one of the most advanced nations in the world."

While Mr. Bolte is determined to sell the advantages of his State, he is not interested in people who hope to be nursed along with Government subsidies or who see Victoria's potential as a field for high-pressure, get-rich-quick promotions.

He wants business investors —small and titanic—who are prepared to back their dreams with vigorous action.

Aggressive, practical, and plainly spoken, Henry Bolte, the farmer-Premier, has governed Victoria for four years.

In political years, he is a young Premier. His entry into politics came by chance in 1945 on the "19th hole" of a country golf links near his sheep property, "Kialla," at Meredith, in Victoria's Western District.

He recalls that his partners in the game, a group of Liberal Party supporters, were complaining of their inability to find a willing local candidate for the coming State elections.

Mr. Bolte remarked to this unhappy group that it seemed "no one had enough guts to stand for Parliament when the State desperately needed strong leaders."

From the spirited argument, telephone calls, and discussion that followed, Henry Bolte emerged as endorsed Liberal candidate, beating the deadline for nominations by less than a day.

He was defeated in a tough contest. Two years later he attacked again and campaigned so actively that he was soon given Cabinet rank with his seat in the House of Assembly.

And when his party was later voted out of office he remained in Parliament as Deputy Leader of the Opposition.

In 1953 chance again affected his career. The party leader, Mr. Trevor Oldham, was killed in an air crash while travelling to London for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth.

Overnight, Mr. Bolte found himself Opposition Leader.

A double job

Dynamic and personable, obsessed by the opportunities, he led the Liberal Party to victory in 1955 and has since remained State Premier.

His dual role of State Treasurer is a delight to him. "I'm a bush economist," he says. "Calculating figures is a hobby with me."

Henry Bolte, 51 years old, husbands his mental resources by handling one job at a time.

Even at breakfast he concentrates on his coffee and not on the morning papers. He reads them from cover to cover before he gets out of bed.

"I'm always good in the mornings, because I don't worry about things at night," he says.

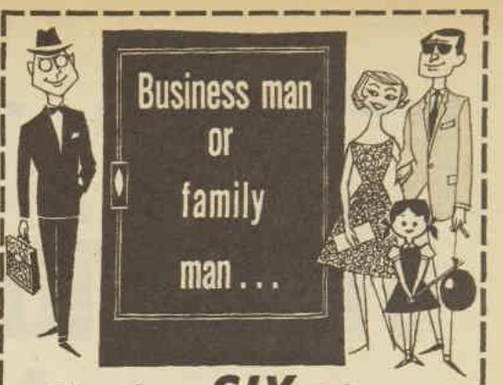
"Too many men take home business worries and are 'goosed' thinking about them before they even start work. Much more can be achieved with a calm mind."

Premier Bolte likes to see people stand on their own feet and to investors prepared to do so he will offer almost unlimited facilities.

"The ball is at Victoria's feet," he says.

"We must play it on unhesitatingly."

● Premier Bolte and his wife found strength in independence when they married 25 years ago. He took his bride to a cottage at Meredith on 1100 acres of scrub, which he cleared, stocked, and turned into a showplace.



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And you find that your dinner suit looks like a rag,
We'll take it and bring it back dry-cleaned or pressed,
(There's nothing too good for our hotel guest).

FINEST INTERNATIONAL CUISINE
If your taste runs to shashliks and pate de foie
And schnitzels and pretzels and black caviar,
Just look at the Menu and take a deep breath,
Then leave the rest to our fabulous chef.

TOP-LINE FLOOR SHOWS
When you sit at dinner with a drink in your hand,
And hear the best singers and comics and bands,
You'll make up your mind (and it's no hard decision),
That our floor show sure beats television.

BOOKING SERVICE
A phone call arranges accommodation,
At a Federal Hotel (they're spread o'er the nation),
In Sydney and Melbourne and Hobart as well,
You're SIX TIMES WELCOME at Federal Hotels.

Yes, you can book accommodation in your own city — simply phone . . .

in SYDNEY	BW 8521	Ushers Hampton Court Hotel
in MELBOURNE	MY 1581	Hotel Federal Menzies Savoy Plaza
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BIGGER THAN GOLD . . . RICHER THAN URANIUM

Victorian Gas supply 'inexhaustible'

The world's largest individual, most easily worked coal deposits — and the revolutionary new Lurgi process — make a gigantic contribution to Victoria's prosperity

Standing on 400 acres of land at Morwell, just over 100 miles from Melbourne, is the Lurgi Gasification Plant of the Gas and Fuel Corporation of Victoria. This plant, which is in the middle of the Latrobe Valley, taps Australia's richest treasure house, the Victorian brown coal field, largest individual field in the world, with the most easily-won coal in the world.

The Latrobe Valley coalfield occupies a total area of 200 square miles, of which about one third averages 400 feet in thickness! At its present rate of working, the field is almost limitless, with a known 30,000,000 tons of brown coal waiting for use.

Official opening of the Lurgi Plant was performed by the Duke of Edinburgh in 1956 during his Olympic Games visit. The plant supplies the Metropolitan area through a 103-mile high pressure underground pipeline. More than 350,000 domestic, industrial, and commercial users are supplied by the Corporation. They use gas which has the very satisfactory heating value of 500 British Thermal Units per cubic foot.

Annual production of Gas and by-products

At present rates of production, the Morwell plant of the Gas and Fuel Corporation produces annually:

5200 million cubic feet of gas,
1,210,000 gallons Brown Coal Tar,
560,000 gallons of Benzole Motor Spirit,
and 438,000 gallons of oil.

From brown-coal gas, synthetic materials can be produced in any desired quantities. The more common are ammonia, urea, methanol, oil and petrol.

Present planning provides for the capacity of the plant to be doubled by 1960. The production of liquid synthetic fuel is being examined. Its manufacture will give this country (with no natural oil supplies of any consequence) some measure of security in vital supplies of these products. The Corporation is also evolving metallurgical coke and "hard char", a new fuel with properties different from coke.

Bottled Gas revolutionizes rural life

For some time now the Corporation has been providing "Heatane" Bottled Gas to all areas of Victoria beyond the gas mains. "Heatane" is propane gas, a product of petroleum refining. When bottled under pressure, it becomes a liquid. When pressure is released, such as turning on a gas jet, the liquid becomes an efficient gas.

This follows the proven American practice of using bottled gas extensively. More than 9 million American homes use gas in bottles, and "Heatane", too, is becoming known nation-wide. It is sold in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and part of South Australia. In addition, it is available in Fiji, and Australian expeditions have used "Heatane" in Antarctic explorations.

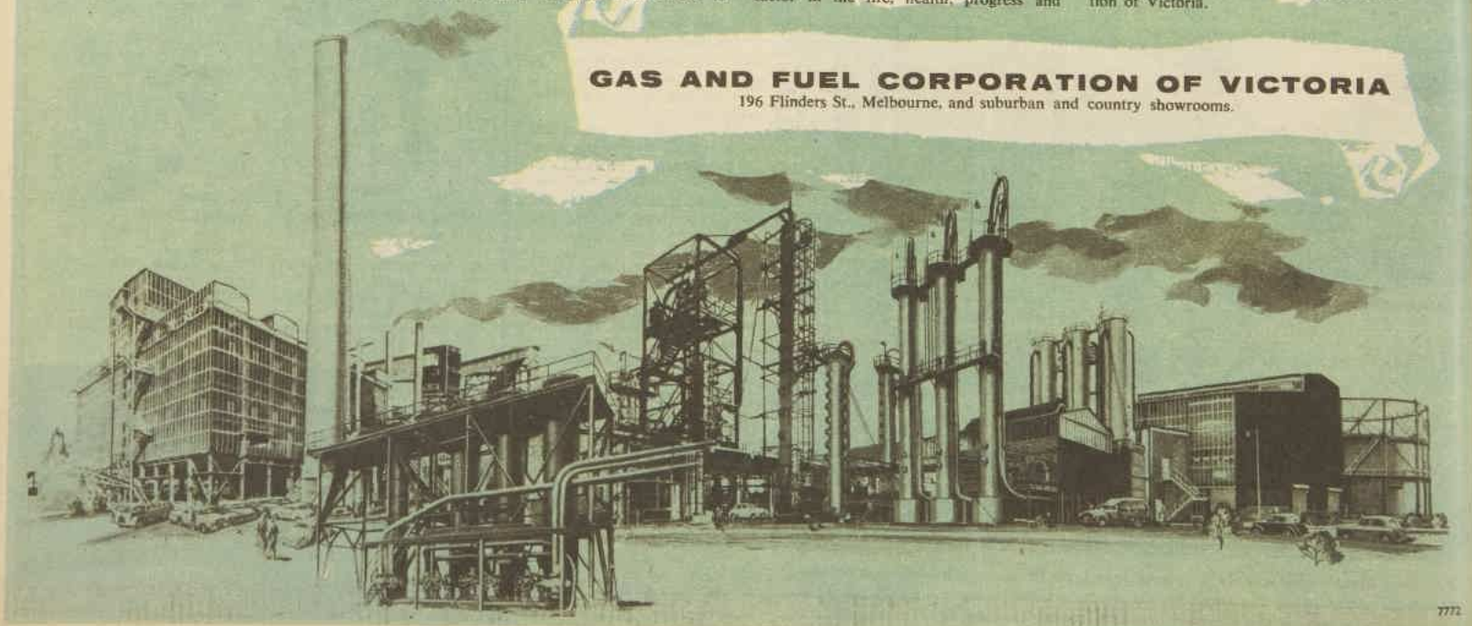
With "Heatane", even the most remote farmhouse, weekend home, caravan or boat can enjoy all the conveniences of a city gas supply. Two bottles are supplied; as soon as one is empty it is replaced with a full one. Similarly, with bulk storages of "Heatane", refilled as necessary from road tankers, industries, hospitals, hotels and restaurants in country areas can enjoy all the benefits of their own gas supply.

Gas and the community

The Gas and Fuel Corporation is a basic factor in the life, health, progress and happiness of Victoria. Gas is the popular, economically priced domestic fuel for cooking, water-heating, refrigeration and room-warming. With new, improved and trouble-free hot water units being manufactured, more and more people are swinging to gas for hot water as installations of these units bring gas to their homes at a lower rate than normal. It is the universal fuel for cooking on a large scale — in hotels, restaurants, clubs and industrial canteens. Gas heats large buildings like factories, offices, picture theatres, even churches. No job is too big for gas. In industry, more than 3000 different processes using gas have been listed. Of the Corporation's total gas sales, more than 20% goes to commerce and industry. With an efficient source of heat to produce better goods more quickly and economically, the community benefits by being able to purchase these goods more cheaply.

With new houses being constructed daily new industries establishing themselves and with present consumers expanding their usage of gas, it is comforting to know that there is no possibility of any Victorian gas shortage in the foreseeable future. This is ensured by two great factors — the world's largest deposit of brown coal, and the Lurgi Plant of the Gas and Fuel Corporation of Victoria.

GAS AND FUEL CORPORATION OF VICTORIA
196 Flinders St., Melbourne, and suburban and country showrooms.



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• *Main open-cut mine at Yallourn produces eight million tons of brown coal a year. The mine covers 1000 acres.*

VICTORIA

THE VALLEY OF DECISION

• *President of Morwell Shire, Councillor A. L. Hare, with assistant librarian Miss Doris Weak in Morwell's £20,000 new library.*

NINETY miles from Melbourne, the Latrobe Valley is rapidly emerging as the heart of Victoria's industrial growth. Several hundred million pounds have been poured into this area in developmental and allied works — based on the Valley's virtually inexhaustible reserves of brown coal. Probably the world's largest, the known reserves total more than 22,000 million tons — all of which can be won continuously by open-cut mining in great quantities and at low cost. Brown coal supplies more than half of Victoria's electricity, and its exploitation for gas, power, and fuel has opened tremendous opportunities for the establishment of secondary industries. The four main Valley towns are Yallourn, Morwell, Moe, and Traralgon — each playing a vital part in the great expansion.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

• *Dubliner Paddy O'Dowd, here with his family in the Valley, was one of the first four men to answer S.E.C.'s overseas recruiting.*

• *Three-course meal is served by Joe French to Ed Eustace, Glen Chittleborough, and Jim Oswald at S.E.C. canteen in Yallourn.*

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with a NAMCO Pressure Cooker

Now! Look at the time you save!

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PEAS	2 MINS.	20 mins.
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PEA SOUP	15 MINS.	2 hours
POTATOES	7 MINS.	20 mins.

Namco Pressure Cooking is the modern, magic way to cook that cuts kitchen hours, keeps precious vitamins alive in the food and brings out all the flavour.
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Namco Saucepans — Available in 1½" ground base 'Rapid-Heat' — also heavy-gauge 'Radiant-Heat' aluminium.

Namco Super Speed Kettle — 4½ and 6 pint — perfectly flat ground base heats water fast on any stove.

Namco Baking Dish — Cast aluminium — won't warp or buckle — easily cleaned — two sizes — with or without lid.

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Namco Miracle Griller — The hot plate griller that gives succulent, tender grills quickly — 'bastes' as it grills, with scientifically designed dimpled lid.

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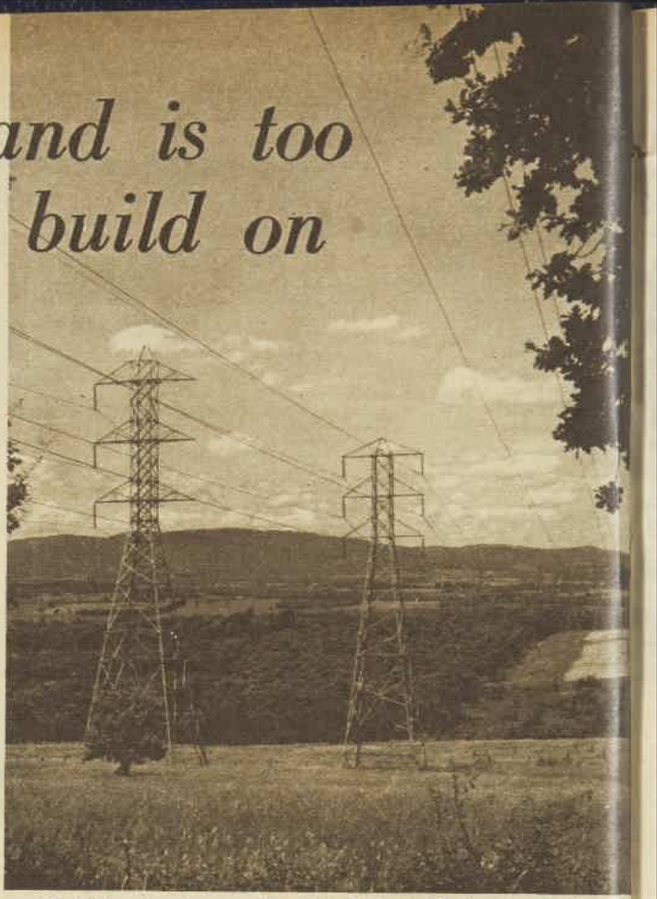
Where land is too good to build on



● *Highways of power from the Latrobe Valley stretch through forest and farm in the lush countryside of eastern Victoria.*

● Victoria's State Electricity Commission has invested £100 million in the Latrobe Valley, with another £150 million earmarked for the area in the next ten years.

THE Commission reasons that this is a small price to pay for independent and unlimited power supplies.

The need for Victoria to become independent of outside fuel sources was realised as early as World War I, when the uncertainty of coal supplies from New South Wales was hampering Victoria's industrial expansion.

In 1921 it was decided to exploit the brown coal resources in the Latrobe Valley, under the direction of famous soldier Sir John Monash, first chairman of the State Electricity Commission.

Today more than thirty authorities co-ordinate developments in the valley: in houses, highways, health services, hospitals, schools, railways, water and sewerage projects.

The pace is set by the S.E.C., which launched operations at Yallourn with 1000 homes and civic amenities, a gigantic power station, and a one-ton-a-minute briquette plant.

Here unlimited quantities of brown coal, just forty feet below the surface, are turned into electricity and fuel.

Although the Yallourn open-cut will continue to yield almost forever, the township cannot expand.

There is not even a foot of land available for building a puppy's kennel outside the gardens of existing homes.

"The area is too valuable to allow a township to spread over these coal deposits," explained Brigadier John Field, general superintendent at Yallourn.

The overflow population lives a few miles away in the town of Newborough and at North Yallourn, and Moe, at the entrance to the valley, in houses built over hilly ridges where dredges would have to dig deeper to extract coal.

Six miles from Yallourn the former rural township of Morwell has been awakened by the beginning of another brown-coal open-cut and the building of a second power station and briquette plant by the S.E.C.

VICTORIA

The Gas and Fuel Corporation also moved in to make gas from brown-coal briquettes and gas by-products such as high-octane fuel.

The gas-making plant at Morwell provides one-third of the metropolitan area's daily requirements. Gas is transported to Melbourne through an underground pipeline.

The Corporation is preparing to increase the size of the plant, and within two years its daily capacity will be about 25 million cubic feet.

Gas originating from brown coal is odorless. But the Gas and Fuel Corporation provide the local product with a familiar smell, using a conventionally "gassy" scent imported from the U.S.

"It could just as easily be treated with French perfume," said the works manager at Morwell, Mr. John Bate. "But people then wouldn't be alerted if it were escaping from a leaky jet. Making it smell like gas is a safety measure."

Morwell's growth is still further guaranteed by plans to build a third raw brown coal-burning power station, one of the biggest in the world, at nearby Hazelwood.

In ten years the population of the Latrobe Valley has swollen from 17,5[illegible] to nearly 50,000, and in the next ten years 100,000 people will be living there.

A vast labor pool of young men and girls of wage-earning age will accumulate in this time. Authorities say the labor pool is an asset to the State in attracting new industries to the area. And most families see it that way, too.

Families like the O'Dowds, anywhere and there are lots of them among the Valley's huge intake of migrants.

Paddy O'Dowd, a boiler attendant at the Yallourn Power Station, and his wife, Mary, came from Dublin nine years ago, when the S.E.C. first recruited labor from overseas. They were one of the first four families to settle at Newborough.

Paddy reached Victoria ahead of Mary, who followed with their six children three months later.

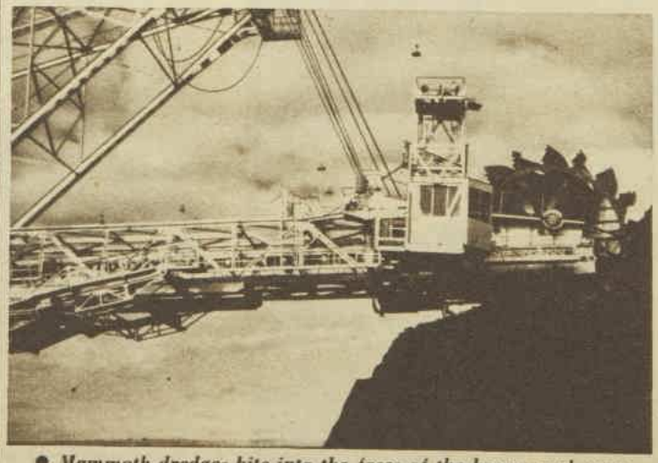
"When we got here I had just one penny left. Paddy met us with 2/6 in his pocket and £60 worth of postal notes he'd been saving in my name. They couldn't be spent before I got here," Mary recalled.

"Everything was lovely. The Commission had this house ready for us, and there was enough food in the kitchen for a week."

Now Paddy and Mary have nine children, with another arriving in June, one of the most comfortable and spotlessly kept homes in the district, a TV set, washing-machine, piano, electric labor-saving gadgets, and a panel van for family outings, and their own five-piece jazz band.

Paddy, who has won radio contests in Ireland and Australia with his light baritone voice, says it is the O'Dowds' love for music which has enabled the family to "keep swimmin' with their heads above water."

"We'd rather 'Roll Out the Barrel' at home with the family band than be out spending money on beer, cigarettes and the pictures," Paddy says.



● *Mammoth dredges bite into the faces of the brown coal open-cuts and load waiting trains with nearly 2000 tons an hour.*

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Assembled in an Altona paddock with Standard-Vacuum's great refinery as a background, are a few of the things which are made from petrochemicals. The chair of laminated plywood is bonded with plastic adhesives. Its feet are of synthetic rubber, as is the car battery case. Plastic bottles, perfumes and medicines all come from petrochemicals. The shoes are of synthetic satin. Many other items of clothing and home furnishings are also made from synthetic fabrics. Radio cabinets, telephone handsets, garden hoses, dyes, paints and printing inks are all important applications.

All this from a drop of oil . . .

Every drop of oil that courses through the Standard-Vacuum Refinery at Altona at the rate of more than a million gallons a day is a real treasure-house bursting with a thousand products needed by man.

For five years this great refinery has poured out petroleum products in the service of Australia — gasoline, kerosene, lubricating oils, even gas for the stoves of Melbourne and the country districts of Victoria and South Australia.

Now Vacuum begins a new adventure — the manufacture of petrochemicals — the marvellous liquids and crystals which are the basis for all the articles shown on this page.

In four huge plants costing £23,000,000, Vacuum and a group of associated companies will take apart the petroleum molecules and put them together again in the form of synthetic rubber, and raw materials for making plastics of all kinds.

From 1961, Australia will no longer be totally dependent on overseas sources for these important materials.

They will be made here in Victoria, efficiently and inexpensively, opening up a whole new world of beautiful products for the housewife.

Melbourne's pioneer oil company of 1895, still leads the industry with the most exciting industrial development of the century.

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RICHARD HUDNUT NEW Quick HOME PERMANENT

The only permanent you dare wash at once!

So easy, no need to shampoo first!

Only Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Perm has Crystal-Pure Lanolized Wave Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odour. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to last with exclusive Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion!

Wave and wash with ½ the work!

It's the quickest! Only Richard Hudnut's Crystal-Pure Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips. You get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—half the winding time—half the work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin soft, sweet to be near. Use Richard Hudnut today—be shampoo fresh tonight!

Choose the **RICHARD HUDNUT** Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.

FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in normal hair. RED BOX.
FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in normal hair. GREEN BOX.
For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-rinsed or lightened hair, use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE.

13/-

A more natural-looking, stronger, longer-lasting wave, whichever hair style you prefer!

. . . and for those end curls and between-perm pickups—

RICHARD HUDNUT **Quickette** END CURL HOME PERM

Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between perms with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package. **9/-**

HP103.143

SUMMER FUN

● *Swinging bridge over the Erskine River at Lorne, popular sophisticated summer resort of the south-west coast, the Riviera of Victoria.*

● Victoria's 900 miles of coastline has some of the safest beaches in the country. From Portland in the west to Mallacoota in the east there are beaches with excellent surf and a great variety of scenery.

THEY range from fashionable holiday resorts like Lorne and Portsea with smart hotels and guesthouses, to beaches unspoiled, away from the town, where holidaymakers can relax in the peace they would expect at a private beach.

The coastline is liberally supplied with hotels, guesthouses, holiday flats, and good camping and caravan facilities.

Surf carnivals are held regularly at the main beaches throughout the summer. They attract thousands of visitors.

The better-known beaches are patrolled at weekends and holidays by members of the Victorian Surf Life Saving Association of Australia, which boasts that there has never been a fatality where a patrol has been on duty.

There are fifteen surf lifesaving clubs in Victoria at the following beaches: Anglesea, Apollo Bay, Fairhaven, Lakes Entrance, Lorne, Ocean Grove, Point Leo, Point Lonsdale, Port Fairy, Portland, Seaspray, Sorrento-Portsea, Torquay, Warrnambool, and Wye River.

One of the State's favorite summer playgrounds is the South-west Coast, where the Great Ocean Road winds alongside the blue southern ocean, offering the traveller 150 miles of wide, clean sandy beaches and surf.

Gay social life

This section of Victoria's coast is popularly known as the South-western Riviera.

West along the Great Ocean Road are the resorts of Torquay, Anglesea, Lorne, and Apollo Bay.

Smaller beaches are tucked away in corners round the Great Ocean Road. Some of these are Airey's Inlet, Eastern View, Wye River, and Kennett River.

Lorne is one of the most sophisticated of Victoria's holiday resorts, at the foot of the Otway Range, where holidaymakers can combine good surfing, magnificent scenery, and a gay social life.

The town's 1200 resident population swells to 17,000 over the Christmas holiday period.

Students flock to Lorne in the season, where one of their chief meeting places is the Arab Coffee Lounge, a gay bohemian centre run by former Borovansky ballet dancer Graham Smith and his brothers Alastair and Robin.

Customers sit on rugs and cushions on the floor and drink coffee from low cane tables to throbbing Arabian music.

Exotic informality

"This is a home from home for the younger crowd who don't want to spend money in cabarets," Alastair explained. "It's quite a fashion centre, too, for casual but very exotic colored clothes. We create an informal atmosphere—always very gay. Sometimes the students put on their own floor show, and we turn a spotlight on for them."

But Lorne is as much a family holiday place as a social centre for the young.

Former champion swimmer Mrs. June Hunt, whose husband is captain of the Lorne Surf Life Saving Club, holds swimming

● *Point Leo lifesavers . . .*

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—ON THE BEACH

● *Surfboards and swimmers make a happy summer picture at Torquay.*

classes for children at the children's pool at the mouth of the Erskine River throughout school holidays.

Mrs. Hunt also unofficially patrols the beach where the children swim and has rescued several in difficulties.

The western end of the riviera is bounded by Warrnambool, Port Fairy, and Portland. Portland, Victoria's oldest settlement, is rich in history.

The flourishing cities of Portland and Warrnambool have broad streets, modern shopping centres, well-kept parks and gardens, museums and art galleries, fine camping areas, magnificent fishing, boating, picnicking, and surfing. They have facilities for golf, tennis, and bowls.

Near Port Fairy there are mutton-bird rookeries, and seal colonies on Griffith Island and Lady Julia Percy Island.

The east coast of Victoria provides equally pleasant holidaymaking for surf fans.

On the Mornington Peninsula, Sorrento and Portsea are two of the most popular resorts close to Melbourne. Sorrento is 57 miles from Melbourne and Portsea two miles farther. Both have sheltered bayside beaches as well as surf beaches, good hotel, guest-house, and camping facilities, plus golf, tennis, fishing, and boating.

Farther east lies Western Port Bay, where Phillip Island, a popular holiday place, has a first-class surf beach at Summerland.

The island's wildlife is one of its great attractions—parade of penguins (on the surf beach), koalas, and mutton-birds. There is a large colony of seals, on Seal Rocks, off The Nobbies.

VICTORIA

Farther east still is Wilson's Promontory with bold, rugged headlands and timber down to the water's edge.

The Promontory, comprising 103,000 acres, is reserved as a National Park for native flora and fauna.

Beaches on the east coast between Cowes and the Promontory include Inverloch (95 miles from Melbourne) and Cape Patterson.

● *Torquay surf-rider.*

Inverloch, on Anderson's Inlet, has fishing and shooting in the locality, safe boating on the inlet as well as surfing.

The longest beach in Victoria—the 90-mile beach—stretches from Seaspray with a long sweep of broad white sand and magnificent surf to Marlo, at the mouth of the Snowy River.

Heading out into the Bellarine Peninsula from Geelong, to the north and east, there are sheltered bayside beaches protected from southerly winds.

Close to capital

To the south there are surfing beaches with a grandstand view of shipping on the way through the heads of Port Phillip Bay.

Point Lonsdale, the south head of Port Phillip Bay, is a popular resort within easy reach of Melbourne, where the beach and surrounds have been left in their natural state.

Some of the large caravan and camping parks along the coast hold up to 6000 campers, and local authorities provide many facilities for travellers.

. . . sprint across the sands at a surf carnival.

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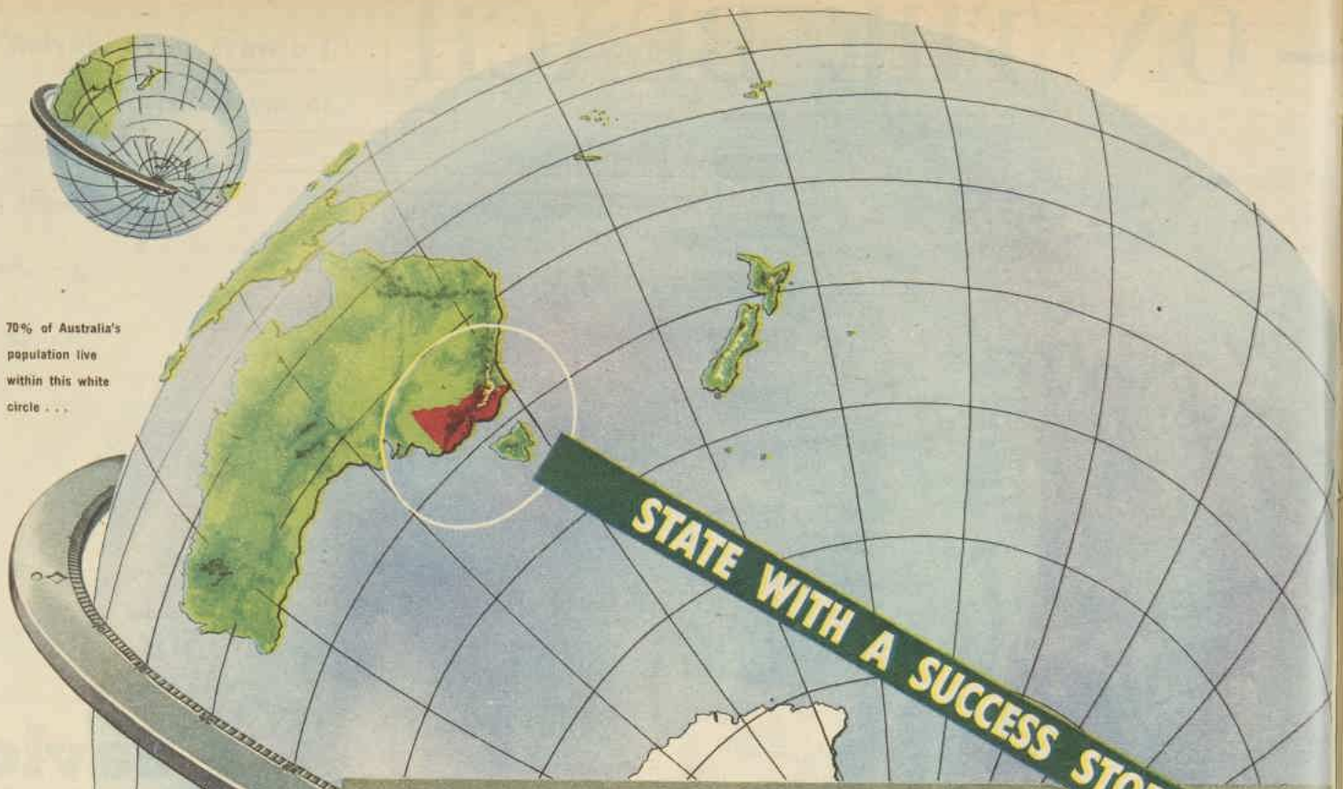

STATE WITH A SUCCESS STORY

1,000 miles south of the Equator, in much the same climatic zone as California, lies Victoria, the State with the success story of the century. In the thirteen post-war years, Victoria has absorbed nearly 50% of Australia's total immigration, a population increase within her borders of 600,000. A thousand new industries have grown on her prolific soil . . . mammoth overseas companies and locally capitalised industries, all with their quota of success to add to the tally. Victoria's success story has room to spare in its cast of characters . . . she offers a share of her future to investors in all classes of industrial activity . . . with a return that will set a new high.

Victoria has more . . . so much more to offer . . .

FINANCIAL FALLOUT . . .

CHECK THESE 10 POINTS AGAINST THE WORLD

(1) No capital gains tax.
(2) Lower taxation rates on corporate income and convention agreements to eliminate double taxation.
(3) A higher average rate on capital invested.
(4) Availability of immediate remission in dollars of profits.
(5) No absolute embargo on repatriation of capital.
(6) An opportunity to establish an industry in a country whose population will double within the next 20 to 25 years, with a consequent expansion of the home market for products.
(7) A consumer demand that is estimated to increase by 36% in the next 10 years.
(8) Tariff protection for efficient industries.
(9) Proximity to rapidly expanding markets in South East Asia.
(10) Complete political stability.

OVERSEAS REPRESENTATIVES:

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U.S.A.: International Business Relations, 209 Post St., San Francisco and 527 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE VICTORIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE

(SPONSORED BY THE STATE GOVERNMENT)
246 LITTLE COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA
CABLES: PROMOTION, MELBOURNE

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• *Chairman of the Victoria Promotion Committee, Councillor Maurice Nathan (left), and Committee Director Mr. Donald Chipp confer with American economists Mr. Carl A. Trexel, jun., and Mr. Victor L. Riches.*

Hunting for treasure in grey flannel suits

• While the cheers for Melbourne's 1956 Olympic Games were still ringing through the world, a group of well-known Melbourne businessmen who had played important roles in the Olympic success story decided to keep a torch of their own burning—for Victoria.

THESE men, representing widely different interests from the ranks of Victorian manufacturers, financiers, and primary producers, formed the Victoria Promotion Committee, with the aim of attracting capital and tourists to the State.

Under the chairmanship of Melbourne Councillor Maurice Nathan, who headed the Olympic Civic Committee, the team is responsible directly to the State Premier, Mr. Bolte.

And although the committee is State Government sponsored, and has the authority to act independently—particularly in cutting through red tape—its members dig deeply into their own pockets to keep it functioning at a high level.

Last year a committee group toured America at its own expense to interest U.S. investors in Victoria. They met about 4000 industrialists and senior executives, and took part in 50 television and radio shows talking about Australia.

Councillor Nathan, who had twice made similar trips in connection with the Olympic Games, is setting off again in April with Mr. Bolte. The committee's young director, Mr. Donald Chipp, went ahead to blaze the trail a few weeks ago.

In this way, when Mr. Bolte and Councillor Nathan reach the United States, they will not be unknown.

Already meetings with American business leaders have been arranged in New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

And for the past year twice-weekly recorded interviews of life in Victoria have been broadcast through 600 U.S. stations from New York.

At the same time the Promotion Committee has sent a monthly Victorian newsletter to 6000 financiers, industrialists, and newspaper editors to keep them informed of developments and prospective investment projects in the State.

At home in Melbourne the committee lays down the red carpet for tourists, visiting journalists, travel agents, and investors—anyone who can promote the development of Victoria.

One successful committee project was the selection of Melbourne as a location for Stanley Kramer's production of the Nevil Shute best-seller "On The Beach."

Kramer had planned to make the film in the United States.

But when the film unit's production manager, Clem Beauchamp, and production designer Rudy Sternad made a rushed flight to Melbourne last year to "get the feel" of Australia for the sets, they were met by members of the Promotion Committee.

The film men were entertained, toured, and feted, and finally convinced that "nowhere could 'On The Beach' be made with such co-operation and efficiency as in Melbourne."

VICTORIA

The committee recently engaged the Stanford Research Institute of California to make a detailed survey of Victoria's physical, manpower, and capital resources, its production methods and marketing procedures — at a cost of £20,000.

"It's money well spent," said Councillor Nathan. "The survey will provide suggestions for streamlining the State and speed the flow of money from overseas.

"Instead of having to come out and make preliminary investigations himself, an industrialist in Britain, the United States, Europe, or Asia, thinking of investing in Victoria, can turn to the Stanford survey for all the information he needs."

The Stanford three-month investigation is being made by Victor L. Riches and Carl A. Trexel, jun. Mr. Riches is manager of the Area Development Department at Stanford, and Mr. Trexel manages the Energy Economics Section.

"We've been hearing a lot about Australia lately, and we thought this job would be a nice opportunity of coming out and taking a look round for ourselves instead of handing it over to the members of the staff," they said.

One of their recommendations to the Promotion Committee will be for a bureau staffed by local housewives to competently answer queries from women in other countries about domestic life in Australia.

A deodorant soap that's a Beauty soap, too!

Tact safeguards your freshness all over, all day, as no ordinary soap can

Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past. You see, Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene.
And it's G11 which washes away up to 95% of the germs which actually cause perspiration to decompose, become offensive.

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Tact soap keeps perspiration *Odour-Free*

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• *Luxury cruisers among Eildon's pleasure craft.*

VICTORIA

THE EILDON PARADISE

• Ninety miles from Melbourne, sprawling like a giant fiord over fifty square miles of the thickly wooded Victorian highlands, Eildon Reservoir is the State's greatest water supply project — and its newest holiday playground.

THE aerial photograph at right shows the massive 3000ft.-long earth wall of Eildon Dam, 260ft. high, the concrete spillway (centre), Eildon township (foreground), and behind it all some of the 1500-square-mile catchment area.

Eildon Dam cost £17,000,000 and was built, in four years, primarily to irrigate the Goulburn Valley and to supply Victoria with an additional 120,000 kilowatts of hydro-electric power.

But the vast, man-made lake — it contains six times as much water as Sydney Harbor — is known principally to Victorians and tourists for its magnificent mountain scenery and excellent fishing, boating, swimming, and shooting facilities.

Wild duck and rabbits abound in the forest hills around the lake's 300-mile shoreline; anglers' catches of brown and rainbow trout, Murray cod, and Macquarie perch are bred to yearling stage by the nearby State Hatchery and released in millions every year; more than 1000 boats—from dinghies to ski-towing speedboats and air-conditioned, sun-decked cruisers —are licensed to ply for hire or carry private owners to the numerous secluded inlets, coves, and bays.

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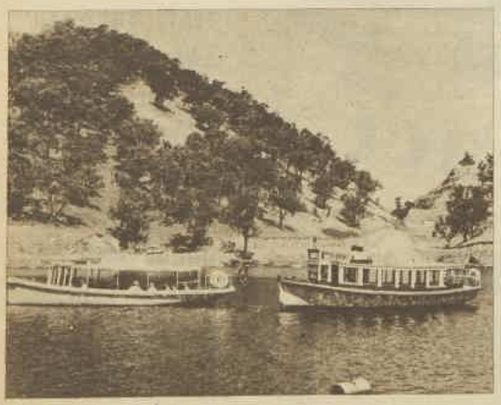

• *Public launches shuttle tourists over the lake.*

EILDON DAM FROM THE AIR

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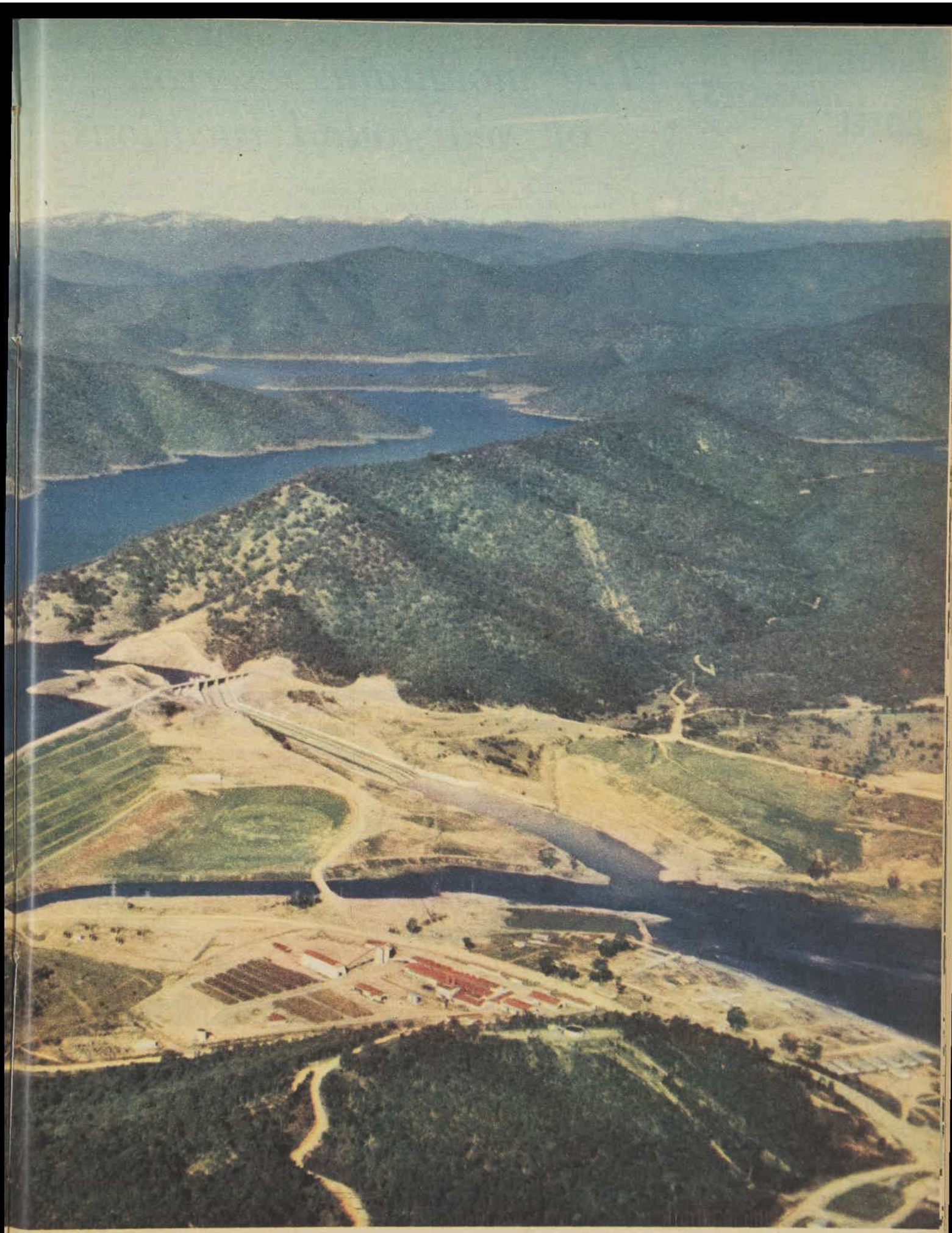

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The mountain reservoir of year-round vacations

• Hundreds of trees have been planted around the shores of the Eildon reservoir to replace those that had to be destroyed during construction work on the dam.

THIS is part of the State Rivers and Water Supply Commission's plan to develop the State's reservoirs for tourist trade, as is done in other countries.

The dam, impounding 2,750,000 acre-feet of water, was completed two and a half years ago.

Its irrigation benefits will increase primary-production yields in the Goulburn Valley by £20 million within five years.

Eildon Dam is reached from Melbourne by an 88-mile drive up the Maroondah Highway.

The road, bitumen-surfaced and flanked by tall gums and pines, is rarely used by heavy commercial traffic.

The climate of the area is temperate, suitable for holidaying at any time of the year.

Eildon township overlooks two pondage lakes on the Goulburn River, at the foot of the lawn-terraced dam wall, and is framed by hills on three sides.

These smooth lakes are used for regattas, races, and water carnivals. There are magnificent views from any angle around them, and the Commission has provided ample parking space.

On the township side of one lake is the Eildon Caravan and Camping Park, containing a children's playground and a swimming-pool.

There are two guesthouses and a motel in the township, and land has been reserved for the building of hotels.

Behind the dam the original township of Eildon is submerged.

To the north, where the settlement of Bonnie Doon lies under 100 feet of water, a new township of the same name has been built.

Two harbors within a mile of Eildon have been developed for boating and picnicking. They are sheltered by steeply rising, thickly wooded hills.

The first, a public harbor, offers mooring and a launching ramp for travellers who bring their own craft. Motor-boats can be hired here, and pleasure launches make day-long cruises on the lake and shorter trips in nearby waters.

One of these launches is a former Sydney Harbor ferry, brought overland to Eildon by the fleet-owner, Mr. Sydney Rosan.

The other harbor, just over the hill, is used by the 350-member Eildon Boat Club. Most of the launches there are like luxury flatettes, with bathrooms, refrigerated kitchens, air-conditioning, and sundecks. Many families spend long summer holidays cruising around the huge lake.

Jamieson, a township 30 miles east of Eildon, has the lake's first boatel. This is a motel with jetties and moorings on the lake side of the building.

Gough Harbor, more than an hour's sail from Eildon, has been reserved by the Commission as a public harbor.

There is a great demand for building blocks in the surrounding land that has been subdivided.

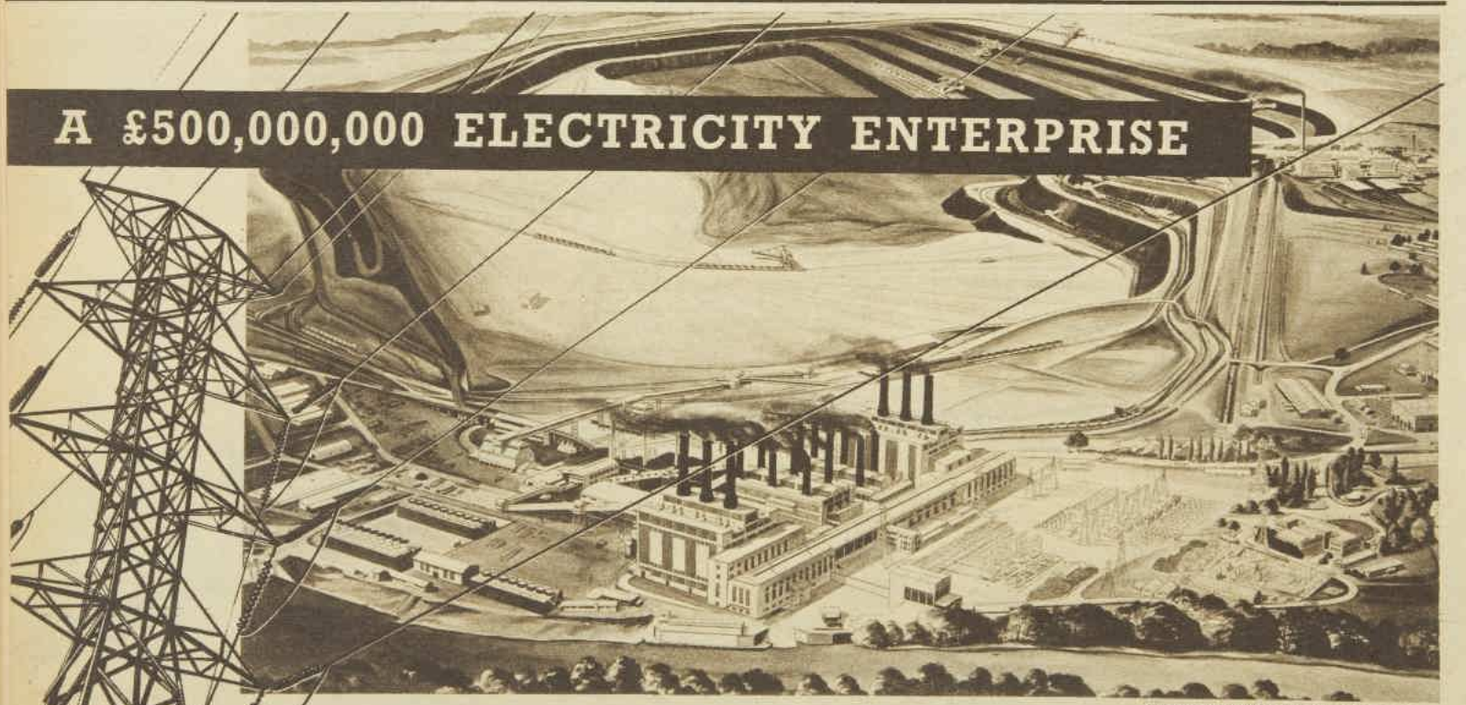
Jerusalem Bay, five miles east of Eildon, and Taylor's Bay, five miles west, are being developed by private committees as camping and picnicking grounds.

On the Delatite Arm, west of the dam, a 4500-acre national park with 20 miles of lake frontage is being turned into a hillclimbing and picnicking area. This park will adjoin a 1500-acre pine forest.

Buses operate from Eildon to most of these places. By the end of the year the entire lake will be encircled by road.

VICTORIA

A £500,000,000 ELECTRICITY ENTERPRISE



Yallourn power station and brown coal open cut

Nearly 700,000 homes in Victoria — Australia's second most populous and fastest growing State — are served by the STATE ELECTRICITY COMMISSION OF VICTORIA, as well as 140,000 factories, farms and commercial premises. Every working day in the year nearly 140 additional consumers are connected to supply.

The Commission's operations are based on developing the immense brown coal deposits of the Latrobe Valley for electricity and solid fuel. Over £250,000,000 is already invested in Victoria's electricity development, and as much again must be found in the next eight years for planned electricity expansion.

STATE ELECTRICITY COMMISSION OF VICTORIA

HEAD OFFICE, 22 WILLIAM STREET MELBOURNE

CIII

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Sunset silhouettes Melbourne's skyline and gilds the waters of the Yarra. Victoria's beautiful, sophisticated capital is ringed with wooded gardens and green parklands.

Gaiety, warmth and plenty characterise the alpine chalets at Mts. Buffalo, Hotham, Buller and Falls Creek. All ski equipment may be hired on the spot, and professional instructors are in residence during the season, from June to November.

Rollers from the Southern Ocean provide thrilling surf along Victoria's 900 miles of ocean coastline, Surf Lifesaving Championships and carnivals lend colour to the beach scene.

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● *Aerial view of Dandenong, straddling the Prince's Highway, 17 miles from Melbourne. Industrial and housing projects worth £50 million have been developed there in the past ten years.*

DANDENONG—a symbol of industrial strength

● Dandenong, gateway to Gippsland and the Latrobe Valley, is Australia's youngest city — and one of its most prosperous and virile. Since 1948 Dandenong has grown from a sleepy rural market township to a thriving industrial centre with more than 200 factories.

ITS resident population has swelled in this time from 6000 to nearly 30,000. Plans are being made to accommodate a population of more than 80,000 by 1970.

Millions of pounds have been invested in the spectacular development of Dandenong, created a city in March this year.

● *Lace-making at Mr. W. A. Smith's factory, which he claims was the first established in the city.*

In the past few years more than 130 major industries have established big plants in the area. They include manufacturers of such international repute as General Motors, Chesebrough's, Rootes, Heinz, International Harvester, and Volkswagen.

But the boom is only just beginning, according to Mr. Gordon Norris, president of the Dandenong Chamber of Commerce.

New factory skylines are still being created, and more than 30 houses a month are being built for the rapidly expanding population.

In all this concentration of industry Dandenong has not forgotten that it remains the hub of a wealthy agricultural district. The Dandenong Shire recently completed a £250,000 livestock market, and the city's colorful produce and miscellaneous open-air market, established in 1864, is still a crowded landmark.

Here in the market you may still get a down-to-earth buy—a bedstead, say, for 2/—if you know how to bargain, though

VICTORIA

a slice of the main street will probably cost you £2000 a foot.

Some of the factories along roads leading into the city work rotating 24-hour shifts.

"It is the most economical way for us to produce," an official of Westminster Carpet Pty. Ltd. said.

This company, formed in 1947 to make carpeting for the motor industry, was one of the city's pioneer industries.

It was established there because executives reasoned that the town's population of 6000 (at that time) would provide a stable source of labor still within 17 miles of Melbourne.

Now the company has widened its activities to supplying the domestic market with a bonded pile carpet made from goat hair and wool, vulcanised to rubber backing won from old motor tyres. It is one of only three companies in the world manufacturing this type of carpet.

Jim Filcock, who worked as a builder's laborer on the construction of the factory and is now a dyer's assistant, said that being on the payroll there was as good as being in business for himself.

"We work on an incentive scheme and get a bonus on top

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● *Open-air miscellaneous section of the Dandenong market has 273 stalls. Here the casual visitor may still find the most enterprising personalities in the district—and pick up an elderly Rolls-Royce for next to nothing or get caught up with enthusiasm and pay a high price for a leaky saucepan.*

of our ordinary wages," he said. "And we know that if anything should happen to an employee his family will be looked after by the firm."

Mr. W. A. Smith, who with his sons Alan and Terry transferred his lace-making and napery firm from England to Dandenong in 1947, claims that his was the city's first factory.

At his 300-year-old walnut desk, brought from England,

● *President of the Dandenong Chamber of Commerce Mr. Gordon Norris at home with his wife and their children, Susanne and Simon.*

Mr. Smith sighed "for the old days at Dandenong (1947) when not a light could be seen for miles at night."

"Look at the bustle now," he said. A heavy stream of traffic packed the four-lane highway in front of the factory. An estimated 20,000 people are on Dandenong's roads in morning and evening peak hours, many of them commuters from nearby towns.

"At least 600 visitors are shown over our factory each month," said Mrs. Vanda Blackburne, senior hostess at the H. J. Heinz company, whose plant covers a floor of nine and a half acres.

The Heinz factory won the Australian Architecture and Arts Award for the best-designed industrial building of the year when it was completed in 1955.

"Next door," in what was a 150-acre paddock, General Motors-Holden's employ a staff of 3000 in their vehicle assembly, refrigerator manufacture, and spare parts sections.

This includes 400 women. "At home, married women work to make ends meet; here we take jobs for luxuries such as TV sets, cars, and home buying," said Scottish migrant workers Mrs. Frederick McRobb and Mrs. Maurice Brachin.

Twenty-five thousand guests attend General Motors-Holden's annual Christmas party, and the entire plant is opened for inspection so that families can "see where Dad works."

Recreational and cultural activities in Dandenong are strongly supported by local companies. G.M.H. is building a £50,000 sports arena for employees. Prizemoney at the annual Festival of Music and Art for youth totals £5000.

"This festival runs for a month, and we get entries from all over the Commonwealth," said Mr. Frank Carroll, secretary of the Dandenong Chamber of Commerce.

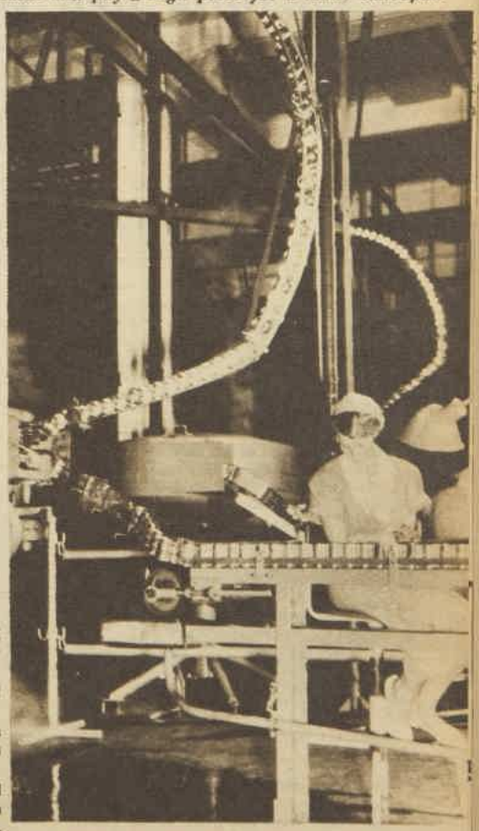
Mr. Carroll, a chartered accountant, settled at Dandenong with his wife and their three daughters on arrival from England six years ago.

He and Mr. Gordon Norris are typical of the live-wire local young businessmen directing Dandenong's future.

They are proud of the city's social clubs, hospitals, homes for the aged, kindergartens, schools, and the fact that Victoria's new Monash University is to be built only six miles away.

Mr. Norris heads one of Dandenong's 20 real-estate and stock firms. His books give concrete evidence of the boom, in which nearby farms are being subdivided at £1200 an acre.

Dandenong, confident and bursting at the seams, is a city of promise and potential.



● *Sterilised cans are checked 1000 a minut H. J. Heins' £4,000,000 Dandenong fact*

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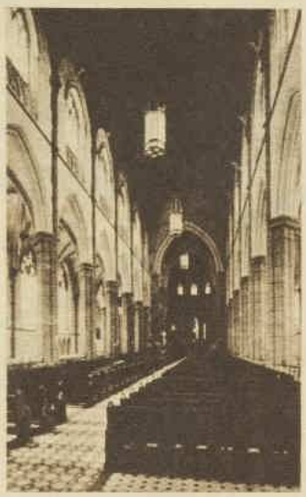
The designs of William Wardell

● *William W. Wardell, 1823-1875.*

● **Among Victoria's rich historic associations the architecture of William Wilkinson Wardell is outstanding. Wardell was already an architect of considerable importance when he arrived from England in 1858 to lead the revival of Gothic style in Australia. These pictures show some of his triumphs in Melbourne.**

● *Cliveden, designed by Wardell for Sir William Clarke. The house was occupied by Sir William's family until 1909, when it was sold and converted into flats.*

● *St. Patrick's, in Melbourne, was the first cathedral Wardell built in Australia. A later architect completed the spires.*



● *The nave of St. Patrick's is considered to be one of the most imposing of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere.*

● *This mantelpiece at Cliveden is another relic of the Wardell style of designing interiors on the grand scale.*

● *Attractive Church o St. John's in the Me bourne suburb of To rak was built by Warde in 1860. An additio called the Angel Chape has been built since the*

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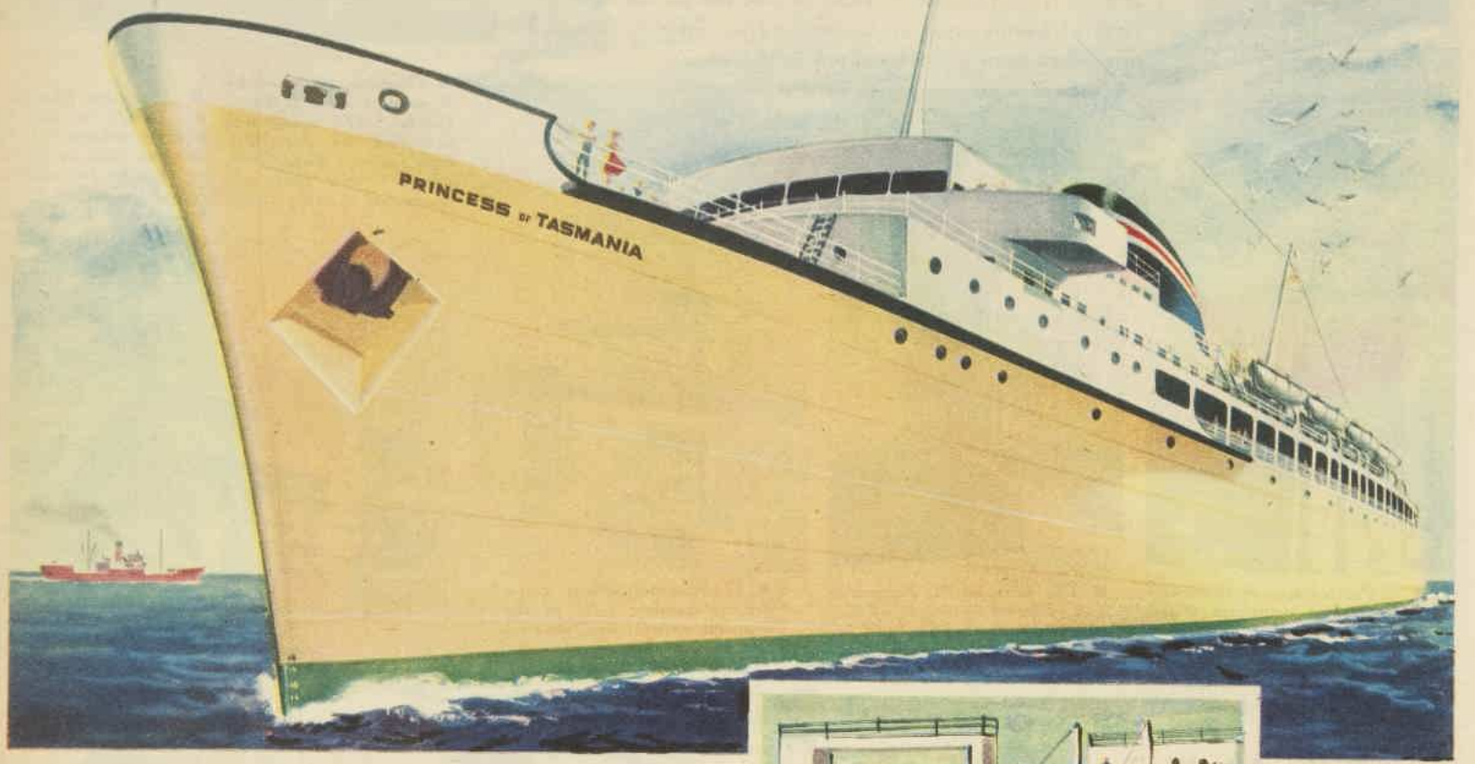

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• *Skiers on Cresta Run, at Mt. Buffalo, about 190 miles from Melbourne.*

• *Weekend skiers relax in the winter sun at one of Mt. Buller's fifty-five club lodges.*

VICTORIA

IN PLACES WHERE THEY SKI . . .

• *On the way to Falls Creek, second largest ski resort.*

VICTORIA'S winter snowfields cover more square miles than the Swiss Alps. The fast-growing main resorts of Mt. Buller, Mt. Buffalo, Mt. Hotham, and Falls Creek, within easy reach of Melbourne, show the tremendous postwar development of alpine villages and chalets—to which some 30,000 people travel every season by car, coach, and four-wheel-drive snowcat. There are ski-tows and chair-lifts, equipment for hire, and good roads to all—kept open by snow ploughs. For ski-ing, skating, or just a high-altitude suntan, the snowfields offer an exhilarating holiday.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

• *Instruction at Mt. Buffalo. Some chalets bring out European instructors.*

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Skiers are building in the snowfields

● New Australians have played an important part in developing ski resorts among Victoria's 820 square miles of snowfields.

VICTORIA

THE Forras brothers, Ernst and Orel, who run the Kooroora Chalet on Mt. Buller, are an example of this.

Born in Hungary, the brothers spent three years in France as ski instructors before they came to Australia in 1951.

Like most Europeans, they had no idea there was snow in Australia. They were planning to go to Canada when they met an Australian doctor who told them about his country's snowfields.

Within six months they were in Australia, visiting all the ski-ing resorts to find a place to settle.

When they chose Mt. Buller they opened the Bull Run canteen on the top of the mountain.

Ernst ran the canteen and taught ski-ing while Orel worked in a sawmill at the bottom of the mountain and also instructed.

In 1953 they built the modern Kooroora Chalet, but, because ski-ing is becoming so popular, they are continually making additions to the building.

"Once Australians get the feel of ski-ing they go mad about it," Orel said.

"When I began in Australia there were more Continentals than Australians in the snow; now the Australians far outnumber the Europeans."

Age is no bar to ski-ing. Orel Forras tells of two-year-old children on miniature skis and an elderly woman of 70 who goes up and down the ski-tow regularly.

Both Ernst and Orel married Australian girls. Ernst's wife, Judy, is overseas training with the Australian interdominion ski-ing team.

European ski instructors are often brought out to Australian resorts from Europe for the season. At Buller the two chalets—Kooroora and Alberg House—take turns to bring out an instructor each season.

Buller, which provides the closest first-class ski-ing to any capital city in Australia, is about a six-hour drive from Melbourne.

It has the largest ski-ing population of any Victorian resort—up to 1200 people go there at weekends.

There is a capital investment of more than £750,000 on Mt. Buller — two-thirds of it invested by private individuals or clubs.

The mountain has 55 club lodges, each holding four to 30 people, and the State Government recently closed a tender on a nine-acre lease for building a large international-standard hotel.

Lodges and chalets

Many Victorian skiers get their first taste of snow at the Mt. Buffalo holiday chalet.

The chalet, run by the Victorian Railways Department, holds 186 people, and provides ordinary rooms and luxurious accommodation with bathroom.

The chalet is on the edge of a gorge, has an all-weather road, and skis can be hired.

Mt. Hotham, about a nine-hour drive from Melbourne, has magnificent slopes, and experts predict it could become the premier ski-ing resort in Australia.

Accommodation is provided by a hotel—the highest in Australia—the Drift Chalet, and six club lodges.

On the edge of the Bogong High Plains, it provides the energetic with a chance to go touring to Falls Creek or Mt. Feathertop.

All Victoria's ski-ing resorts have ski tows and lifts. Falls Creek has a chair-lift, and the Forras brothers are planning to install a double chair-lift at Buller.

Falls Creek, second largest of the resorts on the edge of the Bogong High Plains, was opened up by the Kiewa hydro-electric scheme, and the village was developed by the State Electricity Commission.

Here the S.E.C. is diverting snow waters into artificial lakes and tunnels to underground power stations.

● The Hump and Cathedral of Mt. Buffalo, popular with novices.

There are about 20 club lodges as well as commercial chalets at Falls Creek.

Closer to Melbourne is Mt. Donna Buang—a day trip for anyone not interested in serious ski-ing.

The more adventurous tourists can go ski touring on the Bogong High Plains, where there are virgin slopes and cattlemen's huts in which they can camp like the pioneer skiers did in Victoria.

The Ski Club of Victoria—largest ski club in Australia with 1200 members—has a hut on Mt. Bogong.

But Bogong is strictly for the hardy and expert skier. There is a six-mile climb through the snow to reach the hut.

There is good ski-ing in Victoria from June until mid-November.

IH ... Victoria, and the World...

DANDENONG WORKS

GEELONG WORKS

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International Harvester has shared in the development of Victorian industry in recent years. The first IH manufacturing plant in this State was opened in 1938 near Geelong, Victoria, principally for the manufacture of farm machinery; tractors were added in 1948. This was followed in 1952 with the establishment of the Works at Dandenong, Victoria, which produce a complete line of Motor Trucks. In 1958, International Harvester's Port Melbourne Works began producing the International Construction Equipment which is playing such a vital role in building Australia's future.

The establishment of these Works showed confidence in the future. They employ over three thousand Victorians. Their products are not only helping to earn a profitable livelihood for people all over Australia, but in many places beyond the seas.

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Here is ASTOR'S most exciting new release for Autumn. A smart, compact radio-player. A powerful 5-valve ASTOR console-performance *radio*, with in-built Ferrite rod aerial . . . combined with a brilliant 4-speed record *player* . . . in a lightweight, shatter-proof case. Available in your choice of four gay two-tone colour combinations. Another ASTOR Quality product.

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Photograph: Autumn poplars at Wandiligong, North-Eastern Victoria . . . by courtesy Australian Publicity Council.

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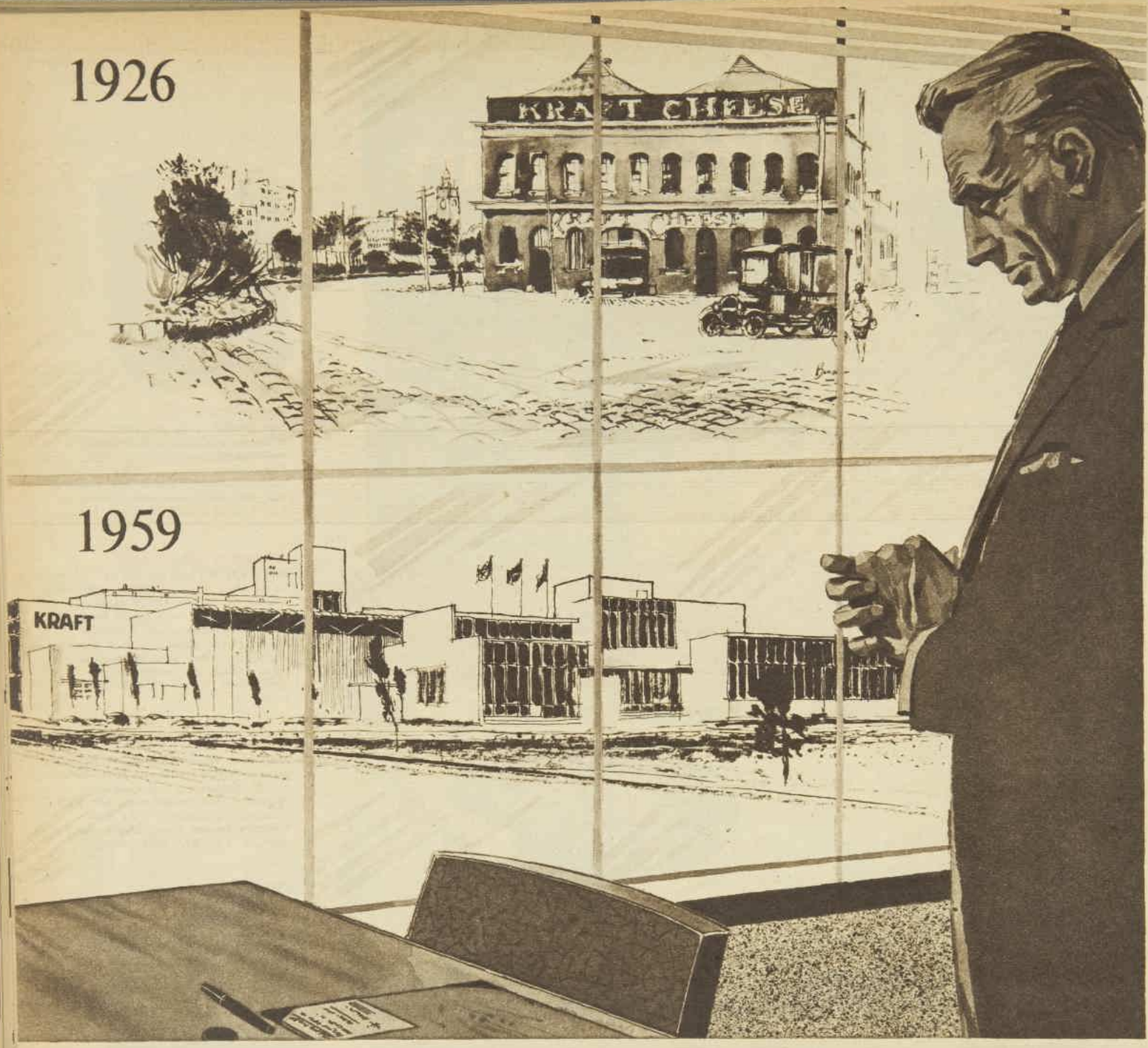

33 years partnership in Australia's progress

IN 1926, Australia was young in nationhood — with a population approaching 6,000,000. It was in this year that Australia's Fred Walker and America's J. L. Kraft formed the Kraft-Walker Cheese Company. Processed cheese was manufactured at its Maffra St. site, South Melbourne.

Today, Kraft Foods Limited — Australia's largest dairying company — manufactures and markets 46 different food product varieties . . . from 12 operating locations in Australia and New Zealand. Kraft is constantly seeking new ways to improve its service to the Australia of today . . . 10,000,000 people who support an enterprise closely linked with a vital primary industry.

Highlights in the Australian History of Kraft

1935: Kraft established first rural cheese factory. Today six country factories receive 226,000,000 lbs. of milk annually.

1939-45: Allied forces were supplied each week with 1,000,000 cans of Kraft foods.

1957: The ultra-modern plant and Australian headquarters employing 1,000 people was opened at Port Melbourne.

1959: Completion of Allansford, Victoria, bulk cheese plant — now the largest in the Southern Hemisphere, at a cost of £500,000 . . . and a Vegemite factory at Auckland, New Zealand.

A selection of the Kraft Company's products

Kraft Foods of Australia

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EVENTS OF THE YEAR

● Victoria's programme of cultural and sporting activities, carnivals, and other entertainments extends throughout the year.

THIS is a list of the main events and activities in which tourists can take part.

Music

Season: Approximately September to April. Sidney Myer Music Bowl in King's Domain, Melbourne, is the outdoor home for music.

More than 20,000 people enjoy outdoor concerts, opera, ballet in this sound shell. Regular free concerts are given in the Bowl, and drama festivals are held there during Melbourne's Moomba Festival in March.

Football

Season: April to September. The Victorian Football League plays the game of Australian Rules.

Eighteen games held during season, plus four final games. Matches between the 12 clubs are held every Saturday, with one Saturday reserved for the interstate match.

Prices for 18 first-round matches at the 12 club grounds are: Grandstand 5/6, outer ground 3/-.

Concessions available to patrons in the form of club membership tickets are 35/- for season (first-round matches only).

For the four second round matches only, the Melbourne Cricket Ground has reserved seats. Prices range from 6/- to 11/-. Grand Final always held at Melbourne Cricket Ground.

Golf

Season: Mainly winter, but golf is played all the year round. Melbourne's excellent sand belt golf courses with their springy turf and attractive bush surroundings are renowned.

Main tournaments during the year are the Open Championships of Victoria (this year Nov. 5, 6, 7), course not yet decided; the Canada Cup at the Royal Melbourne Club, Nov. 18-21; and the Amateur Championships of Victoria, at Huntingdale, Nov. 11-14.

Cricket

Season: October to Easter. Sheffield Shield Interstate matches at the Melbourne Cricket Ground. Admission 4/-. Children half price. District cricket matches at local grounds every Saturday (Victorian Cricket Association). Finals played on Albert Ground, an M.C.G. subsidiary ground. Sub-district cricket (outer suburbs) at local grounds every Saturday.

Tennis

Season: End of October to end of April. Main tournament is the Victorian Championships, Nov. 26 to Dec. 5, at Kooyong, acknowledged the second tennis stadium in the world after Wimbledon.

Victorian Championships open to all visitors, as are the 100 grass-court championships held mainly in the country from December to Easter.

Admission to Kooyong varies from a nominal charge for the first day of 7/6 to 25/- on the last day.

● *Albert Park Lake golf course in the city of Melbourne.*

Racing

Season: All year. Races held every Saturday and on holidays at one of Melbourne's three racecourses — Flemington, Caulfield, or Moonee Valley.

The Melbourne Cup, run over two miles with a stake of £15,000 and a gold cup worth £550, is run on the first Tuesday in November.

Other racing events are: **March.** Autumn meeting. Newmarket Handicap and the Australian Cup at Flemington.

June. Victoria Racing Club's Queen's Birthday meeting at Flemington.

July. Grand National Hurdle and Grand National Steeplechase meetings at Flemington. (This year July 4 and 11.)

August. Australian Hurdle Race at Caulfield (this year Aug. 1), Australian Steeplechase, Caulfield (this year Aug. 8).

September: Melbourne Racing Club's Invitation Stakes at Caulfield, at which overseas jockeys are invited to ride (this year Sept. 24).

October: Caulfield Guineas (this year Oct. 10), Caulfield Cup (this year Oct. 17), V.R.C. Derby at Flemington (Oct. 31 this year).

November: Melbourne Cup at Flemington first Tuesday in November. The Oaks the Thursday after the Melbourne Cup.

Horticultural Shows

Dates given are for 1959 and may vary year to year.

Garden Week, run by the Nurserymen and Seedsmen's Association of Victoria, is held in the drained Olympic Swimming Pool April 13-18.

Autumn Rose Show, Melbourne Town Hall, Apr. 14; Chrysanthemum Show, Melbourne Town Hall, Apr. 30 and May 18; Camellia and Daffodil Show, Melbourne Town Hall, Aug. 28-29; Spring Rose Show, Melbourne Town Hall, Oct. 29.

Wildflower Show is held at Hall's Gap, in the Grampians, each September. Trips organised by Victorian Tourist Bureau.

Athletics

Season: Summer. **February:** Victorian Amateur Athletic Association, inter-club meetings and Victorian Championships at Olympic Park. Victorian Women's Amateur Athletic Association inter-club meetings at Royal Park, Melbourne. **March:** Bendigo Thousand, the world's richest professional flat race, at Bendigo, on Labor Day weekend. Victorian Women's Amateur Athletic Championships at Royal Park.

April: Stawell Easter Gift at Stawell, a professional footrace.

Swimming

Season: Summer. **January:** Surf Life Saving Carnivals at ocean beaches.

February: Victorian Amateur Swimming Association Country and City Carnivals, Olympic Pool. Surf Life Saving Association carnivals.

March: Victorian Amateur Swimming Association carnivals. Surf Life Saving Association championships.

Festivals

February: Begonia Festival at Ballarat (late February to early March). **March:** Melbourne: Moomba Festival, including Henley-on-the-Yarra, carnival, procession, sporting activities, open-air opera, ballet, music. Daylesford: Spa Centre Festival, tagged fish angling competition, opera, concerts, talent quest, children's entertainment.

April: Bendigo: Easter Fair. Swan Hill:, Shakespeare Festival. Alexandra: Easter Billy Cart Derby.

Bowls

Season: September - late April. Royal Victorian Bowling Association Pairs, Singles, and Fours Championships from about January to March-April. Country Week during February. Visitors welcome at all Melbourne and country bowling clubs.

Victorian Ladies' Bowling Association has nearly 12,000 members.

Trout Fishing

Season: First Saturday in September to end of April. Inland Angling Licence required by every person over 16. Costs 10/- from a police station or the Fisheries and Games Department.

Streams throughout Victoria are stocked with trout bred by the Fisheries and Games Department at Snob's Creek, six miles from Eildon Weir.

● *Centre court at Kooyong has seating for 10,000 spectators.*

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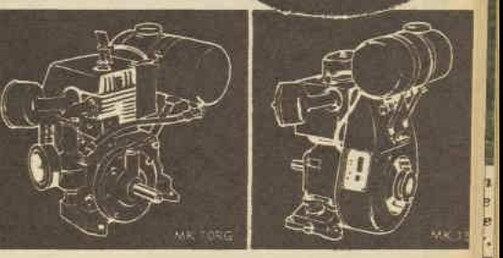
In the land beyond the powerlines the steady beat of a Villiers engine is the "all's well" signal. The Villiers exhaust note is the pulse of the back country . . . pumping water, generating electricity, supplying power for a hundred and one varied implements. For sixty years Villiers have been engineering quality products. The accumulated wealth of experience and technical knowledge keeps Villiers at the forefront as the largest manufacturers of portable petrol engines in the world. A powered machine is only as good as its engine — when you buy any powered machine, look for the name Villiers on the engine, for satisfaction and service.

Villiers



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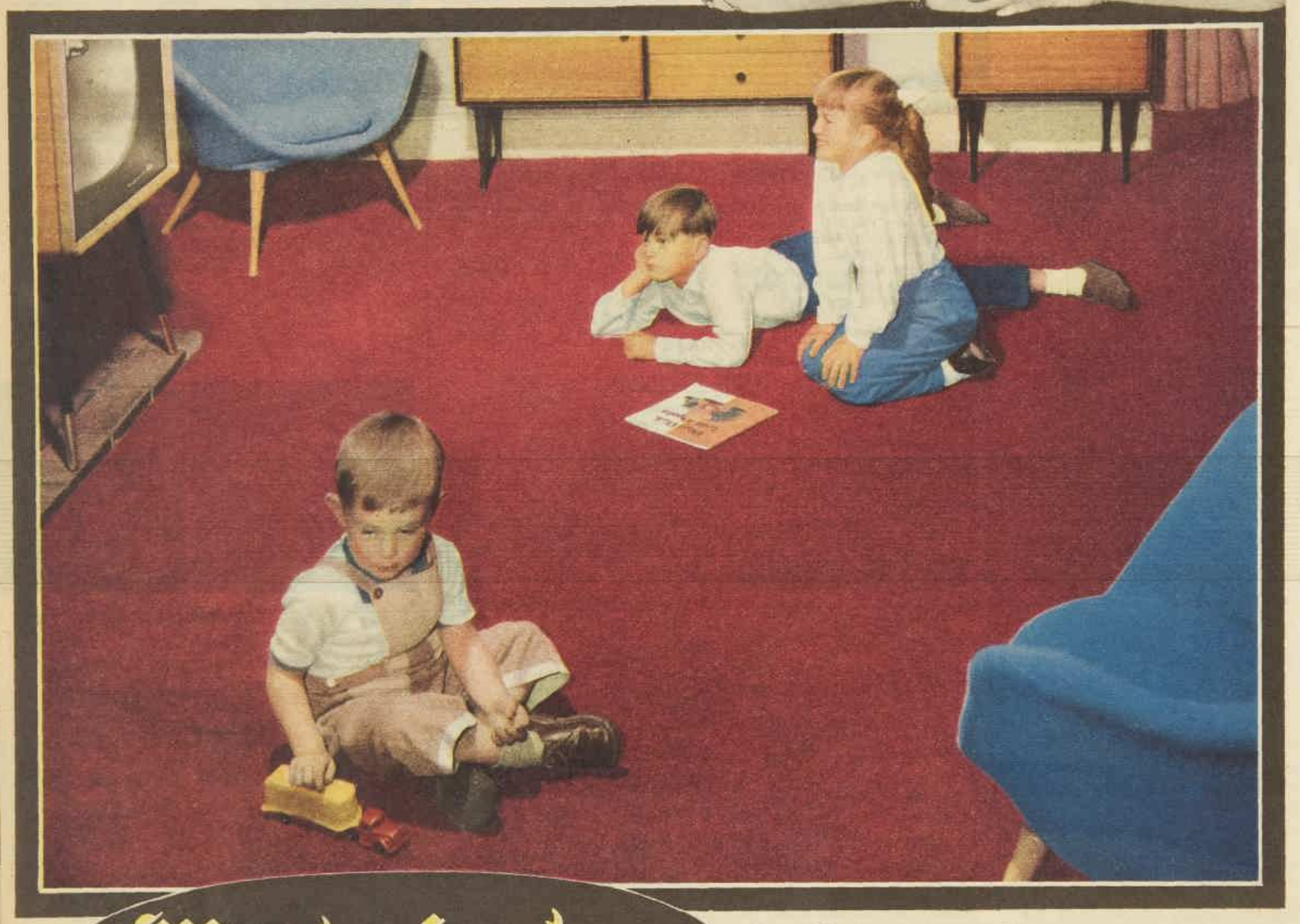

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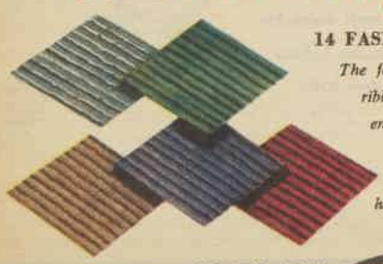
GENUINE BRANDED CARPET

Lasts years longer
Colours stay brighter
So easy to keep clean
Economical 40″ width

No other carpet can equal the value of Westminster



14 FASHIONABLE COLOURS

The faintly tweedy fleck and fine ribbing of Westminster pleasantly enhances the 14 modern colours of the Westminster range. Westminster suits every home . . . every furnishing style.

Even a houseful of lively youngsters cannot scuff or mark the handsome ribbed pile of Westminster Carpet. Look closely at a sample. Notice how the wear-resistant, uncut pile of goat-hair and wool mixture is firmly vulcanised into the resilient base of rubber and woven jute cloth. This means that it can never pull out or "run" . . . is wonderfully springy to walk on . . . its edges will never fray. No wonder economical 40 in. Westminster is Australia's largest selling carpet. *For your protection, genuine Australia-made Westminster is branded on the back.*

MAGNIFIED SECTION OF WESTMINSTER SHOWING FIRMLY ANCHORED PILE

ASK TO SEE Westminster IN THE CARPET DEPARTMENT OF ANY LEADING STORE.

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CITY IN A GARDEN

● *Favorite view of Melbourne, looking across the Yarra from the south banks to the city skyline dominated by the spires of St. Paul's Cathedral.*

VICTORIA

MELBOURNE, capital city of Victoria and financial hub of the Commonwealth, is a busy, expanding city of color and charm.

Broad, tree-lined streets and many green and beautiful parks and gardens have earned Melbourne the title of the garden city of Australia.

The city has much to offer the visitor. The Moomba Festival, featuring a floral-float pageant, art shows, open-air concerts, and river carnivals, attracts thousands of Victorian, interstate, and overseas tourists in March each year.

The National Gallery has one of the finest collections of paintings in Australia, and an outdoor art show in the attractive Treasury Gardens, which border the city, is one of the highlights of the autumn season.

In evening entertainment the visitor has a wide choice of theatres—revue, drama, musical comedy, repertory play, ballet, cinemas—and ballroom and dinner dances.

Melbourne has good hotels, fine restaurants, and its modern shopping facilities include Australia's largest retail store.

In its history of nearly 120 years Melbourne's progress has been carefully planned and impressive. This year a building boom is changing the city's skyline.

New industries are booming, too, in an inner belt 12 miles from the heart of the city.

Melbourne's position on Port Phillip Bay has made it one of Australia's most important ports.

Victorians who travel are our business!

If you travel join the R.A.C.V. where all your touring problems can be solved by travel experts.

We will make bookings for travel and accommodation, arrange to ship your car oversea, advise you on itineraries and provide you with comprehensive strip maps. Financial assistance is available for cars and travel.

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are meeting today's requirements . .

Installation of new and modern equipment has always been the progressive action taken by Davies, Coop & Co. Limited to match ever-changing world trends in modern manufacture. Extensive affiliations with overseas textile organisations provide the avenue for information and data which enables the Davies, Coop technical staff to keep abreast of world textile progress in manufacture and design. Encouragement of junior members of the Company in technical and administrative fields ensures the healthy progress of the Company. Davies, Coop & Co. Limited is an Australian Company playing a big part in stabilising the Australian economy in the field of secondary industry.

"Davies, Coop are licensees in Australia for the Everglaze finish on both woven and knitted fabrics. The Everglaze trade mark identifies fabrics which have passed the famous Everglaze test for lasting resistance to creasing, stretching and other desirable fabric properties.

The latest Sanforizing Plant, world-recognised as the finest shrink-control method for woven fabrics, allows Davies, Coop to offer a wide range of woven cloths pre-shrunk by the famous Sanforized process.

Knitted fabrics in exclusive Alamac designs are manufactured by Davies, Coop under licensing arrangements recently completed with the Alamac Knitting Corporation (Inc.) America.

Modern Tubetex Plant relaxes knitted fabrics, giving a minimum of distortion and improved stability to the finished garment.

LOOK TO DAVIES, COOP — DC — FOR BETTER TEXTILES

DAVIES, COOP & CO. LIMITED
MELBOURNE — AUSTRALIA

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The SUNBEAM RAPIER
... an exhilarating, elegant car, winner of this year's R.A.C. Rally, first British car to finish at this year's gruelling Monte Carlo Rally.

The NEW HUMBER SUPER SNIPE The most luxurious and beautiful HUMBER ever made. Also available as a luxury Estate Car and as a Limousine.

The HILLMAN HUSKY
With back seat up, a roomy family car. With back seat down, a rugged load-carrier and car-of-all-work.

NEW HILLMAN 4-DOOR ESTATE CAR
Four doors and double-action tail gates, saloon car comfort, big luggage capacity are successfully combined with high performance and reliability.

The HUMBER HAWK
Big in every way ... in size, in power, in comfort ... one of the handsomest cars on the road; also Humber Estate Car and Limousine models.

NEW COMMER 4-12 TONNERS
"Under-floor" or diesel engines.

KARRIER "BANTAM" 2-3-TON LOW LOADER
Easy to manoeuvre and easy to load, the "Bantam" 2-3-tonner is specially designed for rapid inner-zone transport.

ROOTES GROUP SERVICE

All Authorised Dealers display this sign.

ROOTES (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

PORT MELBOURNE — VICTORIA

Rootes Group Products are sold and serviced by a network of authorised dealers located throughout the length and breadth of Australia

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Continuing . . .

THE NAME GAME

from page 19

Mr. Quinn measured up beautifully. He was soon holding forth in an easy, authoritative manner to a small circle of listeners, into which Ernie was quick to insinuate himself. Actually Ernie meant only to observe the type and dream a little about some of the possibilities of the situation, but then the conversation turned to a current exhibition of early Italian paintings. As it happened, he and Doris had attended it the week before.

Mr. Quinn spoke of the exhibition in glowing terms, and gave particular mention to the Duccio and the Bellini. The names slipped across his tongue like bright labels being licked so they could be stamped neatly on the conversation. Ernie felt his pulses throb again, riotously, and his tongue got away from him.

"Well, of course, they were unquestionably the most important paintings in the show," he heard himself saying in a voice that sounded astonishingly calm and authoritative, "but my favorite was the Piero della Francesca — that and the exquisite Pignolini."

Mr. Quinn eyed him uncertainly, and Ernie nearly panicked. He was suddenly afraid he had taken too many martinis. He was sure he was about to make an utter fool of himself.

"The — er — Pignolini?" said Mr. Quinn.

Ernie was committed now, and the courage of desperation was his to a degree he would not have dreamed possible.

"You remember! The little Pignolini they had in the corner," he urged with an easy show of confidence. "At least it was in the corner when we were there, though I suppose by now it may well have been given a more conspicuous place, after all the fuss the critics made over it. You know —the little round one . . ."

By now the others in the group were looking at Mr. Quinn expectedly. It could have been the light, or the martinis, but it did seem to Ernie that for the merest split second Mr. Quinn's small blue eyes became shifty.

"Oh. Oh, yes, of course," he said.

"I love Pignolini, anyway. Especially his Blue Period," added Ernie, all but carried away. Mr. Quinn nodded knowingly, and then went on rather quickly to speak of the exhibition in general terms.

A few minutes later when the group broke up Doris seized the opportunity to back her husband into a corner.

"And who is Pignolini?" she demanded in a low, accusing voice. Well aware that she had been sitting nearby, he was not taken wholly by surprise. He chuckled delightedly.

"So! Been eavesdropping, eh?" he said, munching an olive. "Well, I'm glad. I wouldn't have wanted you to miss it. You see what I mean? I told you it would work."

"Listen, don't you dare ever do a thing like that again!" she murmured hotly, glancing around to make sure everybody else was busy talking.

"Now, dear, don't get yourself in a state. I just wanted to try it once, that's all," said Ernie, and became analytical. "Actually, I went too far. That Blue Period stuff. Took a chance there. Next time I wouldn't—"

"Ernest Maxwell, there's not going to be any next time. Do you hear?"

"I was only going to say—"

"Do you hear?"

"Yes, dear."

It was a matter of some grim satisfaction to Doris, after such an incident, that their next engagement was to meet a woman friend of the Mehls' who wrote poetry and everybody said she was very brilliant.

"If I were you I wouldn't try messing around with Miss Fletcher, from what I hear of her," she warned confidentially. Ernie assured her he had no intention of messing around with Miss Fletcher in any fashion. But then when they reached the Mehls' and took one look at the guest of honor he was as acutely conscious of the way Doris' heart sank as though it had been his own. An overstuffed, bun-haired maiden of fifty, flat-heeled and tweedy, Miss Fletcher was a female Bellnap if ever he saw one.

Doris kept a sharp eye on him, and for some time he had very little to say. In a rarefied atmosphere the conversation raced along at a brittle pace with Miss Fletcher at the centre of it, crisp and omniscient, the others awed and deferential.

Then, as the talk turned to Sartre, Ernie popped in his little contribution.

"Well, it does seem to me that Sartre's most promising recent disciple is the young Dutchman Jan Kurde."

"Ah, yes, Kurde," murmured Miss Fletcher, and raced on to discuss what she called the tarnished aspects of Existentialism, while Ernie sat back breathing softly and Doris gently massaged her throat to get her heart back down out of it.

"Oh, come on! After all these years you should recognise a mirage when you see one."

The instant the Mehls' front door had closed behind them Ernie cowered away from her, grinning sheepishly.

"Doan beat me, massa!"

"Beat you? I ought to divorce you! Are you going to put me through this sort of thing every time we go to a party now?" cried Doris. "It's not funny, it's not one bit funny!"

"But when I saw that fat frump and listened to her for five minutes I couldn't resist."

"Well, you'd better start resisting or I'm not going to any more parties with you. To think that after ten years of happy marriage you should turn into a practical joker!" she added bitterly. "One reason I married you was because you weren't that type."

"I know. I never have been. This is a new departure for me," he admitted. "I just happened to come across a good thing."

"Good? Now you listen to me . . .!"

Before they reached home she had extracted his solemn promise that he would control himself the next afternoon at the Beasleys' annual Open House. He gave it dutifully but most reluctantly.

"I can't imagine happier hunting grounds," he sighed. "I'll be walking around with tears in my eyes. But I promise."

Nor was he a man who gave his promise lightly. When an advertising executive named Higby appeared on the horizon, making him feel like a privateer that had just raised a rich merchantman, he carefully sheered off and, by degrees, found himself in the library.

Spencer Beasley had chosen that time to show Higby the library and, when Ernie arrived, Higby was sounding off on the subject of hi-fi and which Bach recordings he considered best. Spence pulled Ernie into the conversation and then eased himself out of it to pursue his hostly duties.

Alone with Higby, Ernie patted away the tiny beads of sweat that pimpled his forehead and did his best to ignore the suave voice that murmured in his ear, "This fellow will be a set-up for your Swedish pianist, Svensbord . . ."

They were halfway home after the party before he finally confessed.

"Doris, I broke my promise to you."

"Ernie! You didn't!"

"I couldn't help myself. That fellow Higby—"

"I knew it would be Higby," groaned Doris.

"Yes, you get so you can pick them out at a glance, don't you?" he nodded. "Well, I tried to avoid him, honest I did, but he was thrown in my way. And then he simply sat up and begged for it. Prime Bellnap, he was, from head to toe. 'Svensbord stands like a monument in the field of interpreting Purcell for the piano, of course.' I found myself saying, 'but I do feel there is a place for some of the younger pianists, too.' "

"And what did Higby say?"

"Oh, he agreed," Ernie assured her, "he agreed. You know, this trick is a cinch as long as you follow the rules. For instance, Rule Number One: always give the impression you're talking about somebody the average peasant never heard of but whom any cultured person naturally numbers among his household names. Someone it's smart to know about, in other words."

"So now you're developing a whole theory on the subject," said Doris, folding her arms severely. "I suppose you have a full stable of phantom celebrities worked up by now?"

"It's growing," he admitted, "it's growing. For instance, there's Mornch, the great Estonian mathematician, and Fairfield of antibiotics fame—wasn't it splendid to read in the papers that Fairfield had received the Spellgar Award, Professor Bellnap?—and Camberwell on architecture, and—"

"Ernie, this has got to stop," declared Doris sombrely. "There's no telling where it may lead."

"I know." He sighed and dimmed his lights for an oncoming car. "After a while it all begins to take on the pleasantly distorted quality of those little essays of Paul Flambertin, in which—"

"Paul who?"

"Flambertin." He glanced at her with mild surprise. "With all the French you took in college, surely you must know his essays? If not, you ought to read them—and in the original, too. How I envy you when I think of all that must be lost in translation for the rest of us! Well, anyway, Flambertin . . ."

Of course, when she hit him the car went into the ditch and they were lucky to come out of it alive. Ernie was very decent about everything, though. He never blamed Doris one bit. Thinking back on it afterwards, he realised he could scarcely have picked a worse time to mention a lesser French essayist, however bona fide.

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Finest Quality Cutlery

Beautiful Fiesta colours are Imperial Yellow, Royal Red, Teal Blue and Dove Grey. All sets are available in mixed or matching colours.

Grill Sets - 4 knives and 4 forks in de luxe boxes or in boxes of 2 and 2.

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Grill Set Presentation Cases

of 6 knives and 6 forks. Also cases of 6 knives or forks. Handles of Mahogany, Cape Horn, Black or Grained Ivory Xylo.

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Beautifully designed carvers with handles of Maroon, Ivory, Black, Teal Blue, or Dove Grey Celsior in cases with rich trim colours. Also available with Ivory handles in gift boxes.

23 HANDSOME GIFT PACKS TO CHOOSE FROM — *Ask at your favourite store to see the full Wiltshire Cutlery range.*

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

DS356.—Middy-type sheath dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¼yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington.

● A fitted sheath dress is a smart and versatile choice for a young career girl's autumn wardrobe, and provides a fashionable solution to a reader's problem.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"My problem is a design and paper pattern for an autumn frock to be made in fine red wool. I am 16, 5ft. 5in. tall, and slim. I have dark brown shoulder-length hair and though I'm not at all the frilly type I like to look feminine. I started my first job in an office this year and I have a good bit of social life. One of my problems is that I have not sufficient time to go home to change before going out after I finish work."

The design, a fitted sheath dress, is my choice for an office-cum-date dress. I consider the dress is feminine without being fussy, and is good fashion for the office and for an after-office evening date. The slim, fitted lines of the design should suit you extremely well. The sailor-type collar is now again in fashion. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Lines under the picture at left give further details and how to order.

"COULD you please help me? I am four months pregnant and I have been invited to attend a large afternoon wedding. I am young and naturally want to look my best, but am undecided whether it is correct to wear anything too fashionable. Another problem is a hat, as my hair has gone lank and lost its wave."

Certainly wear a fashionable dress. It is my belief that maternity fashions should have a morale-boosting influence. An Empire-line dress is my design choice. This silhouette is still in the news, particularly in Australia, and it is ideal for maternity wear. I suggest you wear a wig hat made of tiny flowers. This will not only cover your hair completely but will be extremely becoming.

"I WOULD be extremely grateful if you could assist me with the following problem. What would be the correct type of shoes to wear with a pink tulle ballerina?"

The correct shoe would be a court, with a narrowly pointed toe and made in satin in the same shade as the dress.

"WOULD a soft taffeta in ice-blue printed with pink roses be a suitable fabric for a maternity ensemble to wear to a wedding reception taking place at 5.30 p.m.?"

Yes, if the style is simple. I think a flowered taffeta would make a pretty maternity party dress.

"SOON I'm going north for my annual holiday and, with the exception of a playsuit, have my clothes planned. What style would you suggest? It must be one that can disguise my thin thighs."

A one-piece suit with puffy romper trousers would be good disguise for too-thin thighs. Add a matching skirt and you will have a useful-for-many-occasions daytime outfit.

"MY measurements are 39in. bust and 42in. hips. I have been told I should not wear printed material. Would you please tell me if you think this is right?"

Yes and no. You can wear a printed silk if you avoid a too-large pattern. A material with a small design against a darker background would be a good choice. By the way, be sure to avoid a material with a shiny surface. A dull-surfaced fabric is definitely more slimming.

"I WANT to buy a new topcoat for the coming winter and would like you to let me know some of the most popular shades being worn."

Vivid colors will be worn for winter. They include bright sapphire-blue, indigo, and purple tones and all shades of red and deep mossy-green.

Winner of Crozzle 3

WINNER of the £500 prize for CROZZLE No. 3 is Mrs. N. D. Hinde, of 20 Ellalong Road, Cremorne, N.S.W.

Mrs. Hinde's prize-winning entry is shown at right.

You can see how she chose mostly small words and interlocking letters with the greatest point scores to push up her grand total to 414.

The closest to Mrs. Hinde's entry was one with a total of 412.

The result of CROZZLE No. 4 will be published in our next issue.

C				Z	E	B	U		F		S	
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6, 13, 7, 16, 21, 10, 24, 13, 15, 6, 13

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS	144
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED	270
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY	414

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3. Stir briskly with a clean fork.

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sky with a smoky orange and glinted on a million windows—behind any one of which she might be.

He came to a park and sat on a bench until it was full daylight, littering the ground with cigarette stubs, fighting off the impulse to call a friend who worked for the telephone company, explain the situation, ask him to trace the number.

He tried to justify such a move by reminding himself of what she had said about the element of blind chance in human affairs. Something unforeseen might have happened. Perhaps she had intended to call and something had prevented her. Surely he was justified . . .

There was just one flaw with such rationalising. He had promised not to trace her; he had given her his solemn word.

At last he stood up, rasping the back of his hand along his unshaven chin. There was only one thing to do—go home, dial her number again, keep trying. He signalled a cruising cab. In fifteen minutes he was back at his own apartment.

The yellow envelope of a telegram was showing just under the door. He picked it up, feeling his heart begin to pound with a heavy, uneven rhythm. The first word he saw on the folded paper was "hospital," and he held his breath until he had read the whole message.

It said: IF YOU'RE WORRIED, SIR WOLF, YOU NEEDN'T BE. COME TO THE FIFTH FLOOR, ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, IF YOU CAN SPARE THE TIME BEFORE YOU GO TO WORK. The message had been sent the night before. It was signed: LORNA BRADLEY.

He said aloud: "Lorna!" He didn't go into the apartment. He didn't even wait for the elevator. He ran down four flights of stairs and into the street. He flagged down another taxi. "St. Luke's Hospital—hurry!"

On the fifth floor of the building a starched nurse smiled at him. "Oh, yes, Mr. Carswell. Mrs. Bradley said

Continuing . . .
CALL AFTER MIDNIGHT

from page 21

you'd probably appear this morning."

"Mrs. Bradley!"

"She'll be right with you. If you wouldn't mind waiting in the visitors' room, just down the corridor there, on the left?"

He waited, staring blindly out the window, feeling as if the bottom had dropped out of his universe. Why had she let him think she was unmarried? Why hadn't she told him?

"Hello," said a voice behind him, a voice that was familiar and yet not entirely familiar. He turned quickly. A slender, blue-eyed woman was standing there, chestnut hair touched with grey. Johnny stared at her as if she were a ghost.

"Are you—? I mean . . ."

She shook her head, smiling a little. "I'm Lorna's mother."

He said, bewildered, "I don't understand."

She laughed, and her laugh, too, was familiar, but not entirely familiar. "I don't blame you. But don't look so worried. Everything is going to be all right."

He said, "Lorna—where is she?"

"In her room. She doesn't know you're here yet. I didn't tell her I sent the telegram."

"Mrs. Bradley, you—" He made a helpless gesture. "You'd better tell me . . ."

"I'm trying to. Here, sit down for a minute." She drew him down beside her on a couch that faced the window. "First, I suppose I owe you an apology for listening in on some of your conversations. I happened to pick up the phone one night—I have an extension in my room — and heard you and Lorna talking. After that I listened because—well, perhaps it was selfish of me, but I wanted to find out who you were. I had a feeling from the start that you were good for Lorna, that you were helping her, although you didn't know it."

"Helping her?"

"Yes. And she needed help. You see—" She hesitated for a fraction of a second. "Lorna was losing her hearing. She was becoming deaf."

"Deaf!"

Mrs. Bradley nodded. "That was why she didn't want you to know who she was. Deaf people can be terribly sensitive, you know. Lorna didn't want to be a burden or a bore to anyone, and so—"

"But she talked to me! She heard me!"

"She was using her hearing aid. It's not uncommon, this otosclerosis. It can attack young people as well as old. And it's progressive. Until a few years ago there wasn't much that could be done for it. But now there's an operation for it. It's called 'fenestration.' Lorna had that operation yesterday afternoon; I spent last night here with her. The results were good."

He was on his feet. "Can I see her? Now?"

She nodded again. "I think it would do her a lot of good. Come along." She led him down the corridor to a closed door. "Good luck, Sir Wolf. Not that I think you'll need it."

He opened the door quietly, stepped inside.

"Lorna," he said in a whisper.

The girl in the bed turned her head instantly. "Oh!" she said. "Oh, you've come."

He saw in her eyes everything that he knew must be in his own. He said idiotically, "I'm sorry I look so scruffy, Lorna; I didn't stop to shave."

"That's all right, Sir Wolf." She laughed, a tremulous little laugh. "I knew you'd be shaggy—sort of."

"I knew you'd be beautiful," he said.

And then, for a while, they had no use for words.

(Copyright)

"Nothing to it! A good bedtime story and they're sound asleep."

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● *NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 91. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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Ingredients: 3 oz. Eta Margarine; 4 cups Milk (Reconstituted Sunshine Full Cream Powder); 1 pkt. **Maggi Mushroom Soup**; 2 level tablespoons Plain Flour; 1 teaspoon sugar; Peppers to taste (Cayenne, White and Paprika).

Method: Mix together dry ingredients with one cup of milk. Melt margarine in saucepan, add 3 cups milk, bring to boil. Combine, stirring constantly until mixture is thick. Spread on crackers, garnish with parsley.

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ONLY THE CHOICEST, FRESHEST INGREDIENTS ARE SELECTED FOR MAGGI SOUPS

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thence into the -th Foot, escaping into a larger world. Neither Venetia nor Aubrey had been farther from Undershaw than Scarborough, and their acquaintance was limited to the few families living within reach of the Manor. Neither repined, Aubrey because he shrank from going amongst strangers, Venetia because it was not in her nature to do so. She had only once been disconsolate; that was when she was seventeen and Sir Francis had refused to let her go to his sister, in London, to be presented, and brought out into society. But she had made the best of things. Papa, after all, was not unreasonable; though he would not consent to a London season, he raised no objection to her attending the Assemblies in York, or even in Harrogate, whenever Lady Denny or Mrs. Yardley invited her to go with them, which they quite frequently did, the one from kindness, the other under compulsion from her determined son, Edward. Nor was Papa at all mean, and left her, at his death, a very respectable competence.

This event had occurred three years previously, within a month of the glorious victory at Waterloo, and quite unexpectedly of a fatal stroke. It had been a shock to his children, but not a grief. "In fact," said Venetia, scandalising kind Lady Denny, "we go on much better without him."

"My dear!" gasped her ladyship, who had come to clasp the orphans to her sentimental bosom. "You are overwrought!"

"Indeed I'm not!" Venetia replied, laughing.

Lady Denny made haste to ask what she now intended to do. Venetia had said that it all depended on Conway. Until he came home to take up his inheritance there was nothing she could do but continue in the old way.

Three years later Venetia was still awaiting Conway's return, and Lady Denny had almost ceased to inveigh against his selfishness in leaving the burden of his affairs on her shoulders. No one had been surprised that he had at first found it impossible to return to England, for no doubt everything must have been at sixes and sevens in Belgium and France, and all our regiments sadly depleted after so sanguinary a battle as Waterloo. But as the months slid by, all the news that was to be had of Conway

Continuing . . . VENETIA

from page 25

came in a brief scrawl to his sister assuring her that he had every confidence in her ability to do just as she ought at Undershaw. When last heard of, Conway had had the good fortune to be appointed to Lord Hill's staff and stationed at Cambray.

"And for anything he cares she may live all her days at Undershaw and die an old maid!" declared Lady Denny.

"She is more likely to marry Edward Yardley," responded her lord prosaically.

"I have nothing to say against Edward Yardley — indeed, I believe him to be a truly estimable person! — but I have always said, and I always shall say, that it would be throwing herself away! If only our own dear Oswald were ten years older, Sir John!"

But here the conversation took an abrupt turn, Sir John's evil genius prompting him to exclaim that he hoped such a fine-looking girl had more sense than to look twice at the silliest puppy in the county.

None would have denied that Venetia was a fine-looking girl; most would not have hesitated to call her beautiful. Among the pick of the debutantes at Almack's she must have attracted attention; in the more restricted society in which she dwelt she was a nonpareil. It was not only the size and brilliance of her eyes which excited admiration, or the glory of her shining guinea-gold hair, or even the enchanting arch of her pretty mouth: there was something very taking in her face which owed nothing to the excellence of her features: an expression of sweetness, a sparkle or irresistible fun, an open look, devoid of self-consciousness.

The humorous gleam sprang to her eyes as she glanced at Aubrey, still lost in antiquity. She said: "Aubrey! Dear, odious Aubrey! Do lend me your ears! Just one of your ears, love!"

He looked up, an answering gleam in his own eyes. "Not if it is something I particularly dislike!"

"No, I promise you it isn't!" she replied, laughing. "Only if you mean to ride out presently will you be so very obliging as to call at the Receiving Office and inquire if there has been a parcel delivered there for me from York? Quite a small parcel, dear Aubrey!"

"Yes, I'll do that — if it's not fish!"

"No, it's muslin — unexceptionable!"

He had risen and walked over to the window with his awkward, dragging step. "M'dear, both your suitors are come to pay us a morning visit!"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Venetia imploringly. "Not again!"

"Riding up the avenue," he assured her. "Oswald is looking as sulky as a bear, too."

"Now, Aubrey, pray don't say so! It is his gloomy look. He is brooding over nameless crimes, I dare say."

"What nameless crimes?"

"My dear, how should I know — or he either? Poor boy! it is all Byron's fault! Oswald can't decide whether it

> **Charm is a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else. If you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have.**
>
> — *J. M. Barrie*

is his lordship whom he resembles or his lordship's Corsair."

"Byron!" Aubrey ejaculated with one of his impatient shrugs. "I don't know how you can read such stuff!"

"Of course you don't, love — and I wish Oswald had found himself unable to do so. I wonder what excuse Edward will offer us for this visit? Surely there cannot have been another Royal marriage or General Election?"

"Or that he should think we care for such trash." Aubrey turned away from the window. "Are you going to marry him?" he asked.

"No — oh, I don't know! I am sure he would be a kind husband, but try as I will I can't hold him in anything but esteem," she replied.

"Why do you try?"

"Well, I must marry someone, you know! Conway will certainly do so, and then what is to become of me? It wouldn't suit me to continue living here, dwindling into an aunt — and I dare say it wouldn't suit my unknown sister, either!"

"Oh, you may live with me! I shan't be married. You would like it better than to be married to Edward."

"Poor Edward! Do you dislike him so much?"

He replied with a twisted smile: "I never forget when he's with us that I'm a cripple, m'dear."

A voice was heard to say, beyond the door: "In the breakfast parlor, are they? Oh, you need not announce me: I know my way!"

Two gentlemen of marked dissimilarity came into the room, the elder a solid-looking man in his thirtieth year, leading the way, as one who did not doubt his welcome; the younger a youth of nineteen, with a want of assurance imperfectly concealed by a slight, nonchalant swagger.

"Good morning, Venetia! Well, Aubrey!" said Mr. Edward Yardley, shaking hands. "What a pair of slugabeds, to be sure! I came on the chance that Aubrey might care to try his luck with the carp in my lake. What do you say, Aubrey? You may fish from the boat, and not suffer any fatigue."

"Thank you, but I shouldn't expect to get a rise in such weather."

"It would do you good, however, and you may drive your gig to within only a few yards of the lake, you know."

It was kindly said, but there was a suggestion of gritted teeth in Aubrey's reiterated refusal. Mr. Yardley noticed this and supposed compassionately that his hip was paining him.

Meanwhile, young Mr. Denny was informing his hostess rather more impressively than the occasion seemed to warrant that he had come to see her. He added in a low, vibrant voice that he could not keep away.

Upon being invited to sit down he had assumed a careless pose upon a small sofa. He now found that his fellow-guest was regarding him with unmistakable reprobation, and he was at once torn between hope that he presented a romantic figure and fear that he had a trifle overdone the nonchalant attitude. He sat up and Edward Yardley transferred his gaze to Venetia's face.

Mr. Yardley, with no wish to appear romantic, would never have been guilty of lounging in

To page 80

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WONDERFUL CAKES FOR 4 O'CLOCK TEA

● The clever hostess knows that a swirl of frosting and a decorative touch or two can transform a simple cake into a luscious delight. Next time it is your turn to entertain, try some of the recipes below. They will make your tea party a really gala occasion.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

SOME cake recipes require only egg-yolks in the making, and others only egg-whites. To avoid unnecessary waste of these ingredients, plan to make two cakes—one of each type—at the same time. Or use the surplus egg-yolks in fillings, custards, etc., and the egg-whites in meringues or frostings.

The ingredients used in these recipes are based on an eight-fluid-ounce standard measuring cup and level spoon measurements.

HEART'S-DELIGHT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon spice, ¾ cup milk.

Cream shortening and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill mixture into greased heart-shaped tin and bake in moderate oven 45 to 60 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Coffee Frosting: Two egg-whites, 1½ cups sugar, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, 4 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon coffee powder.

Place egg-whites, sugar, cream of tartar, and water in basin over boiling water and beat continuously for 14 minutes. Add coffee powder, beat well. Spread roughly over top and sides of cake, decorate with chocolate leaves.

Chocolate Leaves: Wash various-sized rose leaves, dry thoroughly with a soft cloth. Melt 2 or 3oz. chocolate over basin of boiling water. Spread thickly over underneath surface of leaves. Chill in refrigerator until quite firm. Peel rose leaves off chocolate, arrange chocolate leaves in position on cake.

STRAWBERRY CREAM SPONGE

Four eggs, ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 tablespoons hot water, strawberry jam, ½ pint fresh whipped cream, whole strawberries to decorate.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, and continue beating until mixture holds its shape. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beat well. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour, and salt, then butter melted in hot water. Fill mixture into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, join with a little jam and cream. Pile remainder of cream over top, decorate with whole strawberries.

CHECKERED PEPPERMINT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1-3rd cup milk, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons cocoa blended in an extra ¼ cup milk.

Cream butter with sugar, vanilla, and hot water until white and fluffy. Add eggs, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill half the mixture into a greased 7in. or 8in. square sandwich-tin. Add blended cocoa to remaining mixture in bowl, fill into similar tin as plain mixture. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Peppermint Cream: Three ounces butter or substitute, 2½ cups sifted icing sugar, 1 to 2 tablespoons milk, few drops peppermint essence and green coloring, toasted coconut.

Cream butter until soft, gradually add icing sugar and milk, continue beating until smooth. Add peppermint essence and spread a little between layers of cake. Tint remaining cream pale green with coloring. Spread over top and sides of cake, decorate top with toasted coconut.

Continued on page 74

LIGHT, AIRY CAKES, prettily served like the heart's-delight cake and strawberry cream sponge on this page, form an attractive centrepiece when arranged for a four o'clock tea-party table.

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•Here are some hints to help you if your cake has . . .

COARSE TEXTURE: Too much baking powder or too much sugar was used; shortening and sugar were not creamed sufficiently; liquid was insufficient; oven too slow.

MOIST, STICKY SURFACE: Too much sugar used.

PEAK OR CRACK ON TOP: Oven too hot; too much flour used.

HOLEY TEXTURE: Insufficient shortening was used in proportion to the ingredients; over-mixing done after flour was added.

RISEN UNEVENLY: Oven heat was not evenly distributed; cake not placed in centre of oven shelf.

RISEN THEN FALLEN: Too much baking powder was used; oven too slow; cake was taken from oven before completely cooked.

ELEGANT CHINA and silverware are a perfect foil for glamorous afternoon-tea cakes. Those below are checkered peppermint cake and choc-marshmallow cake.

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WIN FRIENDS, POPULARITY,

with Little Tricks of Everyday Talk

A well-known publisher reports there is a simple technique of everyday conversation which can pay you real dividends in both social and professional advancement, and works like magic to give you added poise, self-confidence, and greater popularity. The details of this method are described in a fascinating booklet, "Adventures in Conversation," sent free on request.

According to this publisher, many people do not realise how much they could influence others simply by what they say, and how they say it. Whether in business, at social functions, or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can make a good impression every time you talk.

To acquaint more people with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in everyday conversation, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a 24-page booklet, "Adventures in Conversation," which will be sent free to anyone who requests it. The address is: Conversation Studies, Dept. W.W., Box 4794, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please include 6d. in stamps to cover postage R 10/3.2

EFFECTIVE FROSTING for the orange chiffon cake is this meringue made from 3 egg-whites and 6oz. sugar. Place in a cool oven barely to color and set before decorating with simple confections. See recipe below.

WONDERFUL CAKES FOR 4 O'CLOCK TEA

Continued from page 72

DAFFODIL ROLL

Three eggs, ¾ cup castor sugar, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 tablespoons boiling water, few drops almond essence, extra castor sugar.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, and beat until mixture holds its shape. Add egg-yolks one at a time, then fold in sifted dry ingredients, and lastly the butter melted in boiling water and essence. Pour mixture into greased Swiss-roll tin and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to sheet of greaseproof paper which has been lightly dusted with extra sugar, trim edges, roll up. When quite cold, unroll, spread with prepared filling.

Pineapple Filling: Four egg-yolks, 4oz. butter or substitute, grated rind and juice of ½ lemon, 2oz. sugar, ½ cup tinned shredded pineapple, ¼ cup pineapple juice, whipped cream, angelica.

Beat egg-yolks and sugar together, add fruit juices, pineapple, and lemon rind. Stir over heat until mixture thickens. Beat in butter, cool. Spread over roll; re-roll, decorate top with whipped cream and strips of angelica.

FESTIVE FUDGE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2oz. cooking chocolate, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1¾ cups flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt.

Cream shortening, gradually add sugar and continue beating until light and fluffy. Add chocolate which has been melted in water and cooled add vanilla. Stir in egg-yolks one at a time, then add milk alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, fill into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Join and top with the following frosting:

Chocolate Fudge Frosting: Place ¼ cup cream or evaporated milk in saucepan with 2oz. butter. Bring just to the boil, remove from heat. Gradually add 3 cups sifted icing sugar, beating well until mixture is smooth. Lastly add pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla and 3oz. cooking chocolate (melted and cooled). Beat until thickened to spreading consistency.

CHOC-MARSHMALLOW CAKE

Cake Mixture: Six ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ¾ cup milk.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill mixture evenly into greased 8in. recess tin and a greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Marshmallow Frosting: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, few drops pink coloring.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in large saucepan and stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Boil steadily 10 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to cool. When just beginning to thicken, add lemon juice and a few drops of pink coloring. Beat until thick and fluffy. Join cake layers with a little marshmallow, placing recess in cake on top. Pour remainder of marshmallow into recess, coat sides. Place in refrigerator to set. Top with the following and decorate with walnut halves.

Chocolate Topping: Melt 3 or 4oz. cooking chocolate over boiling water, trickle over top and sides of cake. Chill before serving.

ORANGE CHIFFON CAKE

One cup flour, ¾ cup castor sugar, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup paraffin oil, 3 egg-yolks, 3-8ths cup cold water, grated rind of 1 orange, 4 egg-whites, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Mix sifted flour, sugar, baking-powder, and salt. Make a well in centre, add oil, unbeaten egg-yolks, cold water, and orange rind. Beat until smooth. Beat egg-whites stiffly with cream of tartar, fold in egg-yolk mixture. Pour into ungreased 8in. cake-tin and bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Invert tin on to cake-cooler, allow to stand in tin until quite cold. Loosen edges, turn out.

ABOVE is a variation of the festive fudge cake, using one-third of the amount of frosting. It is decorated with almonds and filled with cream.

BANISH LEG FATIGUE WITH

Supp-hose

by HILTON

The sheer nylon stocking that supports without rubber!

Supp-hose is the first all-nylon sheer stocking designed to relieve leg fatigue — to lift and soothe the tired leg muscles *without using heavy unsightly rubber.* It took four years of research in U. S. A. to develop this sheer 'compression' stocking that offered the healthful support of which American doctors approved.

SUPP-HOSE IS FOR SO MANY WOMEN

Patented sheer Supp-hose is a new source of fashionable support for housewives, expectant mothers, working women who suffer from varicose veins. It's for almost every woman who spends time on her feet. And the best thing about Supp-hose is that no one will know you're wearing them!

7 proportioned hosiery sizes, 3 charming colours — Serene (rose beige) Placid (fawn beige), and fashion's most popular colour — Waterlily **42/-**

Supp-hose

by HILTON

Guaranteed to give five times the wear of ordinary nylon stockings!

*TRADE MARK — Patent application No. 36063-58 applied for.

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AVAILABLE AGAIN TO SATISFY POPULAR DEMAND!

"PARTYTIME"

—THE LIVELY, ORIGINAL NAIRNFELT DESIGN THAT SOLD OUT SO FAST THAT THOUSANDS WERE DISAPPOINTED!

When we designed "Partytime" we knew we had a marvellous pattern, but we weren't prepared for the overwhelming reception it received from design-conscious homemakers who wanted something really different! To satisfy those thousands who missed out, we've produced "Partytime" again, and you can get it now at your favourite furniture store or furnishing department. **Choose from stippled grey, charcoal or green grounds.** "Partytime" is just one of dozens of beautiful patterns in Nairnfelt, the economy floor covering with the high-gloss, hard-wearing, **genuine enamellised surface** that wipes clean in a jiffy. Full six feet wide! Just roll it out!

—and "Partytime's" junior partner

"PLAYTIME"

Specially designed for the nursery! Soft, grey stippled ground with quiet, pastel motifs of bunnies and lambs, 'planes and trains and other things dear to the heart of the tiny tot! And, of course, the hard-wearing Nairnfelt enamellised surface can take all the scuffing little feet can give it. Ask for "Playtime"—Nairnfelt's new nursery novelty.

NAIRN

Less than £5 to cover the average room (10' x 12')

—it's six feet wide!

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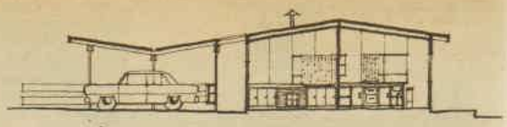
£3000 BUDGET HOME

● This week's Home Plan was an entry by Sydney architect Mr. W. G. Collins in the Taubman's Family Home Competition for designs within a building budget of approximately £3000. The home has three bedrooms and carport.



***SECTIONAL VIEW** shows carport, which doubles as outdoor living space. Design is for a suburban block which has little outlook, close neighbors, and where privacy is wanted.*

COMPLETE plans and specifications for this house, No. 670 in our series, are available from all our Home Planning Centres (see panel right) for a special fee of £10/10/-. Also available at these Centres are our standard home plans, in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land, which cost £7/7/- per full set.

When ordering by mail please give the number of the design, the building material to be used. Please include fee.

In this week's design, the architect has achieved a striking appearance with the unusual design of the carport, which is attached to the front of the house.

When this area is not being used for the car it makes extra living space, protected from excessive sun but open to every breeze.

Highlight windows, which give a feeling of privacy, have been used for the front of the house, although glass is used more extensively at the back.

The building materials used are asbestos-cement sheets with vertical battens for the external walls, combined with vertical boarding backed with aluminium foil. The roof is corrugated asbestos-cement sheeting and the floor is a 4in.-thick slab, poured on the ground with waterproofing material under the slab.

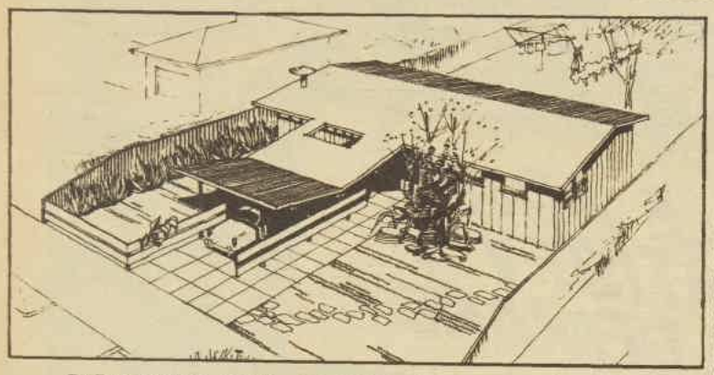
Strip-stick gasket cork is suggested for a good wearing surface on the floors and fibrous plaster for the internal linings.

There are three bedrooms and an open-plan living-room.

All the bedrooms have built-in wardrobes and there are also cupboards for linen and coats.

The laundry and kitchen are well planned and meals can be served to the snack bar directly from the kitchen.

Taubman's Family Home Competition stipulated that the designs submitted should be within a building budget of approximately £3000.



***PERSPECTIVE VIEW.** Highlight windows are a feature.*

WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for a special fee of £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, situated in the following stores:

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.

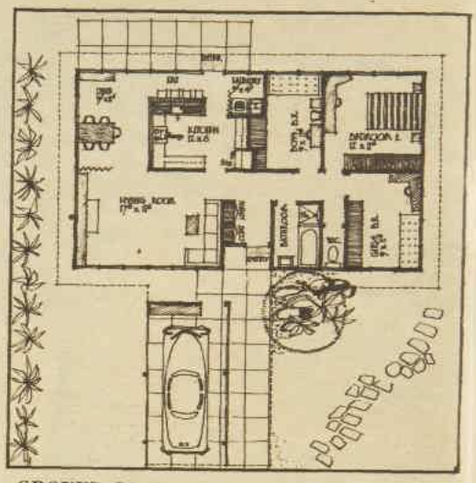
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.



***GROUND PLAN** shows built-in wardrobes in all bedrooms. Open plan living-room has divider between dining and lounge areas.*

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For information and assistance in setting up a National Savings Group, employers are asked to telephone:

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Adelaide, LA 4281	Perth, 21-3113	Hobart, 2-7351

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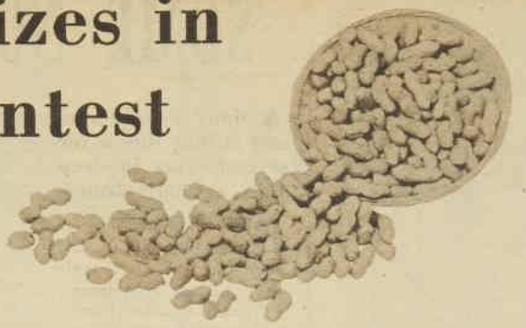
Progress prizes in Peanut Contest



Here are the winners of this week's £5 progress prizes in each of the three sections of our exciting £1235 Peanut Recipe Contest.

THE last three £5 progress prize recipes will appear in next week's issue. All the major prizewinners, including the winner of the Grand Champion Prize of £500, will be announced in our issue of May 20.

The main prizewinning recipes will appear in color in one of our June issues.

The three sections of the contest are: 1, Cakes and Biscuits; 2, Desserts; and 3, Miscellaneous. This week's £5 progress prizewinners in each section are:

1. Cakes and Biscuits

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Harris, R.M.B. 574, Coolamon, N.S.W.

BANANA LIQUEUR CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, ¾ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups plain biscuit crumbs, 1 cup mashed banana, 1-3rd cup sour milk, ½ cup finely chopped peanuts, whipped cream, fruit liqueur or syrup, banana slices, lemon juice, extra peanuts.

Cream butter and half the sugar together, gradually beat in egg-yolks. Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and bicarbonate soda together. Add biscuit crumbs and fold into creamed mixture alternately with the mashed bananas and sour milk. Beat egg-whites until stiff and glossy. Add remaining sugar gradually. Fold in cake mixture and chopped peanuts. Spoon into three well-greased and floured 8-inch sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to cool 5 minutes, then turn carefully on to cake-rack. When quite cold, join layers with whipped cream flavored with fruit liqueur or syrup. Spread remaining cream on top, decorate with slices of banana (dipped in lemon juice) and extra peanuts.

2. Desserts

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Zbierski, 2a Donald Ave., West Croydon, S.A.

BEWITCHED APPLES

Four to six even-sized apples, 1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons strawberry or raspberry jam, ½ cup finely chopped peanuts, ¼ cup rum or brandy.

Combine sugar and water in large saucepan; stir until sugar has dissolved. Peel and core apples, place in syrup in saucepan, simmer gently until apples are cooked but still hold their shape. Carefully remove from saucepan, place in ovenproof dish. Combine jam and peanuts, fill into cavity of each apple. Reduce syrup in which apples were cooked by further cooking until it is a sauce-like consistency. Pour over the cooked, stuffed apples, covering each as much as possible. Heat rum or brandy in cup by standing it in boiling water. When ready to serve the sweet, pour over the spirit and set alight.

3. Miscellaneous

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Quant, 43 Volga St., Indooroopilly, Brisbane.

PEANUT SAVORY FLAN

Pie Crust: Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. shortening, 1oz. peanut butter, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons water.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening and peanut butter until mixture resembles crumbs. Mix to firm dough with milk and water. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out. Line one large or two smaller flan or sandwich tins which have been greased and floured. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Filling: One dessertspoon peanut oil, 1 rasher bacon (finely chopped), 1 large onion (finely sliced), 2 tablespoons uncooked rice, 1lb. coarsely minced steak (slightly cooked), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons grated carrot, 1½ teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, 2 cups tomato puree or 1 cup tomato soup with 1 cup water, ½ cup Roman or processed cheese.

Fry bacon and onion in peanut oil 1 minute. Add uncooked rice, stir until rice is golden brown. Add minced steak, parsley, carrot, salt, pepper, and tomato puree. Stir until boiling, add cheese. Cover saucepan with tightly fitting lid, simmer slowly 25 to 30 minutes. Pour mixture into pie crust and sprinkle with topping.

Topping: Half cup finely chopped peanuts, ½ cup grated cheese.

Combine peanuts and cheese; sprinkle over pie. Brown in hot oven or under griller. Serve hot with cooked vegetables.

Chicken and pineapple dish wins award

● A recipe for a delicious chicken dish which is served with fruited rice wins the £5 prize in our recipe contest this week.

CONSOLATION prize of £1 goes to a recipe for an interesting method of using spinach stalks—the section of this health-giving vegetable which is so often discarded.

Spoon measurements are level.

CHICKEN WITH PINEAPPLE

One-third cup cornflour, 2 teaspoons paprika, 1 chicken (cut into serving-sized pieces), ½ cup salad oil, 1 cup pineapple chunks (drained), 1 cup diced celery, 1 green pepper (cut into strips), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon soya sauce, 1 cup pineapple juice, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup raisins, 3 cups freshly boiled rice.

Mix cornflour and paprika in paper-bag. Add 2 or 3 chicken pieces at a time, shake until well coated. Fry pieces in heated oil until lightly browned all over. Reduce heat, cover tightly and cook slowly until almost tender; remove chicken pieces from pan. Combine remaining paprika and cornflour mixture with brown sugar, soya sauce, and pineapple juice. Mix well, pour into pan, stir until thickened. Return chicken to pan with pineapple pieces, celery, and green pepper. Cover, cook further 15 minutes or until chicken is tender. Toss walnuts and raisins with rice. Place on serving-dish, top with chicken mixture.

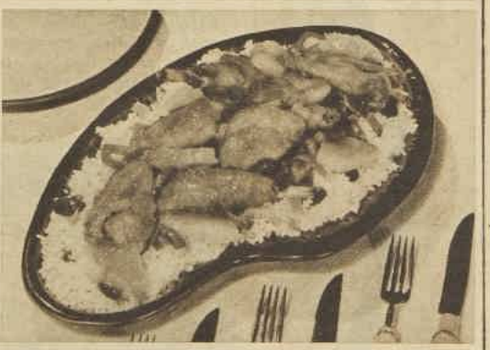
First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Sheridan, Kalang, via Bellingen, N.S.W.

SAVORY SPINACH

One small onion, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon tomato sauce, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 cup diced cooked spinach stalks, breadcrumbs.

Chop onion and place in saucepan with the milk. Bring slowly to boil, add flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little extra milk or water. Cook a few minutes, stirring constantly until thickened. Add all remaining ingredients except breadcrumbs; mix well. Place in well-greased pie-dish, cover top with breadcrumbs, and bake in moderate oven until top is golden brown.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss G. Schafferius, Cochrane St., Gatton, Qld.



CHICKEN WITH PINEAPPLE, illustrated above, makes an appetising and colorful dish for dinner.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's Family Dish, baked apricot roll, is a satisfying sweet which serves five people, costs 5/6.

BAKED APRICOT ROLL

One and a half to 2 cups well-drained stewed apricots, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 tablespoons margarine, 1 egg, about ¼ cup milk.

Sift self-raising flour with plain flour and salt, add sugar. Rub in margarine, mix to dry dough with beaten egg and milk, reserving a little for glazing. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to oblong shape about ¼in. thick. Spread with apricots within 1in. of edge. Moisten edges with egg and milk, carefully roll up, starting from longest side. Press edges together. Brush top with egg and milk, slit in several places. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve with thickened apricot syrup.

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SOME NOVELTY FRUITS

● Many fruiting trees and shrubs thrive for several years in deep tubs or half drums.

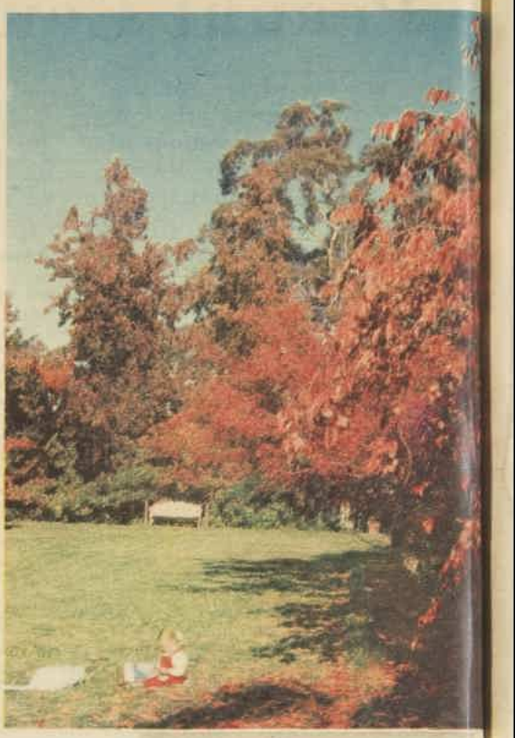
BUT they need to be transplanted to the open garden when their roots fill the containers.

Probably the most popular of these are flowering quinces (cydonias), ardisias (an evergreen dwarf shrub), dwarf pomegranates, cumquats, cherry guavas, Aucuba japonica, and Tahiti limes.

For color in the open garden try any of these: Persimmons, pecan nuts, lemons of many kinds, Chinese raisins (Hovenia dulcis), Arbutus unedo (strawberry tree), Prunus japonica, prunus or flowering plums, and bananas.

The large-fruited guavas, custard apples, mangoes, and papaws can be grown facing north-east in warm coastal gardens. Elsewhere they can be grown under glass or in heated greenhouses.

The smaller fruited berry-bearers, such as hawthorns, symphoricarpus (snowberry), Euonymus Europeus, cotoneasters, hollies, will produce berries or small fruits well down south in cool States.



PERSIMMON, an ornamental fruit-bearing tree, is very hardy. Dia Dia Maru is the most popular variety. Subject to fruit-fly.

GARDENING

CUMQUATS, shown here in tubs with Alyssum, grow to 10ft., and need transplanting into open ground after three or four years.

PYRUS MALUS SPECTABILIS, flowering apples or crabapples, are obtainable in many forms. Trees grow large and need space.

POMEGRANATES, especially dwarf types, make good tub plants or low hedges. Early foliage most attractive. Plant in winter.

CYDONIA JAPONICA, or flowering quince. Some varieties, including the Cydonia japonica, fruit well.

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IN THIS IMPORTANT **ipana** COMPETITION YOU CAN

WIN a complete University Course

AT ANY AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITY

OR an exciting new SIMCA SPORTS SALOON

OR ANY OF **101 OTHER PRIZES**

Here is a wonderful chance for you to win a complete University Course for yourself or your child—no matter what age—without the slightest cost to you for standard text books or tuition, **or,** if you prefer, you can become the proud owner of a gleaming new Simca—Australia's most popular sports saloon.

Even if you miss out on the first prize there are 101 other attractive prizes waiting for you. Here are the simple details of the Ipana competition:—

Set out below are the main points of dental care as laid down by a committee of the Australian Dental Association. They are NOT in their correct order of priority. All you have to do is number the squares in what you believe to be the right order, write a short sentence on Ipana toothpaste and send in your entry form.

There is no limit to the number of entries, and additional entry forms are available from all chemists.

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES

1. Competitors may send in as many entries as they wish. However, each entry must be on the official entry form, which is obtainable at all chemists, or on the form included in this advertisement.
2. The closing date of the competition is 2nd June, 1959, and no entries received after that date or entries which are illegible will be considered. No entries will be returned.
3. Employees (and their families) of Bristol-Myers and their Advertising Agents are not eligible.
4. The results will be announced in the Ipana advertisements appearing in the Women's Weekly and Woman's Day in the issues published during the week ending 18/7/59.
5. The Judge's decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
6. All entries become the property of Bristol-Myers and may be used for advertising purposes.
7. In the event of two or more entrants listing the points in correct order, the one which in the opinion of the judge shall be the best short sentence will be declared the winner.

ENTRY FORM

HERE ARE THE POINTS OF DENTAL CARE

NUMBER THEM IN THEIR ORDER OF IMPORTANCE

- ☐ **Avoid refined carbohydrates, e.g., biscuits, cakes, confectionery, soft drinks, etc.**
- ☐ **Brush your teeth the correct way with an approved toothpaste.**
- ☐ **Clean your teeth immediately after eating.**
- ☐ **Don't eat snacks between meals.**
- ☐ **Fluorination of your water supply as advocated by your dentist.**
- ☐ **Have a regular 6-monthly examination by your dentist.**
- ☐ **Have crooked teeth corrected.**
- ☐ **Include foods such as milk, salads, fruit, etc., in your diet.**
- ☐ **Rinse your mouth thoroughly after eating if you are unable to clean your teeth.**

NOW write a short sentence, no more than 25 words, on "Why I think Ipana is the best tooth paste."

.....

.....

.....

.....

Fill in this coupon and send the entry form, together with the end flaps of an Ipana toothpaste pack, to: **IPANA COMPETITION, Box 171, P.O., North Sydney, N.S.W. to arrive no later than 2nd June, 1959.**

Your NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

STATE .....

Your CHEMIST'S NAME .....

Attachment of end flaps not required from States where such requirement contravenes State laws. Entries from those States should be accompanied by a tracing of the end flap of an Ipana Family Size Carton.

HERE ARE SOME POINTS ABOUT IPANA WHICH WILL HELP YOU WRITE YOUR "TIE-BREAKING SENTENCE."

- **Ipana gently polishes teeth to gleaming whiteness.**
- **There's not a whisper of bad breath with Ipana.**
- **Ipana, with WD-9, stops decay best of all leading brands.**
- **8 out of 10 dentists recommend Ipana.**

ipana

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

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a lady's presence. Nor would he have paid a morning visit with a bright silk handkerchief knotted round his throat, its ends untidily worn outside his coat. He was dressed with neatness and propriety in a sober riding coat and buckskins. He might have served as a model for a country gentleman of solid worth and modest ambition; certainly no stranger would have guessed that it was he and not Oswald who was the only child of a doting and widowed mother.

His father having died before Edward had reached his tenth birthday he had at a very early age come into the possession of his fortune. This was respectable rather than handsome.

A sprig of fashion, bent on cutting a dash, would have thought it penury, but Edward had no extravagant tastes. His estate, which was situated rather less than ten miles from Undershaw, was neither so extensive nor so important as Undershaw, but it was generally considered to be a snug property.

Of a naturally serious disposition, he was also endowed with a strong sense of duty. Frustrating all the efforts of his mama to ruin his character by excessive indulgence, he early assumed the conduct of his affairs, and rapidly grew into a grave young man of uniform virtues.

Venetia, feeling that it behoved her to atone for Aubrey's scant civility, said: "How kind in you to have thought of Aubrey! I dare say you must have a thousand things to do."

"Not quite a thousand," he responded, smiling. "I have another reason for coming to see you, too: I've brought you my copy of Tuesday's 'Morning Post,' which I believe you will be glad to have. I have marked the passage: you will see that it is concerned with the Army of Occupation. It seems certain that the feeling of the French against our soldiers' continuing there is growing very strong. One cannot wonder at it, though when one remembers—however, that is of less interest to you than the prospect of welcoming Conway home! I believe you may have him with you before the year is out."

Venetia took the newspaper, thanking him in a voice that quivered on the edge of laughter, and taking care not to meet Aubrey's eye. Ever since Edward had discovered that the Lanyons were dependent for news on the weekly "Liverpool Mercury" he had made the sharing with them of his own London daily paper an excuse for his visits to Undershaw.

Continuing . . . VENETIA

from page 71

But Venetia only said that she would believe that Conway had sold out when she saw him walk in at the door; and Aubrey, on a regrettably optimistic note, that there was no need to despair, since Conway would probably find another excuse for remaining in the Army.

"I should!" said Oswald. He then realised that this was decidedly uncomplimentary to his hostess, fell into an agony, and stammered: "That is, I don't mean—that is, I mean I should if I were Sir Conway! He'll find it so devilish slow here. One does when one has seen the world."

"You find it slow after a trip to the West Indies, don't you?" said Aubrey.

That drew a laugh from Edward, and Oswald, who had meant to ignore Aubrey's malice, said with unnecessary emphasis: "I've seen more of the world than you have, at all events! You've no notion—you'd be amazed if I told you how different it all is in Jamaica!"

"Yes, we were," agreed Aubrey, beginning to pull himself up from his chair.

Edward, with the solicitude so little appreciated, at once went to his assistance. Unable to shake off the sustaining grip on his elbow, Aubrey submitted to it, but his thank you was icily uttered. To his sister he said: "I'll be off to collect that package, m'dear. I wish you will write to Taplow when you have a moment to yourself, and desire him to send us one of the London daily journals."

"If I had known you wished for it I would have ridden over every day, with my father's copy!" said Oswald earnestly.

"Nonsense!" said Edward. "I fancy Sir John might have something to say to that scheme! Venetia knows she can depend on me."

This snubbing remark goaded Oswald into saying that Venetia could depend on him for the performance of far more dangerous services than the delivery of a newspaper.

A diversion was just then created by the Lanyons' old nurse, who came into the room looking for Venetia. Finding that Mr. Yardley, of whom she approved, was with her young mistress she at once begged pardon, said that her business could wait. But Venetia, preferring a domestic interlude to the company of her ill-assorted admirers, rose to her feet and in the kindest possible way dismissed them.

"I have been neglecting my duties, and if I don't take care shall be subjected to a dreadful scold," she said, smiling, and holding out her hand to Oswald, who raised it to his lips and pressed a fervent kiss upon it. She received this with unruffled equanimity, and upon recovering her hand held it out to Edward. But he only smiled and said: "In a moment!" and held open the door for her. She went past him into the hall, and he followed her, firmly shutting his rival into the breakfast-parlor. "You should not encourage that stupid boy to dangle after you," he remarked.

"Do I encourage him?" she said, looking surprised.

"My dear Venetia, I do not accuse you of flirting with him!" he replied, with an indulgent smile. "Nor am I jealous, if that's what you are thinking!"

"Well, it isn't," she said. "You have no reason to be jealous and no right either, you know."

"Certainly no reason. As for right, we are agreed, are we not, that it would be improper to say more on that head until Conway comes home."

This was said with an arch look which provoked her to exclaim:

"Edward, do—do ask yourself, before I become so bored with Conway that I shall be ready to snap at any offer, if you really wish to marry me! For I don't think you do!"

He looked taken aback, but after a moment he smiled and said: "I know your love of funning, and if your sportiveness leads you now and then to say some odd things I fancy I am too well acquainted with you to believe you mean them."

"Edward," said Venetia earnestly. "What a dreadful shock it will be to you when you discover that I do mean the odd things I say!"

He replied playfully, yet with no diminution of his confidence: "Perhaps I know you better than you know yourself! It is a trick you've caught from Aubrey. You do not in general go beyond the line of what is pleasing, but when you talk of Conway it is as if you did not hold him in affection."

"No, I don't," she said frankly.

"Venetia!"

"But it is perfectly true!" she insisted. "Oh, don't look so shocked! I don't dislike him—though I dare say I may, if I am obliged to be with him a great deal, for besides not caring a straw for anyone's comfort but his own he is quite dismally commonplace!"

He was silent for a minute, and then said: "It is allowable for you to feel a little resentment, perhaps. But with Aubrey it is otherwise. I was tempted to give him a sharp set-down when I heard him speak as he did of his brother. Whatever Conway's faults may be he is very good-natured and has always been kind to Aubrey."

"Yes, but Aubrey doesn't like people because they are kind," she said.

"Now you are talking nonsensically!"

"Oh, no! When Aubrey likes people it isn't for anything they do: it's for what they have in their minds, I think."

"It will be a very good thing for Aubrey when Conway does come home!" he interrupted. "If the only people he is foolish enough to think he can like are classical scholars, it's high time—"

"What a stupid thing to say, when you must know that he likes me!"

He said stiffly: "I beg your pardon! No doubt I misunderstood you."

"Indeed you did! You misunderstood what I said about Conway, too. I promise you I don't feel the least resentment." She saw he was looking offended, and exclaimed: "Now I have vexed you! Well, it's too hot a day for quarrelling, so we won't argue any more, if you please! In any event, I must go up to see what it is Nurse wants. Goodbye!—and thank you for being so kind as to bring us your newspaper!"

Escaping from Nurse, who, besides worn sheets, displayed two of Aubrey's shirts, with wrist-bands torn by careless mangling, Venetia fell into the clutches of the housekeeper. Mrs. Gurnard's ostensible purpose was to remind her that now or never was the time for making bramble-jelly; her real object was to defend the new laundry-maid, her own niece, from Nurse's accusations. Since these two elderly retainers had lived for some twenty-six years on terms of mutual jealousy, Venetia knew that the alleged shortcomings of the laundry-maid would inevitably lead to the recital of a number of other grievances against Nurse, so, with an adroitness born of long practice, she swiftly brought the conversation back to bramble-jelly, diverting Mrs. Gurnard's mind by a promise to bring her a basketful of blackberries that very day, and slipped away to her bedchamber.

"Maybe it won't be so rough once we leave the dock."

Shedding the French cambric robe she was wearing, Venetia pulled out an old dimity from her wardrobe. It was rather outmoded, and its original blue had faded to an indeterminate grey, but it was quite good enough for blackberrying. A rather stouter pair of shoes and a sunbonnet completed her toilet, and, armed with a large basket, she left the house.

Her sole companion on this expedition was an amiable if vacuous spaniel, bestowed on her by Aubrey when he had discovered that besides being of an excitable disposition the pup was incurably gun-shy.

Like most country-bred girls of her generation, Venetia was an energetic walker; unlike most of her gently born contemporaries, she never scrupled to walk alone. It was a custom developed in her schoolroom days, when her object was to escape from her governess.

By the time she was seventeen Venetia was so heartily bored by her that she marked her emergence from the schoolroom into youngladyhood by informing her father that since she was now grown up and perfectly able to manage the household they could dispense with Miss Poddemore's services.

From that date she had had no other chaperon than Nurse, but, as she pointed out to Lady Denny, since she neither went into society nor received guests at Undershaw, it was hard to see what use a chaperon would be to her. Unable to say that there was any impropriety in a girl's living unchaperoned in her father's house, Lady Denny was obliged to implore Venetia not to roam about the countryside unattended. But Venetia had only laughed.

Lady Denny, sighing, had had to be content with a promise that her independent young protegee would never go unescorted into York or Thirsk. When Sir Francis had died she had renewed her entreaties, but without much hope of being attended to. It distressed her that Venetia should say she had outgrown her girlhood, but she could not deny it: Venetia was perilously near to being on the shelf.

"Without ever being off it, Sir John — though that's not precisely what I mean, only that it is a wicked shame, so beautiful as she is, and so full of liveliness, besides having the best disposition imaginable! For my part, I hold that aunt of hers pretty cheap! She never made a real push to persuade Sir Francis to let Venetia go to London for a season when the poor child first came out. If it were not for the expense, and our own girls to bring out—for even if anything should come of that attachment between Clara and Conway, which I don't at all reckon on, I am determined that all five must and shall be presented at Court! —well, as I say, if it were not for that I should be strongly tempted to take her to London myself, and I shouldn't wonder at it if she made a very respectable marriage. Only, you may depend upon it, she would refuse to leave Aubrey," she added in a despondent tone. "And soon it will be too late, if only she knew it!"

Venetia did know it, but, since she could see no remedy while Conway remained abroad, she continued to make the best of things. Lady Denny would have been astonished if she had known with what misgiving Venetia regarded her future.

For any female in her position it was bleak indeed, and seemed to offer her no choice between marriage with Edward Yardley or the life of an ageing, and probably unwanted, spinster in her brother's household. Mistress of an easy competence, it was convention and not dependence that would force her to remain at Undershaw. Single ladies did not live alone. But without indulging her fancy with girlish dreams of a noble and handsome suitor, Venetia felt that marriage with another than Edward would be the most agreeable solution to her difficulties.

She had never been in love, and at five-and-twenty her expectations were not high. In the days when she had now and then attended the Assemblies in York she had attracted a great deal of admiration. Several susceptible gentlemen inveighed bitterly against the barbarity of a parent who would permit no visitor to enter his house.

Only Edward Yardley, Sir Francis' grandson, had been accorded tacit permission to cross his threshold. He was not made welcome, Sir Francis rarely emerging from his book-room during his visits, but, since he was permitted to walk, talk, and ride with Venetia, it was generally believed that an offer from him for her hand would be accepted by her morose parent.

No one could have described him as an impatient lover. Venetia was the magnet which drew him to Undershaw, but it was four years before he declared himself, and she could almost have believed then that he did it against his better judgment. She had no hesitation in declining his offer, for, however much she might value his good qualities, she could not love him.

When Sir Francis died Edward repeated his offer. It was again refused.

With the news that there was a very real hope that the Army of Occupation would soon be withdrawn from France the problem of the future had drawn suddenly close to Venetia. As she walked through Undershaw's small

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness

Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the *incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp*. Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

THE ANSWER: Loxene *medicated* shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, *really cleans* away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

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LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

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Leslie Caron in Shaw hit

● Enchanting Leslie Caron, in her first film since "Gigi," plays the Edwardian heroine of the 1906 George Bernard Shaw play "The Doctor's Dilemma."

Cecil Beaton, whose brilliant costumes were one of the delights of "Gigi," has designed the clothes for this new M.G.M. Eastman Color release.

Dirk Bogarde, playing the charming, feckless artist Louis Dubedat, is Leslie's co-star, with Alastair Sim, Robert Morley, and Felix Aylmer heading the strong supporting cast.

Antique silver, glassware, and china valued at more than £20,000 were used in the lavish dinner party scene on a terrace overlooking the River Thames.

Anatole de Grunwald wrote the screenplay, which is directed by Anthony Asquith.

MATURE role for Leslie Caron is that of Jennifer in the film of Shaw's play "The Doctor's Dilemma." Here she plays a love scene with co-star Dirk Bogarde.

Films WITH AINSLIE BAKER

EDWARDIAN London is brought richly to life in this film scene, where Leslie, impressively dressed, asks brilliant surgeon John Robinson to study Dirk's case.

DISTINGUISHED doctors to whom Leslie Caron presents the "dilemma" are played by, from left: Felix Aylmer, Alastair Sim, Robert Morley, and John Robinson.

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TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Channel 9 will introduce members of the Mickey Mouse Club in personal appearances during their visit to Australia next month. Mouseketeers coming are Tommy, Bobby, Karen, Cubby, Doreen, Sharon, and popular compere Jimmie Dodd.

DATES and details of their TV appearances are not yet decided.

The Mousketeers are coming to Australia to do a number of Stadium Shows in Melbourne and Sydney. They arrive in Sydney on May 6 and will be in Australia for a fortnight.

Mickey Mouse Club fans are in a state of high excitement over the visit and so are the Mouseketeers. Some of them will be accompanied by their mothers.

Youngest of the visiting Mouseketeers are Cubby and Karen, who are only 12. Cubby is a round-faced, fair boy, who is an exceptional drummer as well as a dancer and gymnast; Karen is a blue-eyed little girl with long blond curls and is a very good dancer.

Doreen and Sharon are now 16, Tommy is 17, and Bobby, the tallest ever Mouseketeer, will celebrate his 18th birthday while he is in Australia.

It should be quite a birthday—but if I'm any judge the excitement the projected visit is causing among Mouse Club fans means that the whole visit will be one long celebration.

★ ★ ★

CHEERS and a long ovation are in order for Sydney's Channel 7 for their first live drama, "Johnny Belinda," which they presented recently.

It was splendidly produced and thoroughly good entertainment. Ballerina Kathleen Gorham in her first completely dramatic role as the deaf-mute heroine gave a first-class performance, but I thought James Condon as Dr. Davidson took the acting honors.

JIMMIE DODD and Bobby, of the Mickey Mouse Club, in a father-and-son satire which they did recently. Jimmie and Bobby are two of the Mouseketeers scheduled to arrive here shortly.

If it is a sample of what is to come in the scheduled dramas to be presented every month, viewers are lucky indeed.

Channel 7's live dramas are the first step in a shot-in-the-arm-for-Saturday-night movement that both commercial stations are involved in.

Channel 9 is reorganising the Saturday programmes from April 18, when they present two new shows, "The Walter Winchell File" at 8.30 and a new Western, "Wanted—Dead or Alive."

The Walter Winchell TV story is an interesting one. Famous for his gossip column, which is read all over America, Winchell tried to transplant it to TV. It was a dismal failure.

Then that TV genius Desi Arnaz got to work. He knew of the days when Walter Winchell was a crime reporter. Winchell in those days had a close alliance with the police.

During this time Winchell kept a personal file and Arnaz realised that this file put on film was real TV gold. He talked to Winchell and the new series was born.

It has been a fabulous success in America.

Winchell has a rude habit, in Australian eyes, of never taking his hat off. You'll always recognise him on TV as the man in the hat. I've been trying to find out if the poor man keeps canaries under it or is just bald, but I can't find out — no one has ever seen him minus his hat.

Channel 9's new Western "Wanted—Dead or Alive" is the story of the West's bounty-hunters, tough guys who tracked down outlaws solely for the reward money.

I'm told there is much fast gun work and little talk in the series. New Westerns don't excite me any more, but they're always interesting.

The new Saturday night deal was long overdue — here's hoping it's been worth waiting for.

★ ★ ★

"MEDIC," an award-winning American TV show featuring that well-known Western hero Richard ("Paladin") Boone, is starting soon on Sydney's Channel 7. Boone, without his moustache and gun, plays Dr. Konrad Syner in the series, dramatisations of authentic medical cases.

"Medic" was made before "Have Gun, Will Travel," Boone's big Western success, and Boone nearly missed out on the Paladin role because he was so closely identified with the medical profession.

Boone's success as Paladin is TV history now, and soon viewers can take their Boone twice a week, either with gun or scalpel. Personally I find Boone one of the few actors I could enjoy watching twice a week.

SNAKES ALIVE

COMPERE Bryan Todd is my nomination for a special medal from the A.B.C. for bravery and devotion to duty beyond its normal call for the calm and composed manner in which he recently compered a show, "Animal Life," featuring Mr. Eric Worrell, the well-known naturalist, and his snakes.

Mr. Worrell works in conjunction with the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories on anti-snakebite venene research and regularly visits North Queensland looking for taipans, Australia's deadliest snake.

Mr. Worrell had both a taipan and a brown snake with him during the session. With Mr. Todd handling the brown snake as nonchalantly as if it was a prime exhibit from his fruit and vegetable show "To Market, To Market," Mr. Worrell compared it with a taipan which he held.

In this fascinating TV short, Mr. Worrell not only compared the two snakes but also "milked" the taipan of its deadly venom. Just a little liquid appeared to roll down the side of the glass container—enough to kill 100 horses, Mr. Worrell said.

And all the time the A.B.C.'s Mr. Todd stood by calmly holding a large brown snake. He's a better man than most, Mr. Todd.

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OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

New Film Releases

★★★ THE WIND CANNOT READ

Romantic drama, with Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani. In color. State, Sydney.

RICHARD MASON'S sad love story of a British soldier and the Japanese girl he meets in wartime India should do a lot towards getting vanishing audiences back into the theatres.

This well-done film version does not have great artistic pretensions, but aims straight at and reaches the heart.

Producers Betty Box and Ralph Thomas have used the Indian scenery to advantage. The book's lesser characters have suffered a little, but the central love story is very pleasingly and tenderly told.

Japanese actress Yoko Tani is exceptionally touching as the doomed language instructress.

Although I have written many unkind things about Bogarde in the past, in this film, as the airman-student, he shows much of the appeal that has made him Britain's top box-office star.

The war sequences, when Bogarde returns to active service and is taken prisoner, are remarkably well done.

In a word . . . CHARMS.

★ WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES

Period adventure, with Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer. In Technicolor. Esquire, Sydney.

HERE we have what must surely be the most mixed-up film of the year.

There is Budd Schulberg's idealistic story of a lone campaigner's fight against the plunder in the early 1900s of the Florida swamplands' valuable plumage birds.

Broadway actor Plummer in this role makes an impressive screen debut as the most truly romantic hero since the young Olivier.

There is Ives' rich, overblown portrait of the king of the bird hunters, and his court of strangely evil grotesques.

Some nature-study footage is clumsily inserted into the adventure drama, which suffers from slapdash editing.

Plummer and unknown Israeli actress Chana Eden are responsible for one tender, sizzling love scene.

Quite suddenly, somewhere about the middle of this strange film, there is a beach-picnic scene that is as perfect a piece of period reconstruction as anything we have ever seen.

In a word . . . CURIOUS.

★ KINGS GO FORTH

War drama, with Frank Sinatra, Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood. Regent, Sydney.

MORE and more Sinatra is becoming the man who saves fair to middling films by the sheer strength of an individual performance.

This time he is a veteran G.I. who comes into instant conflict with a brash playboy new recruit (Curtis).

They are fighting the closing stages of World War II in the South of France, with leave at Nice and skirmishes in the hills.

Sinatra falls in love with a girl who looks white, but has negro blood. He bows out when it is obvious she prefers the smooth-talking Curtis.

A distinctly bookish film picks up momentum when Sinatra finds his rival has no intention of marriage.

The closing stages, with the two men engaged in a hazardous mission and Sinatra out to kill his companion, is the part worth waiting for.

Natalie Wood is no better and no worse than many another young actress would be as the girl; and Leora Dana extracts the maximum sympathy from her role of mother.

The way the vastly experienced Sinatra cuts down to size the newly hailed dramatic actor Curtis is interesting to watch.

But the film as a whole never rises above the second rate.

In a word . . . DRAMATICS.

MOVIE GOSSIP

BE prepared for an interesting film if David Niven plays Lord Baden-Powell in a picture called "On My Honor." Niven may be chosen to play the role of this hero of Mafeking in the Boer War, who later founded the Boy Scout movement.

At the moment, Niven's immediate assignment is in the comedy "Please Don't Eat The Daisies," which co-stars Doris Day.

★ ★ ★

BACK in 1930 sultry-voiced, long-legged Marlene Dietrich starred in "The Blue Angel" and became world famous as a result. (Remember the color picture of Marilyn Monroe impersonating Marlene in our April 8 issue?)

Now film-makers plan a modern screen version of the film, have chosen Curt Jurgens for the male lead, and are seeking a modern Marlene to play opposite him.

It's rumored that the part may go to Swedish-born May Britt, who combines Scandinavian blondness with acting talent. May, who pronounces her name "My," was seen in "The Young Lions" and "The Hunters."

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Now a Royal Routine for you and all the family !

WITH IMPORTANT THINGS LIKE A COOL REFRESHING TALC YOU KNOW THE BEST IS JOHNSON'S

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park she turned it over and over in her mind, but to no good purpose.

Marriage to Edward would be safe and comfortable. But Venetia had been born with a zest for life which was unknown to him. She wanted to see what the rest of the world was like: marriage only interested her as the sole means of escape for a gently born maiden.

In fact, thought Venetia, as she emerged from the park on to a narrow lane which separated it from the neighboring estate of Elliston Priory, my case is clearly past remedy and I've nothing to do but decide whether to be an aunt to Conway's children or a mother to Edward's — and I have a lowering presentiment that Edward's children will be dreadfully dull, poor little things! Where's that wretched dog? "Flurry! Flurry!"

Her canine friend came galloping up, full of amiability, his flanks heaving and his tongue lolling. Being considerably out of breath, he was so obliging as to remain within her sight until a few hundred yards down the lane she entered the grounds of the Priory through a turnstile. This gave access to an ancient right of way, but Venetia, on excellent terms with Lord Damerel's bailiff, was at liberty to roam where she liked on his domain. Flurry raced ahead in the direction of the woods which straggled down to the stream which wound through the Priory's grounds. Beyond the stream lay the Priory itself, a rambling house built in Tudor times, and said to be replete with a wealth of panelling, and a great many inconveniences. With the house Venetia was not concerned, but the grounds had for years been the favorite haunt of the three young Lanyons. Sir Francis' vagaries had not led him to neglect his estate, which he kept in excellent order. His children preferred to seek adventure in less neat surroundings. The Priory woods, which partook of the nature of a wilderness, exactly suited youthful ideas of what was delightful; and to

Continuing . . . VENETIA

from page 80

Venetia, grown to maturity, it still held its charm for her, and she frequently walked there, and, since its owner rarely came near it, could allow the disobedient Flurry to range at will, chasing rabbits and flushing pheasants. The wicked Baron, as she had long ago christened Lord Damerel, would neither know nor care: the only party he had ever brought to the Priory had certainly not been a shooting party.

His family was an old and a distinguished one, but the present holder of the title was considered by the respectable to be the neighborhood's only blot. It was almost a social solecism to mention his name in polite company. Innocent inquiries by the children, who wanted to know why Lord Damerel never came to live at the Priory, were repressed.

It was years before Venetia discovered that Damerel's villainy included nothing as startling as murder, treason, piracy, or highroad robbery, and was more sordid than romantic. The only child of rather elderly parents, he had no sooner embarked on a diplomatic career than he fell head over ears in love with a married lady of title and absconded with her, thus wrecking his own future, breaking his mama's heart, and causing his father to suffer a paralytic stroke, from which he never entirely recovered. Indeed, as it was succeeded three years later by a second and fatal stroke, it was not too much to say that the shocking affair had actually killed him.

All mention of his heir had been forbidden in his household; and after his death his widow lived in semi-seclusion in London, visiting the Yorkshire estates only at rare intervals. As for the new Lord Damerel, though many were the rumors about his subsequent actions, no one really knew what had happened to him, for his scandalous behaviour had coincided with the shortlived Peace of Amiens and he had spirited his stolen lady out of the country. All that was thereafter known about her was that her husband had refused to divorce her. For how long she had remained with her lover, where they had fled when the war broke out again, and what had been her ultimate fate were problems about which there were many conjectures.

Whatever the truth might be, one thing was sure: the lady was not with Damerel when he returned to England, some years later. Since that date he appeared (if only half the stories told of him were true) to have devoted himself to the pursuit of all the more extravagant forms of diversion, going a considerable way towards dissipating what had once been a handsome fortune, and neglecting no opportunity that offered to convince his critics that he was every bit as black as he had been painted. Until the previous year his occasional visits to the Priory had been too brief to allow any of his neighbors to do more than catch sight of him. But he had spent one whole week at the Priory in August, under perfectly outrageous circumstances. He had not come alone; he had brought a party of guests with him — and such a party!

They had come for the races, of course: Damerel had had a horse running in one of them. Poor Imber, the old butler who had been caretaker at the Priory for years, had been thrown into the greatest affliction, for never had such a fast, ramshackle set of persons been entertained at the Priory! As for Mrs. Imber, when she had discovered that she was expected to cook for several rackety bucks and for three females whom she recognised at a glance for what they were, she had declared her intention of leaving the Priory rather than so demean herself. Only her devotion to the family had induced her to relent. As for the amusements of these dashing blades and their conveniens, his late lordship, declared Imber, must have turned in his grave to see such lewd goings-on in his ancestral home.

These orgies had lasted for seven days, but they had provided the countryside with food for gossip for months.

However, nothing further had been heard of Damerel and he had not come north for York Races this year. It came, therefore, as a surprise to Venetia, serenely filling her basket with his blackberries, when she discovered that he was much nearer at hand than anyone had supposed. She had been making her way round the outskirts of the wood and had paused to disentangle her dress from a particularly clinging trail of bramble when an amused voice said: " 'Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!' "

Startled, she turned her head and found that she was being observed by a tall man mounted on a handsome grey horse. It did not take her more than a very few moments to guess that she must be confronting the Wicked Baron. She regarded him with candid interest, unconsciously affording him an excellent view of her enchanting countenance. His brows rose and he swung himself out of the saddle and came towards her with long, easy strides. She was unacquainted with any men of mode, but although he was dressed like any country gentleman a subtle difference hung about his buckskins and his coat of dandy grey russet. No provincial tailor had fashioned them, and no country beau could have worn them with such careless elegance.

He was taller than Venetia had at first supposed, rather loose-limbed, and he bore himself with a faint suggestion of swashbuckling arrogance. As he advanced upon her Venetia perceived that he was dark, his countenance lean and rather swarthy, marked with lines of dissipation. Venetia thought she had never seen eyes so cynically bored.

"Well, fair trespasser, you are justly served, aren't you?" he said. "Stand still!"

She remained obediently motionless while he disentangled her skirt from the brambles. As he straightened himself, he said: "There you are! But I always exact a forfeit from those who rob me of my blackberries. Let me look at you!"

Before she had recovered from her astonishment at being addressed in such a style he had an arm round her, and with his free hand had pushed back her sunbonnet. In more anger than fright she tried to thrust him away, uttering a furious protest. He paid no heed at all; only his arm tightened round her, something that was not boredom gleamed in his eyes and he ejaculated: " 'But beauty's self she is . . . !' "

Venetia then found herself being ruthlessly kissed. Her cheeks much flushed, her eyes blazing, she fought strenuously to break free from a stronger hold than she had ever known, but her efforts only made Damerel laugh, and she owed her deliverance to Flurry.

Since Damerel was wearing topboots, Flurry's heroic assault drew no blood, but it did cause him to glance down at the spaniel, relaxing his hold on Venetia just enough to enable her to wrench herself away.

"Sit!" commanded Damerel.

Flurry, recognising the voice of a master, promptly abased himself, tail wagging.

Venetia, who, instead of seizing the opportunity to run away, had been angrily retying the strings of her sunbonnet, exclaimed: "Oh, have you no discrimination, you idiotic animal?"

Damerel, who was patting the repentant Flurry, looked up, his eyes narrowing.

"And as for you, sir," said Venetia, meeting that searching stare with a flaming look, "your quotations don't make your advances a whit more acceptable to me — and they don't deceive me into thinking you anything but a 'pestilent, complete knave!' "

He burst out laughing. "Bravo! Where did you find that?"

Venetia, who had suddenly remembered the rest of the quotation, replied: "If you don't know I shan't tell you."

"Who are you?" he demanded abruptly. "I took you for a village maiden — probably one of my tenants."

"Did you, indeed? Well, if that is the way you mean to conduct yourself among the village maidens you won't win much liking here!"

"No, no, the danger is that I might win too much!" he retorted. "Who are you? Or should I first present myself to you? I'm Damerel, you know."

"Yes, so I supposed, at the outset of our delightful acquaintance. Later, of course, I was sure of it."

"Oh, oh —! 'My reputation, Iago, my reputation!' " he exclaimed, laughing again. "Fair Fatality, you are the most unusual female I have encountered in all my thirty-eight years!"

"You can't think how deeply flattered I am!" she assured him. "I dare say my head would be quite turned if I didn't suspect that among so many a dozen or so may have slipped from your memory."

"More like a hundred! Am I never to learn your name? I shall, you know, whether you tell me or no!"

"Without the least difficulty! I am very much better known in this country than you, for I'm a Lanyon of Undershaw!"

"Impressive! Undershaw? Oh, yes! your land marches with mine, doesn't it? Are you in the habit of walking abroad quite unattended, Miss Lanyon?"

"Yes — except, of course, when I have had warning that you are at the Priory!"

"Spiteful little cat!" he said appreciatively. "How the devil was I to recognise Miss Lanyon of Undershaw in a crumpled gown and a sunbonnet without any chaperonage."

"Oh, am I to understand then that if you had known my quality you wouldn't have molested me? How chivalrous!"

"No, no, I'm not chivalrous!" he said, mocking her. "The presence of your maid would have checkmated me, not your quality. I'm not complaining, but I wonder at such a little beauty's venturing to roam about the country alone. Or

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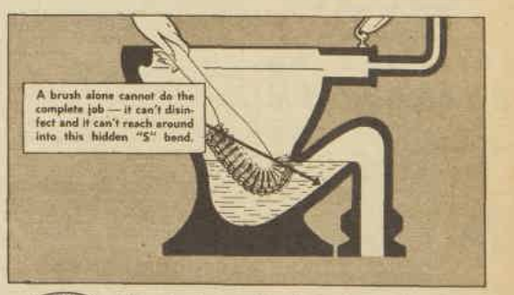

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Continuing . . . VENETIA

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don't you know how beautiful you are?"

"Yes," replied Venetia, taking the wind out of his sails. "'Item, two lips, indifferent red —'"

"Oh, no, you're quite out, and have gone to the wrong poet besides! 'They look like rosebuds filled with snow!'"

"Is that from 'Cherry-ripe?'" she demanded. He nodded, much entertained by her suddenly intent look. Her eyes sparkled with triumph: she uttered a tiny gurgle of laughter, and retorted: "Then I know what comes next! 'Yet them no peer nor prince can buy, till Cherry-ripe themselves do cry!'" So let that be a lesson to you to take care what poets you choose!"

"But you're enchanting!" he exclaimed.

He caught her wrists and swept them behind her, clipping them in the small of her back and so holding her chest to chest. Her heart beat fast; she felt breathless but not afraid.

"Yes!" he said, still mocking. "You should have run away, my golden girl, while you had the chance to do it!"

"I know I should, and I can't think why I did not," she replied, incurably candid.

"I could hazard a guess."

She shook her head. "No. Not if you mean it was because I wanted you to kiss me again, for I don't. I can't prevent you, for my strength is so much less than yours. You needn't even fear to be called to account for it. My brother is a schoolboy, and — very lame. Perhaps you know that?"

"No, and I'm obliged to you for telling me! I need have no scruples, I see."

She looked up at him searchingly, trying to read his mind, for although he jeered she thought his voice had a bitter edge. Then, as she stared into his eyes, she saw them smiling yet fierce, and a line of Byron's flashed into her head: There was a laughing devil in his sneer. "Oh, do let me go!" she begged. "I've suddenly had the most diverting thought! Oh, dear! Poor Oswald!"

He was quite taken aback, as much by the genuine amusement in her face as by what she had said, and he let her go. "You've suddenly had the most diverting thought?" he repeated blankly.

"Thank you!" said Venetia. "Yes, indeed I have, though I dare say you might not think it a very good joke, but that's because you don't know Oswald."

"Well, who the devil is he? Your brother?"

"No! He is Sir John Denny's son and the top of his desire is to be mistaken for the Corsair. He combs his hair into wild curls, knots silken handkerchiefs round his neck, and broods over the dark passions in his soul."

"Does he, indeed? And what has this puppy to say?"

She picked up her basket. "Only that if ever he meets you he will be quite green with jealousy, for you are precisely what he thinks he would like to be — even though you don't study the picturesque in your attire."

He looked thunderstruck for a moment and ejaculated: "A Byronic hero —! Why, you abominable —" He broke off as a cock pheasant exploded out of the wood, and said irritably: "Must that worthless dog of yours make my birds as wild as be-damned?"

"Yes, because my brother doesn't like him to do so at Undershaw, which is why I brought him with me today. Do you object? I can't see why you should, when you never come here to shoot!"

"I never have done so!" he retorted. "This year is quite another matter, however! I own I had not meant to stay in Yorkshire above a few days, but that was before I made your acquaintance. I am going to remain at the Priory for the present!"

"How splendid!" said Venetia affably. "In general it is a trifle dull here, but that will be quite at an end if you are to remain among us!" She called Flurry to heel and dropped a slight curtsy. "Goodbye!"

"Oh, not goodbye!" he protested. "I mean to know you better, Miss Lanyon of Undershaw!"

"To be sure, it does seem a pity you should not, after such a promising start, but life, you know, is full of disappointments, and that, I must warn you, is likely to prove one of them."

He fell into step beside her. "Afraid?" he asked provocatively.

"Well, what a stupid question!" she said. "I should have supposed you must have known yourself to be the ogre who would pounce on every naughty child in the district!"

"As bad as that?" he said, rather startled. "Had I better try to retrieve my shocking reputation, do you think?"

They had reached the turnstile, and she passed through it. "Oh, no! We should have nothing to talk about any more!"

"Vixen!" he remarked. "Tell your lame brother how shamefully I used you, and fear nothing! I won't pounce on him."

Venetia went home with her thoughts in quite unaccustomed disorder. It rather horrifyingly occurred to her that she had shown herself to be lacking in sensibility. A delicately nurtured female would not have stayed to bandy words with her wolfish assailant. Nor would she have been conscious of a feeling of exhilaration. Venetia was very conscious of it. She had not enjoyed being so ruthlessly handled, but for one crazy instant she had known an impulse to respond, and through the haze of her own wrath she had caught a glimpse of what life might be. Not, of course, that she wished to be mauled by strangers. But if Edward had ever kissed her thus!

Venetia found it hard to make up her mind what to tell Aubrey. Then she thought that

the likeliest chance was that Damarel had no real intention of remaining at the Priory, and decided to keep her own counsel.

As matters turned out it was Aubrey who first spoke of Damerel's return, and quite casually, saying as he sat down to dinner that day: "Oh, by the by! I heard in the village that Damerel's back again—but alone."

"What, no scandle-broth brewing? That won't please the quizzy ones! I wonder what brings him."

"Business, I should think," replied Aubrey indifferently.

She agreed, but did not pursue the topic. It was to be raised again, though not by Aubrey. Such an exciting piece of news naturally spread rapidly over the district, and before nightfall both Nurse and Mrs. Gurnard, forced into temporary alliance, had impressed upon Venetia that on no account must she step beyond the garden without an escort.

Venetia soothed the alarms of these two wellwishers; but when Edward Yardley came to Undershaw on the following day she was never nearer losing her temper with him.

"I dare say he won't remain at the Priory above a day or two, but while he is here it will be best for you to discontinue your solitary walks," Edward said, with a calm assurance of authority which she found so irritating.

Oswald Denny visited her, too, but the form his solicitude took was a dramatic assurance that if Damerel should dare to molest her he would know how to answer "the fellow."

"I promise you I should have no compunction in calling this fellow out, were he to offer you the smallest affront!"

After this Venetia was not at all surprised when, two days later, the Dennys' barouche-landau disgorged Lady Denny at Undershaw. But it soon transpired that her ladyship's object was not so much to warn her friend to beware of a notorious rake as to enjoy a comfortable gossip about him. She had actually spoken to him! Sir John, meeting him by chance, had seized the opportunity to try if he could not win his support over some matter of parish business, and had brought him back to Ebbersley to eat a luncheon there.

"You may imagine my amazement when in they both walked! I must own, my love, that I was not quite pleased, for Clara and Emily were both sitting with me, and, although Clara is not, I fancy, very likely to have her head turned, Emily is at just that age when girls fall in love with the most ineligible men. However, the girls both declared there was never anything more disappointing, for he is quite old, and not at all handsome!"

"Old?" Venetia exclaimed.

"Well, so he seemed to the girls," Lady Denny explained. "He can't be above forty, I suppose, if he's as much as that. He has an odd, abrupt way that is a trifle too careless to please me! As for the girls, they rated him very cheap. He hardly spoke above a dozen words to them—the merest commonplace, too!"

"How shabby!" said Venetia. "He is—I mean, he sounds to me quite odious!"

"Yes, but I was thankful for it!" said her ladyship earnestly. "Sir John would have been well served if Damerel had thrown out lures to Clara, bringing him in upon us as he did! But all he will say is that he doesn't choose to live on bad terms with his neighbors, and it is nonsense to suppose that Damerel is so ramshackle as to behave improperly to any female in Clara's situation. Very pretty talking, but when everyone knows he didn't scruple to seduce a lady under her husband's very nose!"

"Who was she?" interrupted Venetia curiously.

"I don't know, but she was one of the Rendlesham girls — there were three of them, and all great beauties, which was fortunate, because Rendlesham was as poor as a churchmouse, and yet they all made good marriages! Gregory Vobster was as rich as Midas. He was used to play off all the airs of an exquisite, I recall, but when the pinch came he was not at all up to the rig. Nothing would prevail upon him to consent to a divorce! He behaved very shabbily, just wishing to be revenged, you know, and if he hadn't broken his neck overturning his curricle on the Newmarket road that wretched female would be still married to him! But the thing is, my dear, that that happened not three years after the break-up of the marriage, and, though I don't know why, I do know that she didn't marry Damerel. What's more, if he hoped, by abandoning Lady Sophia, to become reconciled with his own family he was well served, for they utterly cast him off, and it wasn't until Lady Damerel died that he came back to England. Indeed, if it hadn't been for his having inherited an independence from his godfather he must have been reduced to penury."

"Cast him off!" Venetia exclaimed. "They would have done better to have cast themselves off, for having done so ill by him as to let him make a cake of himself over this Lady Sophia! It happened when he was twenty-two, didn't it? Well, then! I dare swear she was older than he, too. Was she?"

"She was a few years older, I fancy, but——"

"Then you may depend upon it that it was a great deal more her fault than his, ma'am! And, although I suppose he ought to have married her in the end, I can't help thinking that she only came by her deserts when he didn't. In fact, I begin to feel almost sorry for the Wicked Baron. Does he mean to make a long stay in Yorkshire? Shall we be obliged to recognise him?"

"I must do so, if we should chance to meet, but I am determined it shan't go beyond a civil bow; and, as for inviting him to dine with us in a formal way, I have begged Sir John not to ask it of me!"

On this conclusion Lady Denny departed, leaving her young friend with such mixed feelings that she could not have told whether she wished Damerel to find some way of seeing her again or whether she would be glad to know that he had left the Priory.

When a week crept by without a sign from him she was piqued. He was still at the Priory, and the village gossips reported that he was actually interesting himself in the business of the estate. Venetia would have suspected that his sudden interest in his inheritance was nothing more than an excuse for remaining at the Priory had he made some attempt to seek her out. She found herself imagining a second encounter; and, between disgust at herself and resentment at Damerel for holding her so cheap, became so nearly cross that Aubrey asked her if she felt quite the thing.

And in the end it was neither she who brought about a second meeting, nor Damerel, but Aubrey.

Damerel was riding with his bailiff, Croyde, when a cry for help made him look round. The cry was repeated, and Croyde, standing in his stirrups so that he could see over the hedge, exclaimed: "It's Mr. Aubrey! Ay, I thought as much! That nappy young chestnut of his has come down with him, like I always said he would! If your lordship will excuse me, I'll have to attend to him."

"Yes, of course."

There was a gate a little farther along the lane, and in a very few moments both men had dismounted and Croyde was kneeling beside Aubrey, who was lying just clear of a ditch. At a little distance his horse was standing; and he was dead lame.

Aubrey was sickly white and in considerable pain. He said faintly: "I came down on my weak leg. I can't get up. Think I must have stunned myself. Where's Rufus? I hope he didn't break his knees!"

"Your horse has a badly sprained fetlock," said Damerel. "You can't ride him, but he hasn't broken his leg. The question is, are you quite sure you've not broken your own?"

Aubrey looked rather hazily up at him. "It's not broken. It is only my hip. I have—a weak hip. If a message could be sent to Undershaw they'll bring the carriage."

"It's young Mr. Lanyon, my lord," explained Croyde. "I was thinking it would be best if I was to fetch the chaise from the Priory, for it's six miles and a way-bit to Undershaw."

"And a devilish rough road to be jolted over," said Damerel, looking thoughtfully down at Aubrey. "We'll take him to the Priory. Tell 'em to make up a bed, and bring Nidd back with you to take charge of the horses. Here, put this under the boy's head!" He stripped off his coat as he spoke, rolled it up, and handed it to Croyde, adding, after a glance at Aubrey's face: "Bring some brandy as well—and bustle."

He began to loosen the boy's neckcloth. Aubrey opened his eyes. "What—— Oh! Thank you. Are you Lord Damerel, sir?"

"Yes, I'm Damerel, but never mind talking to me!"

"Why not?"

"Well, I fancy you had a slight concussion, and would do better to lie quiet."

"I don't know. Or even how long I've been here. I did come round once, and then I suppose I went off again. It was trying to get up. You see, I can't."

Damerel caught the bitter note, but all he said was: "No, and with a weak hip and a sprained ankle you were a fool to try, weren't you?"

Aubrey grinned feebly, and shut his eyes again. He did not open them until Croyde came back with the chaise, but Damerel knew from the frown between his brows and a certain rigidity about his mouth that he was neither asleep nor unconscious. Although little more than a mile had to be covered before the Priory was reached the road was so rough that the journey became a severe trial. No complaint was uttered, but when he was lifted down from the chaise Aubrey fainted again.

"Just as well!" said Damerel cheerfully, carrying him into the house. "No, no, take those smelling-salts away, Mrs. Imber! We'll have his boots off before we try to bring him round again, poor lad! Get a razor, Marston!"

The removal of his boots brought Aubrey to his senses again, but it was not until he had been stripped of his clothing and put into one of his host's nightshirts that he was able to collect his dazed wits. His memory returned and he exclaimed thickly: "Oh, I remember now! I took a toss. Riding like a damned roadster!"

"Oh, the best of us take tosses!" said Damerel. "Don't fret yourself into a fever over that!"

A surge of color came into his cheeks; he said stiffly: "I'm very much obliged to you, sir. I beg your pardon! Making such a bother. You must think me a poor creature."

"On the contrary, I think you've excellent bottom. More bottom than sense! You silly gudgeon! You know you ride a feather! What made you suppose you could hold such a heady young 'un as that chestnut of yours?"

"He didn't get away with me!" Aubrey said, firing up. "I let him rush it—I was riding carelessly—but there isn't a horse in the stables I can't back!"

"Much more bottom than sense!" said Damerel, quizzing him, but with such an understanding smile in his eyes that Aubrey forbore to take offence. "Now, where am I to find the sawbones who doctors you when you've knocked yourself up?"

"Nowhere! I mean, I don't want him: he will only pull me about and make it ten times worse! It's nothing."

"Now, Mr. Aubrey, you know Miss Lanyon would have the doctor to you, and no argle-bargle about it!" interposed Mrs. Imber. "It's Dr. Bentworth, my lord, and if it hadn't been for Croyde taking Nidd off with him I would have sent him to York straight!"

"Well, if he has brought the horses in by now he can set off as soon as I've written a note for the doctor."

"I wish you will not!" Aubrey said fretfully. "I'm persuaded I shall be well enough

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to go home long before he can come all this way. If you would but leave me alone — I won't have a grand fuss made over me! I hate it beyond anything!"

This ungracious speech made Mrs. Imber look very much shocked, but Damerel replied coolly: "Yes, abominable! No one shall make a fuss over you any longer. You shall try instead if you can go to sleep."

To Aubrey, who was feeling as if his every limb had been racked, this suggestion seemed so insensate that it was with difficulty that he refrained from snapping back an acid retort. He was left to solitude, and to his own reflections, but there brought nagging dread that the fall had injured his hip badly enough to turn him into an out-and-out cripple, or, at the very least, to keep him tied to a sofa for months. However, before he had time to make himself sick with worry, Damerel came back into the room with a glass in his hand. After a keen look at Aubrey he said: "Pretty uncomfortable, eh? Drink this!"

"It's of no consequence; I can bear it," Aubrey muttered. "If it's laudanum I don't want it—thank you!"

"Come along, do as I tell you, or a worse fate may befall you!" said Damerel.

"It couldn't," sighed Aubrey, reluctantly taking the glass.

"Don't be too sure of that! I've no patience, and no mercy, either. Can it be that you don't know you are in the ogre's den?"

That made Aubrey smile, but he said, looking distastefully at his potion: "I don't take this stuff unless I am absolutely obliged. I'm not a weakling, you know—even if I do ride a feather!"

"You're an obstinate whelp. And who is making the grand fuss now, I should like to know? Drink it at once."

Wholly unused to receiving peremptory commands, Aubrey stiffened a little, but, after staring at Damerel for a moment out of dangerously narrowed eyes, he capitulated, saying with his twisted smile: "Oh, very well!"

"That's better," said Damerel, taking the empty glass from him. Something in Aubrey's thin, set face made him add: "I've a strong notion there's nothing much amiss with you but bruises and blue devils. You'd be in worse pain if you had done yourself a serious mischief, so come out of the dismals, young paperskull!"

Aubrey's eyes turned quickly towards him. "Yes. Yes. I should! I hadn't thought of that. Thank you — I'm very much obliged to you! I didn't mean to be uncivil—at least, I did, but—but I beg pardon, sir!"

"Oh, pooh! Go to sleep!"

"Yes, very likely I shall, after drinking that vile stuff," Aubrey agreed with a shy grin that made him look suddenly younger. "Only my sister will be a trifle anxious, I dare say."

"Have no fear! I have already sent one of the stable-boys with a letter for her."

"Oh! Thank you! You didn't tell her anything to alarm her, did you?"

"No. Why should I? I told her precisely what I told you, and merely requested her to put up what you need in the way of nightshirts and toothbrushes for the boy to bring back."

"That's right," Aubrey said, relieved. "They can't fly into a pucker over that!"

The letter which reached Venetia had been written in the most elegant of formal terms, and in a spirit of unholy amusement. Damerel took pains over it, wondering what its effect on her would be. He addressed her as a stranger, but she was unlikely to be deceived into thinking that he did not remember very well who she was. Though he was careful not to pen a word that might betray to her his enjoyment of the situation, she would certainly perceive how maliciously fate had played into his hands. He ended his letter with a prim "Yours, etc.," and wished, as he sealed it with a wafer, that he could watch her face when she read it.

Continuing . . . VENETIA

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In point of fact, not one of the thoughts he had imagined for her so much as crossed her mind. By the time the letter reached Undershaw she was much more anxious than she cared to betray to Nurse, who had been prophesying disaster ever since the discovery that Aubrey had not come home to share a nuncheon with his sister. So when Ribble brought the letter to her, with Nurse wringing her hands in his wake and declaring that she had known it all along, and there was her sainted lamb, picked up for dead, and lying at the Priory with every bone in his body broken, there was no room in her head for any thought of Damerel. Running her eyes rapidly down the single sheet she exclaimed thankfully: "No, no! He's not badly hurt! Rufus came down with him, but there are no bones broken. Listen, Nurse! Lord Damerel has sent to York already to fetch Dr. Brentworth to Aubrey! And if I will be so good as to put up Aubrey's necessities the bearer will carry them back to the Priory. As though I shouldn't go to Aubrey myself!"

"That you wi'l not!" declared Nurse. "The Lord may see fit to turn an old woman over into the hands of the wicked, but as for letting you set foot in that ungodly mansion, Miss Venetia, never!"

Recognising from the sudden Biblical turn of the conversation that her guardian was strongly moved, Venetia applied herself for the next twenty minutes to the task of soothing her agitation, pointing out to her that they had more reason to liken Damerel to the Good Samaritan than to the wicked, so when Damerel, seeing the approach of a carriage round a bend in the avenue, strolled out to meet his guest, it was neither a wrathful goddess nor a young lady on her dignity who sprang down from the vehicle and gave him both her hands, but a beautiful, ingenuous creature with no consciousness in her frank eyes, but only a glow of warm gratitude. She exclaimed, as he took her hands: "I am so much obliged to you! I wish I could tell you, but there seems to be nothing to say but thank you." She added, shyly smiling: "You wrote me such a comfortable letter, too! Oh, pray tell me that it was true, and he didn't injure himself badly."

It was several moments before he answered her or released her hands. In a faded old gown, with her hair untidy under a sunbonnet, and her countenance flushed with indignation, he had thought her an uncommonly pretty girl; she was dressed now simply but charmingly in jonquil muslin, with a hat of unbleached straw whose high-poke front made a frame for a lovely face that was neither flushed nor indignant, but smiling up at him with unshadowed friendliness, and she took his breath away. Hardly aware that he was still holding her hands, he stood staring down at her until Nurse recalled him to his senses by clearing her throat. He recovered himself quickly, saying: "Why, yes, Miss Lanyon, to the best of my belief

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it was perfectly true, but, although I have some experience of broken bones, I know nothing of the trouble that makes your brother lame, and so thought it imperative to send for his doctor."

"Thank you! I've brought our nurse, as you see, and she means to stay to look after him."

"Oh, that's capital!" he said, smiling in amusement as he encountered a glare from that rigid moralist's hostile eyes.

"Is it paining him very badly?" Venetia asked anxiously as Damerel led her into the house.

"No, not now. I gave him some laudanum, and he seems tolerably comfortable."

"Gave him laudanum?" Venetia exclaimed. "Oh, if he would swallow that he must have been suffering dreadfully! He will never take drugs—not even the mildest opiate. I can't imagine how you persuaded him to take it, for I never knew anyone so obstinate!"

He laughed as he opened the door into Aubrey's room and stood aside for her to go in. Aubrey, lying in the middle of a big four-poster bed and wearing a nightshirt many sizes too large for him, looked the merest wisp of a boy. Roused by his sister's fingers laid over his wrist, he opened his eyes, smiled sleepily at her, and murmured: "Stoopid! I've only bruised myself, m'dear: nothing to signify! I think I crammed him, Rufus, I mean."

"Cawker!" she said lovingly.

"I know. Damerel said, more bottom than sense." His gaze focused itself on Nurse, who, having set down a bulging portmanteau, was divesting herself of her bonnet with all the air of one determined to remain at his side whatever might be the consequences. He uttered thickly: "Oh, no! How could you, Venetia? Take her away! I'll have her fussing as if I were a baby!"

"Ungrateful brat!" remarked Damerel. "You'd be well served if your nurse took you at your word and left you to my mercies! I should certainly beat you."

Considerably to Venetia's surprise, this intervention, so far from offending him, made Aubrey give a tiny spurt of laughter. "Well, how would you like it, sir?"

"Very much indeed!"

Aubrey pulled a face; but when Damerel had left the room he said: "I like him, don't you? You'll say everything that's proper, won't you? I don't think I did, and I ought."

She replied soothingly, and he shut his eyes again. He was soon asleep, so that there was nothing for Venetia to do but to sit down to await the arrival of Dr. Bentworth, while Nurse

Continuing . . . VENETIA

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was presently drawn into the adjoining dressing-room by Mrs. Imber.

When Nurse came back into the room Venetia was glad to see that her countenance had slightly relaxed its expression of uncompromising severity. Her opinion of Damerel's morals, and her conviction that his end would be a lesson to other sinners, remained unchanged, but she was to some degree mollified by the discovery that he had ordered Mrs. Imber not only to make up a bed for her in the dressing-room but to obey whatever injunctions she might see fit to lay upon her.

SHE was representing to Venetia in persuasive terms how unnecessary it was for her to remain at the Priory another instant when Aubrey woke up. Nurse thought this an excellent opportunity to change Damerel's contaminating nightshirt for one of his own, so she summoned Marston to her assistance and was pretty well occupied when Damerel walked into the room to invite Venetia to partake of dinner in his company. Before Nurse had grasped the scandalous nature of his errand the invitation had been accepted and Damerel was bowing Venetia out of the room.

"Thank you!" Venetia said as he shut the door. "You came in at precisely the right moment, you know, when poor Nurse was too much taken up with scolding Aubrey for being so tiresome to think what I might be doing!"

He smiled and said: "Tell me how I should address her. What is her name?"

"Priddy. The underservants call her Mrs. Priddy, but she has never been married."

"Mrs. Priddy she shall be. You won't tell me I rank above the underservants in her esteem!" An irrepressible chuckle made him glance down at her; he saw the brimming merriment in her eyes, and demanded: "Now what? Do I rank above them?"

"I don't think so," she answered cautiously. "At least, I never heard her say, even to the laundrymaid, that she would be eaten by frogs!"

He gave a shout of laughter. "Heavens, does that fate await me?"

Encouraged by the discovery that he shared her enjoyment of the absurd, she laughed back at him, saying: "Yes, and also that your increase will be delivered to the caterpillar."

"Oh, I've no objection to that! The caterpillar is welcome to my increase!"

"No! How can you be so unnatural? Increase must mean your children!"

"Undoubtedly! Any side-slips of mine the caterpillar may have with my goodwill," he retorted.

"Poor little things!" she said after a moment.

"Do you know that you are a very strange girl?" he asked abruptly.

"Why? Have I said something I ought not?" she said rather anxiously.

"On the contrary. I'm afraid it was I who did that."

"Did you?" She wrinkled her brow. "Side-slips? Well, that was quite my fault for mentioning your children at all, when I know you are not married. Have you—— No."

His lip twitched, but he said gravely: "Not to my knowledge."

That drew a responsive twinkle from her. "Yes, I was going to ask you that," she admitted. "I beg your pardon! The thing is, you see, that I so seldom talk to anyone but Aubrey that I forget to take care when I go into company."

"Don't set a guard on your tongue on my account," he said, ushering her into the dining-room. "I like your frankness—and detest damsels who blush and bridle!"

She took the chair Imber was holding for her. "Well, I don't think I did that, even in my salad days."

"A long time ago!" he said, quizzing her.

"Well, it is, for I'm five-and-twenty, you know."

"I must take your word for that, but do enlighten me! Do you hold my sex in dislike, or have you taken a vow of celibacy?"

"I wish you won't make me laugh just as I am drinking soup! You nearly made me choke! Of course not!"

"What a set of slow-tops the Yorkshire bucks must be! This soup seems to be made entirely of onions. I don't wonder at your choking. And as far as I can see," he said, levelling his quizzing-glass at the various dishes set out on the table, "there is worse to come. What the devil is that mess, Imber?"

"Veal, my lord, with a sauce Bechermell — Mrs. Imber not being prepared for company," replied Imber apologetically.

"I am astonished poor Mrs. Imber should have been able to prepare any meal," instantly responded Venetia. "With such an upset in the house she can't have had a moment to spare! Pray tell her that I am particularly partial to veal."

Damerel was regarding her with a smile in his eyes. He said, as Imber bore off the

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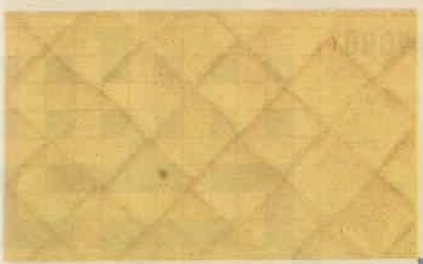

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empty soup-plates: "Everything handsome about you! — your face, your name, and your manners! Tell me about your life. Why did I never see you before? Do you never come to London?"

She shook her head. "No, though perhaps I shall when Aubrey goes to Cambridge next year. As for telling you about my life — why, there's only one answer to that, and it's 'A blank, my lord!'"

"Am I to understand that you pine in thought? I hope you don't mean to tell me you have a green-and-yellow melancholy, for that I'll swear you have not!"

"Good gracious, no! Only that I have no history! I have passed all my life at Undershaw and done nothing worth the telling. I wish you will tell me some of the things you have done!"

He looked up quickly from the dish he was serving. "I think not," he said dryly.

"I said some of the things you have done!" she exclaimed indignantly. "You can't have spent your whole life getting into idiotish scrapes!"

He burst out laughing. "Most of it, I assure you! What is it you wish to know?"

"I should like to know about the places you have been to. You have travelled a great deal, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I envy you that. It is a thing I always longed to do. I dare say I never shall, because single females are so horribly restricted, but I still indulge myself with planning tours to all the strange places I've only read about."

"No, no, don't do it!" he begged. "Such dreams, believe me, are the seeds from which the eccentric springs! You would end, like that ramshackle Stanhope woman, queening it over hordes of evil-smelling Bedouins!"

"I promise you I should not! It sounds very disagreeable — and quite as boring as the life I've known! You refer, I collect, to Lady Hester: did you ever meet her?"

"Yes, at Palmyra, in — oh, I forget! —'13? '14?"

"Have you visited Greece, as well as the Levant?" she interrupted.

"I have. Why? Can it be that you are a classical scholar?"

"No, I am not, but Aubrey is. Do, pray, tell him about the things you must have seen in Athens!"

"I'll tell Aubrey anything he may want to know — if you, mysterious Miss Lanyon, will tell me what I want to know!"

"Well, I will," she replied handsomely. "Though what there is to tell you, or why you should call me mysterious, has me in a puzzle!"

"I call you mysterious because" — he paused, amused by the look of innocent expectancy in her eyes — "Oh, because you are five-and-twenty, unwed, and, so far as I can discover, unsought!"

"On the contrary!" retorted Venetia, entering into the spirit of this. "I have two admirers! One of them is excessively romantic, and the other is —"

"Well?" he prompted.

"Worthy!" she produced, and went into a peal of mirth as he dropped his head into his hands.

"And you a nonpareil!

"No, am I? The truth is that there is no mystery at all: my father was a recluse."

"Did he shut you up as well as himself?"

"Not precisely, though I have frequently suspected that he would have liked to have done so. My mother died, you see. He must have loved her quite desperately, I suppose, for he fell into the most deplorable lethargy, and became exactly like Henry I: never smiled again. Until I was seventeen I think I never exchanged a word with anyone beyond our own household."

Continuing . . . VENETIA

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"Was he mad?"

"Oh, no! Merely eccentric!" she replied. "However, when I grew up he permitted Lady Denny and Mrs. Yardley to take me now and then to the Assemblies in York; and once he actually consented to my spending a week in Harrogate, with my Aunt Hendred! I did hope that he would consent also to let me visit her in London, so that she might bring me out in the regular way. She offered to do so, but he wouldn't have it."

"Poor Venetia!"

If she noticed his use of her name she gave no sign of having done so.

"So you have never been farther afield than Harrogate! No wonder you dream of travel! How have you endured such intolerable tyranny?"

"Oh, it was only on that one subject Papa was adamant! For the rest I might do as I chose. I wasn't unhappy."

"When did your father die? Surely some years ago? Why do you stay here? Is habit so strong?"

"No, but circumstance is! My elder brother is a member of Lord Hill's staff, you see, and until he chooses to sell out someone must look after Undershaw. There's Aubrey, too. I don't think he would consent to go away."

"He would miss you."

She laughed. "Aubrey? Oh, no! Aubrey likes books more than people. The thing is that I am afraid Nurse would drive him crazy, trying to wrap him in cotton-wool!" Her brow creased. "I only wish she may not vex him to death while he is here! Perhaps Dr. Bentworth will say he may come home."

But when the doctor arrived he returned a flat negative to Nurse's suggestion that he would be better in his own home. The quieter he was kept, said Dr. Bentworth, the more quickly would the torn ligaments heal.

When the doctor told her that he could not advise her to remove Aubrey from the Priory he seemed to be both surprised and relieved by her tranquil acceptance of his verdict. The note of apology in his voice at first puzzled her, but after she had thought it over she saw what he must have meant when he spoke of embarrassment and awkward situations; and when Damerel came back into the room she looked rather anxiously up at him and said: "I am afraid — I hadn't thought — Will it be troublesome to you to keep Aubrey until he is better?"

"Not a bit!" he replied with reassuring alacrity. "What put such a daffish notion as that into your head?"

"Well, it was Dr. Bentworth's saying how sorry he was to be obliged to put me in an awkward situation," she disclosed. "He meant, of course, that it is quite shocking to foist poor Aubrey on to you, and he was perfectly right!"

"He meant nothing of the sort," Damerel said ruthlessly. "His solicitude is not on my behalf but on yours. He perceived the impropriety of thrusting you into acquaintanceship with a man of libertine propensities."

"Is that all?" she exclaimed, her brow clearing.

"That's all," he answered gravely. "Unless, of course, he fears I may corrupt Aubrey."

"I shouldn't think you could," she said, dispassionately considering the matter. She saw his lips quiver and her own gravity vanished. "Oh, I don't mean that you would make the attempt! You know very well I don't! The thing is that even if you were to hold an orgy here the chances are he would only think it pretty tame compared with the Romans."

This view of the matter was almost too much for his self-control; it was a moment before he could command his voice enough to say: "I promise you I won't hold any orgies while Aubrey is under my roof!"

"Oh, no, I know you would not! Though I must say," she added, a gleam of fun in her eyes, "it would be worth it, only to see Nurse's face!"

He laughed out at that, flinging back his head in wholehearted enjoyment, gasping: "Why, oh why, did I never know you until now?"

"It does seem a pity," she agreed. "I have been thinking so myself, for I always wished for a friend to laugh with."

"To laugh with!" he repeated.

"Perhaps you have friends already who laugh when you do," she said diffidently. "I haven't, and it's important, I think — more important than sympathy in affliction, which you might easily find in someone you positively disliked."

"But to share a sense of the ridiculous prohibits dislike — yes, that's true. And rare; how rare! Do they stare at you, our worthy neighbors, when you laugh?"

"Yes! Or ask me what I mean when I'm joking!" She glanced at the clock above the empty fireplace. "I must go."

"Yes, you must go." He took her hands and, putting them palm to palm, held them so between his own. "You'll come again tomorrow—to visit Aubrey! Don't let them dissuade you, our worthy neighbors! Beyond my gates I make you no promises; don't trust me! Within them —" He paused, his smile twisting into something not quite a sneer, yet derisive. "Oh, within them," he said in brittle self-mockery, "I'll remember that I was bred a gentleman!"

. . . .

Venetia opened her eyes to sunlight, dimmed by the chintz blinds across her windows. She lay for a few minutes between sleep and waking, aware that vaguely she had waked to the knowledge that the day of a promised treat had dawned.

Presently she came to full consciousness and remembered that she had found a friend.

At once the blood seemed to quicken in her veins; her body felt light and urgent, and a strange excitement, flooding her whole being, made it impossible for her to be still.

Venetia thought of Aubrey, whether he had slept during the night, whether there were many hours to while away before she could set forth to visit him. Then she knew that it was not anxiety for Aubrey, her first concern for so many years, which made her impatient to reach the Priory, but the desire to be with her friend. It was his image, ousting Aubrey's from her mind's sight, which brought such a glow of warmth to her. She wondered if he, too, was conscious of it. She tried to remember what they had talked of, but she could not; she remembered only that she had felt perfectly at home as though she had known him all her life.

It seemed impossible that she should not have felt as strongly as she the tug of sympathy between them; but she recognised that what to her had been a new experience might well have meant nothing more to him than a variation on an old theme.

The clatter of shutters being folded back in the parlor beneath her room roused her from these doubtful reflections. The servants were stirring it was probably about six o'clock. Seeking an excuse for rising an hour before her usual time, she remembered the several very pressing duties which had been left undone on the previous day.

She was no bustling housewife, but by the time she came into the breakfast-parlor she had visited the dairy and the stables; discussed winter-sowing with the bailiff; delivered to the poultry-woman, in a slightly purgated form, a remonstrance from Mrs. Gurnard.

Mrs. Gurnard, to Venetia's relief, took it for granted that she would drive over to see poor Mr. Aubrey, but was thrown into dignified sulks by Venetia's refusal to carry with her a suitable hamper packed as full as it would hold with enough cooked food for a banquet.

Venetia then went off to collect the various items which Nurse, in the agitation of the moment, had omitted to pack. These included the shirt she was making for Aubrey, and her tatting.

Fulfilling Aubrey's behests was a more difficult task, for he wanted not only such simple matters as a supply of paper and several pencils but a number of books as well. He had told her that she would find his "Phaedo" on the desk in the library, and so she did; but "Guy Mannering" was only found after an exhausting search. Virgil presented no problem; Aubrey had certainly asked for the "Aeneid"; but Horace blandly offered a choice of several volumes, and Venetia was quite unable to remember whether Aubrey wanted "Odes," or "Satires," or even "Epistles." In the end she added all three to her collection, and Ribble bore off the pile to the waiting tilbury, where Fingle, the middle-aged groom, received them from him

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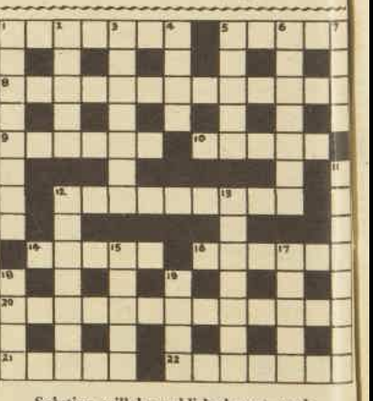
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Lather, wash, and rub the head with a counterfeit start (7).
5. Theatre to reach through the gates (5).
8. Don't be a highbrow; say the Far East (7, 6).
9. Coarse woollen cloth with a Gaelic centre (6).
10. Reams to be blurred (5).
12. Add the hoe to make it impetuous (3-6).
14. Rate of movement in a hat emporium (5).
16. Disinclined for a metrical line (6).
20. The green cot, i.e., belonging to spontaneous generation (13).
21. This cock won't fight (5).
22. Apparel of a short gentleman hiding his arm (7).

Solution of last week's Crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Sing round the highest point when using articulate utterances (8).
2. Give a rest to the flower (5).
3. Now feel indignant if headless (7).
4. Prognostic for no human beings (4).
5. Ecclesiastic Salisbury (5).
6. Bad Lear makes a good philosopher and divine (7).
7. Consumes the seat (4).
11. Meat from the butcher or a blow in the ring (5-3).
12. Drink left at the bottom of a glass or a part of the shoe (4-3).
13. A good guesser lost in Verdi (7).
15. Faction with art centre (5).
17. Heart (Anagr. 5).
18. In a mountain ash I placed a vessel (4).
19. A giant is expectant (4).

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with the cheerful prognostication that the next thing anyone would know was that Master Aubrey had studied himself into a brain-fever.

Feeling that she had acquitted herself in a manner worthy of a scholar's sister, Venetia then drove off to the Priory, where any hopes she might have cherished of earning econium were speedily dashed. "Oh, you need not have brought them, after all!" said Aubrey. "Damerel has a capital library. He brought me up the books I particularly wanted. Oh, is that you, Fingle? Good morning. Have you taken a look at Rufus? Lord Damerel's groom has him in charge, but I dare say you'll wish to see that foreleg for yourself. No, don't set those books down; I find I don't want 'em!"

"Odious, odious boy!" Venetia said, bending over him to drop a kiss on his brow. "When it took me half an hour to find 'Guy Mannering,' and I brought all your 'Horace,' because I couldn't remember which volume you wanted!"

"Stoopid!" he said, smiling up at her. "I'll keep 'Guy Mannering,' though, in case I want something to read in the night."

She withdrew it from the pile that Fingle was still holding, nodded dismissal to him, a twinkle in her eyes which caused him to cast up his own expressively, and ventured to ask Aubrey how he had slept.

"Oh—tolerably well!" he replied.

"There is no truth in you, love. I collect that you spurned the syrup of poppies Nurse was so careful to bring with her!"

"After that laudanum Damerel gave me! I should rather think I did! Nurse went off to bed in a miff, which I was heartily glad of. Damerel brought up a chess-board, and we had a game or two. He's an excellent player; I won only once. Then we fell to talking—oh, till past midnight! Did you know he had read classics? I should think he had been a pretty good scholar. He had visited Greece, too, and was able to describe things to me—things worth describing!"

"So you enjoyed your evening?"

Continuing . . . VENETIA

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"Yes — but for my curst leg! However, if I hadn't taken a toss I dare say I might never have met Damerel, so I don't regret it."

"It must be very agreeable to be able to talk with someone who enters into the things you care for most," she agreed.

"It is," he said frankly. "What's more, he knows better than to ask me, a dozen times in an hour, how I feel!"

"My dear, tell me once how you find yourself this morning, and then I promise — word of a Lanyon! — I won't ask you again!"

"Oh, I'm well enough!" he replied shortly. She said nothing, and after a moment he relented and grinned at her. "If you must know, I feel devilish—as though I had dislocated every joint in my body! But Bentworth assures me it's no such thing, so my aches are of no consequence, and will soon go off, I dare say. Let us play piquet — that is, if you mean to stay."

She was fairly well satisfied, although upon first entering the room she had thought he looked pale and drawn. When Nurse presently came in, to put a fresh compress round his swollen ankle, Venetia saw, at a glance, that she, too, was taking an optimistic view of his situation, and was more cheered.

Upon Marston's coming into the room with a glass of milk for the invalid, Venetia drew Nurse into the adjoining dressing-room, saying, as she shut the door: "You know how he is! If he thought we cared whether he drank it or no he would refuse to touch it."

"Oh, yes!" said Nurse bitterly. "Anything Marston or his lordship tells him he'll do, just as if it was them that had looked after him from the day he was born! For all the use I am I might as well be back at home—not that I mean to leave this house until he does, nor ever did, so his lordship could have spared his breath!"

"Why? Did he try to send you away?" Venetia said.

"No, and I should hope he knew better than to think he could! It was me saying to Master Aubrey that if he preferred to have Marston wait on him I'd as lief pack up and go — well, miss, he was so twitty and troublesome last night that anyone might be excused for being put out! But, as for meaning it, his lordship should have known better, and no need at all for him to remind me that it wouldn't do for you to visit here without I'm in the house! I know that well enough, and better you shouldn't come at all, Miss Venetia! It's my belief Master Aubrey wouldn't care if neither of us came next or nigh him, not while he can clutter up his bed with a lot of unchristian books, and lie there talking to his lordship about his nasty heathen gods!"

"He would very soon wish for you if he were to be really ill," Venetia said soothingly. "I think, too, that he is just at the age when he's not a child, but not quite a man either, and excessively jealous of his dignity."

NURSE disclosed that his lordship had said much the same thing as had Venetia about Master Aubrey. She added that no one understood better than she Master Aubrey's hatred of his disability, and his passionate desire to show himself as hearty and as independent as his more fortunate contemporaries; an unprecedented announcement which furnished Venetia with a pretty accurate notion of his lordship's skill in handling hostile and elderly females.

There could be no doubt that he had succeeded in considerably mollifying Nurse. She might resent Aubrey's preference for his society, but she could not wholly condemn anyone who, besides showing so proper a regard for Aubrey's well-being, managed to keep him in cheerful spirits.

Aubrey, when regaled with the passage, said that her change of heart could only have arisen from Damerel's having ridden off to Thirsk for the express purpose of buying a roll of lint.

"As a matter of fact, it was no such thing; he went on some business of his own, but when Nurse started grumbling about the lint—it's for my ankle, you know! — he said he would procure some, and she took it into her head he was going to Thirsk for no other reason."

"When did he set out for Thirsk?" Venetia asked.

"Oh, quite early! Now you put me in mind of it, he gave me a message for you; something about being obliged to go to Thirsk, and hoping you'd pardon him. He said he thought he would be back again by noon, and that he trusted you wouldn't have gone away by then. Venetia, pray look on that table and see if Tytler is there! 'Essay on the Principles of Translation' — yes, that's it!"

"I think, if you should not object very much to my leaving you, that I'll take a turn in the garden," said Venetia.

"Yes, do!" said Aubrey absently. "They will be plaguing me to eat a nuncheon soon, and I want to finish this."

She laughed and was about to leave him when a gentle tap on the door was followed by the entrance of Imber, announcing Mr. Yardley.

"What?" ejaculated Aubrey, in anything but a gratified tone.

Edward came in, treading cautiously, and wearing his most disapproving face. "Well, Aubrey!" he said heavily. "I am glad to see you looking stouter than I had expected." He added in a lower voice as he clasped Venetia's hand: "This is unfortunate indeed! I knew nothing of what had happened until Ribble told me of it half an hour ago! I was never more shocked in my life!"

"Shocked because I took a toss?" said Aubrey. "Lord, Edward, don't be such a slow-top!"

Edward's countenance did not relax. He was profoundly shocked. He had ridden to Undershaw in happy ignorance,

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Floral Fragrant SANPIC REGD.

Kills germs quicker—leaves air fragrant

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Continuing . . . VENETIA

from page 91

to be met with the alarming tidings that Aubrey had had a bad accident, then he was stunned by the further news that Aubrey was lying under Damerel's roof, with not only Nurse in attendance on him but his sister also. The impropriety of such an arrangement really appalled him; and even when he was made to understand that Venetia was not sleeping at the Priory he could not forbear the thought that any disaster (short of Aubrey's death, perhaps) would have been less harmful than the chance that had pitchforked her into the company of a libertine.

A level-headed man, Edward did not suppose that Damerel was either so foolhardy or so steeped in villainy as to attempt the seduction of a girl of virtue and quality; but he was very much afraid that Venetia's open, confiding manners might encourage him to believe that she would welcome his advances; while the peculiar circumstances under which she lived would lead him to think that she had no other protector than a crippled schoolboy.

Edward saw his duty clear. He rode off to the Priory inspired by a sober man's determination to protect the reputation of the lady whom he had chosen to be his bride.

His arrival almost coincided with that of Damerel, from Thirsk. As he dismounted, Damerel came striding round the corner of the house from the stables, a package tucked with his riding-whip under one arm while he pulled off his gloves. At sight of Edward he checked in surprise, and for a few moments they stood looking each other over in silence, hard suspicion in one pair of eyes, and in the other a gathering amusement. Then Damerel lifted an inquiring eyebrow and Edward said stiffly: "Lord Damerel, I believe?"

They were the only rehearsed words he was destined to utter. From then on the meeting proceeded on lines quite unlike any for which he had prepared himself. Damerel strolled forward saying: "Yes, I'm Damerel, but you have the advantage of me, I fear. I can guess that you must be a friend of young Lanyon's, however. How do you do?"

He smiled as he spoke and held out his hand. Edward was obliged to shake hands with him, a friendly gesture which forced him to abandon the formality he had decided to adopt.

"How do you do?" he responded with civility if not with warmth. "Your lordship has guessed correctly: I am a friend of Aubrey Lanyon — I may say a lifelong friend of his family! I cannot suppose that my name is known to you, but it is Yardley — Edward Yardley, of Netherfold."

He was mistaken. After a frowning moment Damerel's brow cleared; he said: "Does your land lie some few miles beyond my south-western boundary? Yes, I thought so." He added with his swift smile: "I flatter myself I am making progress in my knowledge of the neighborhood! Have you been visiting Aubrey?"

"I have only this instant arrived, my lord — from Undershaw, where I was informed by the butler of this very unfortunate accident — he told me also that Miss Lanyon was here."

"Is she?" said Damerel indifferently. "I've been out all the morning, but it's very probable. If she's here she will be with her brother: do you care to go up?"

"Thank you!" Edward said with a slight bow. "I should like to do so if Aubrey is well to receive a visitor."

"I dare say it won't do him any harm," replied Damerel, leading the way through the open door into the house. "He's not much hurt, you know: no bones broken! I sent for his doctor to come to him last night. He is none too comfortable, but Bentworth seems to be satisfied that if only he can be kept quiet for a time no evil consequences need be anticipated. Once he had discovered the existence of my library I saw that there would be no difficulty about that."

There was a laugh in his voice; none at all in Edward's as he answered: "He always has his head in a book."

DAMEREL had moved to where a frayed bell-pull hung beside the stone fireplace; as he tugged at it he shot a swift, appraising glance at Edward. The gleam of amusement in his eyes was pronounced, but he said only: "You, I apprehend, are too well acquainted with him to be astonished by the scope and power of his quite remarkable intelligence."

"Do you think him so clever?" asked Edward, rather surprised. "For my part I have often thought him lacking even in commonsense.

"Oh, I shouldn't think he has any commonsense at all," returned Damerel.

"I confess I consider it a pity he had not enough to refrain from riding a horse he could not master," said Edward with a slight smile. "I warned him how it would be when I first set eyes on that chestnut."

"Did you?" said Damerel appreciatively. "And he didn't heed you? You astonish me!"

"He has been very much indulged. He has been allowed to have his own way beyond what is proper, from the circumstances attached to his upbringing," said Edward, painstakingly explaining the Lanyons. "His father, the late Sir Francis Lanyon, though in many respects a most estimable man, was eccentric."

"So Miss Lanyon informed me."

"One hesitates to speak ill of the dead," persevered Edward, "but towards his children he displayed an almost total want of interest or consideration. One would have expected him to provide his daughter with a chaperon, for instance, but such was not the case. You may have wondered, I dare say, at the freedom of Miss Lanyon's manners, and, not knowing the circumstances, have thought it odd that she should be permitted to go abroad quite unattended."

"No doubt I should, had I met her when she was a girl," responded Damerel coolly. He turned his head, as Imber came into the hall. "Imber, here is Mr. Yardley, who has come to visit our invalid! Take him up —and see that Mrs. Priddy has that bundle of lint, will you?" He nodded to Edward to follow the butler, and himself walked off.

Edward trod up the broad, shallow staircase in Imber's wake, his feelings almost equally divided between relief at finding Damerel apparently indifferent to Venetia and annoyance at the casual way he had been dismissed.

In general, he ignored Aubrey's frequent rudeness, but that scornful adjuration to him not to be a slow-top vexed him so much that he was obliged to suppress a sharp retort. He never allowed himself to speak hastily, and it was therefore in a measured tone that he said, "Let me point out to you, Aubrey, that if you would not try to be quite such a hard-goer this unfortunate accident would never have occurred."

"It was not, after all, so very unfortunate," intervened Venetia.

"I must regard as unfortunate—to put it no higher!—any accident that places you in an awkward situation," he said.

"Well, pray don't tease yourself over that!" she said soothingly. "To be sure, I had rather Aubrey were at home, but I am able to visit him every day, you know. I must tell you, Edward, that nothing could be greater than Damerel's kindness to Aubrey."

"You are very much obliged to his lordship," he replied gravely. "But you will scarcely expect me to think your indebtedness anything but an evil, the consequences of which may, I fear, be far-reaching."

"What consequences? I hope you mean to tell me what you mean, for I promise you I don't know! The only consequence I perceive is that we have made an agreeable new acquaintance —and find the Wicked Baron to be very much less black than rumor has painted him!"

"I make every allowance for your ignorance of the world,

"Don't be silly! Does it look as if we expect him shortly?"

Venetia, but surely you cannot be unaware of the evil that attaches to acquaintance with a man of Lord Damerel's reputation! I should not wish to make a friend of him myself, and in your case—which is one of particular delicacy — every feeling revolts against such an acquaintance!"

"What nonsense you talk!" muttered Aubrey savagely.

"No, Aubrey, pray don't!" begged Venetia. "It is a mere nothing, and to be flying into a rage over it is the most nonsensical thing of all! Edward is only in one of his fusses over propriety—and so, let me tell you, is Damerel! For when you vexed poor Nurse so much that she threatened to leave you, my love, what must he do but tell her she must remain here to safeguard my reputation? Anyone might think I was a chit just emerged from the schoolroom!"

Edward's countenance relaxed a little; he said with a slight smile: "Instead of a staid and middle-aged woman? His lordship was very right, and I don't hesitate to say that it gives me a better opinion of him. But I wish you will discontinue your visits to Aubrey, I must say, however much you may resent it, Aubrey, that had you listened to wiser counsel none of this awkwardness would have arisen. For you to attempt to ride such a headstrong animal as that chestnut of yours!"

"Are you imagining that Rufus bolted with me?" interrupted Aubrey, his eyes glittering with cold dislike. "You're mistaken! The plain truth is that I crammed him! A piece of bad horsemanship which had nothing to do with my disability! I'm well aware of it."

"That is certainly an admission!" said Edward, with an indulgent little laugh. "Neck-or-nothing, eh? Well, I don't mean to give you a scold. We must hope your tumble has taught you the lesson you wouldn't learn from me."

"Much more likely!" Aubrey said swiftly. "I never dared learn of you, Edward; as well as your caution I might have acquired your hands."

It was at this moment that Damerel entered the room, saying cheerfully: "May I come in? Ah, your servant, Miss Lanyon!" He met her eyes for a brief instant, and continued in the easiest style: "I've told Marston to bring up a nuncheon for you to eat with Aubrey, and my errand is to discover whether you like to drink tea with it—and also to carry off your visitor to share my nuncheon." He smiled at Edward. "Come and bear me company, Yardley!"

"Your lordship is very obliging, but I never eat at this hour," Edward said stiffly.

"Then come and drink a glass of sherry," replied Damerel with unimpaired affability. "We will leave our graceless invalid to the ministrations of his sister and his nurse, and you and I, my dear sir, will not be welcome here!"

Edward looked vexed, but, as he could scarcely refuse to be dislodged, there was nothing to be done but to take his leave. Nor did he receive any encouragement to stay from Venetia, who said frankly: "Yes, pray do go away, Edward! I know you mean it kindly, but I cannot have Aubrey put into a passion!"

She gently pushed him towards the door, which Damerel was holding open. He had intended to offer to escort her back to Undershaw, but before he could do so he had been irresistibly shepherded out of the room and Damerel was shutting the door behind him, saying in a consolatory tone: "The boy is pretty well knocked-up, you know."

Edward gave a short laugh. "Ay! if one could but make him realise that he owes his aches to his own folly in persisting in his determination to ride horses he can't control!"

"But what a pudding-hearted creature he would be if he didn't do so!" said Damerel.

Edward made no answer to this, merely saying, as he descended the stairs: "I do not know when Miss Lanyon means to return to Undershaw. I should be pleased to escort her and had meant to have offered it."

THERE was a decidedly peevish note in his voice. Damerel's lips twitched, but he replied gravely: "I am afraid I don't know, either. Would you wish me to discover for you?"

"Oh, it is of no consequence, thank you. I dare say she won't leave Aubrey until she has coaxed him out of his sullens."

"My dear sir, if you feel her groom to be an insufficient escort, do, I beg of you, make yourself at home here for as long as you choose!" said Damerel.

"If she has her groom there is, of course, no need for me to remain. Your lordship is very good, but I have a great deal of business to attend to and have wasted too much of my time already."

He then took formal leave, refusing all offers of refreshment, but expressing in punctilious terms his sense of obligation for the kindness shown to Aubrey and his hope that it would soon be possible to relieve his lordship of so unwanted a burden.

To all of this Damerel listened politely, but with a disquieting twinkle in his eye. He said in the careless way which had previously offended Edward: "Oh, Aubrey won't worry me!" and having waved farewell almost before Edward's foot was in the stirrup turned back into the house and went up to Aubrey's room again.

To be continued

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning April 20

ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21—APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a crowded building.

★ Go where the crowd goes, don't play the lone wolf. If hunting a job you'll be more fortunate in a big organisation with a large staff. If looking for a bargain the larger stores are your best bet this week. If seeking a favor be prepared to return it as the occasion arises. Any trade is under good aspects. For the young, romance through business.

TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21 — MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in harmony.

★ If young and impressionable that love affair should be sailing smoothly on, although some of your pals meet with storm and stress. If a homemaker, you feed the brute so well he falls in love with you all over again. If older, a new friendship which ripens slowly brings companionship, a ray of sunshine into your life.

GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21—JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat. Luck in a quiet interlude.

★ If you've been overworking your nervous system, keeping late hours, overeating, whirling around in your social orbit, being all things to everybody, this week is likely to be quiet. Invitations may not be so numerous; you might enjoy a book and go early to bed for once. Attend to postponed household tasks. Your beloved may be away temporarily.

CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22 — JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in the out-of-doors.

★ Even when it rains, picnics can be fun if you've linked up with a congenial crowd. If a teenager, that handsome stranger may be your escort for whom you desert an old, faithful pal. Should you play games you may be winning up a season or starting a new one. Older people have a field day. They settle, then unsettle, a dozen matters.

LEO
The Lion

JULY 23 — AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Fri. Luck in the spotlight.

★ Your sign basks in favorable publicity, so if you come before the public in any capacity you won't be shy about accepting applause, recognition of your efforts, perhaps a present. In any case you have developed the knack of getting on with more influential people. A step up for the beloved's career could advance the marriage date.

VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a journey.

★ Whether it's a trip into town for an important appointment, a daylong expedition, or a weekend enterprise, crossing distance will bring you good fortune. In some cases a person dear to you takes the journey which unites you, or you receive a letter from overseas with welcome news. If a homemaker you may be looking forward to school holidays.

LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a windfall.

★ This could mean a present you didn't foresee, a chance to improve the exchequer through a sideline or part-time job, the co-operation of a neighbor with whom you exchange services, or the discovery of a new use for an old possession. You may drag an article out, remodel it, put it where everybody admires it. You will use your creative talents.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, violet. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a partnership.

★ If a teenager, the one you like best escorts you to a party. If in love, the wedding date may be nearer than you think. If already married, your hearts may rejoice over an addition to the family. If older, you and your mate will be excited over a scheme to benefit the entire household. In business you find it profitable to join forces with a partner.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a job well done.

★ The amateur dressmaker tackles an ambitious project, sails through with flying colors. The homemaker makes new curtains or paints the kitchen in brilliant hues. The enthusiastic gardener does a bit of landscaping. Tasks may crowd around you. Finish one job before starting the next. If in love, you start to knit him a pullover or a scarf.

CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Wed. Luck in speculation.

★ Your sign rarely gambles, but right now only the bold will win the prize. This doesn't necessarily mean a ticket in a lottery or attendance at the races. Some of you may invest in a block of land which later becomes valuable, others venture into business, find success comes more rapidly than anticipated. Sound judgment is likely to pay off.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck on your doorstep.

★ Don't go chasing Dame Fortune; she'll come to you. If young, fancy free, a good-looking boy moves into your street. If a homemaker, a congenial new neighbor can be a pleasant factor in your life. If you wish to be more active in community affairs, a new group close to home may seek your help. A new pastime may brighten the house.

PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a hobby.

★ You'll never be bored if you have a spare-time interest which fascinates you. Whether your goal be pottery-making, weaving, dressmaking, millinery, interior decorating, art, music, or the playing of games such as tennis or bowls, you rush through your work with the prospect of happy hours spent doing what you enjoy most.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 40, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F5200.—Girl's smart raglan-type coat. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2¼ to 3¼yds. 54in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/-.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5204. — Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make boy's pyjamas. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2¼ to 3 1-3rd yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F5201. — Prettily frilled nightgown for the Junior Miss. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 3¼ to 4yds. 36in. material, 4¼ yds. ⅛in. lace beading, and 5¼yds. ¼in. ribbon. Price 2/6.

F5202. — Girl's long-sleeved dressing-gown designed for winter warmth. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2¾ to 3yds. 54in. material and 1¼yds. 36in. contrast. Price 3/-.

F5203. — Smart junior suit. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 3/-.

F4955.—Junior tennis dress styled with a sleeveless bodice top and flared skirt. Sizes 8 to 14 years. Requires 2¾ to 3¼yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F5206. — Suspender skirt finished with a colorful rick-rack braid trim. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ to 1¾yds. 54in. material, 6yds. rick-rack braid, and 1yd. contrasting braid. Price 3/-.

F5207.—Brother-and-sister playsuit, consisting of long or short-legged overalls and matching jacket. Sizes 1, 2, 3 to 4, and 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2⅞yds. to 4⅛yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F5205. — Girl's tailored slacks and attractively styled jumper-top. Sizes 8 to 14 years. Requires 1¼ to 2yds. 54in. material and 1¼ to 1¾yds. 54in. printed material. Price 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 933—ONE-PIECE COAT-DRESS

Smart front-buttoned coat-dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes red, turquoise, mid-green, junior-navy, saxe-blue, brown, and American Beauty. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 49/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 52/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

No. 936—COVERALL APRON

Attractively styled apron is cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is headcloth obtainable in lemon, blue, pink, green, and grey. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 19/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 21/3. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

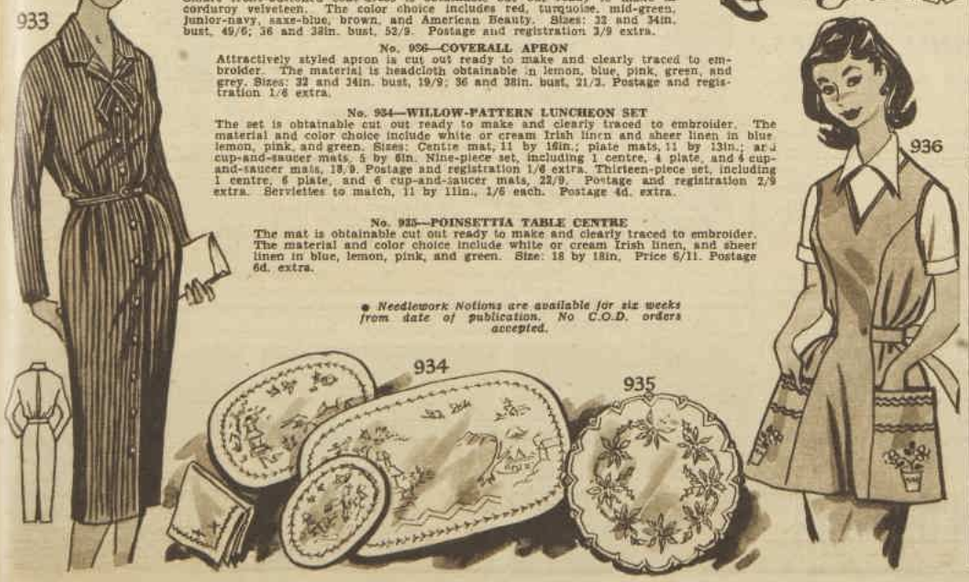
No. 934—WILLOW-PATTERN LUNCHEON SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include white or cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat, 11 by 16in.; plate mats, 11 by 13in.; and cup-and-saucer mats, 5 by 6in. Nine-piece set, including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 18/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats, 22/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra. Serviettes to match, 11 by 11in., 1/6 each. Postage 4d. extra.

No. 935—POINSETTIA TABLE CENTRE

The mat is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include white or cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size: 18 by 18in. Price 6/11. Postage 6d. extra.

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



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STOP CORNS

FASTEST WAY KNOWN

Dr Scholl's ZINO-PADS

End corn pain instantly with these world-famous, super-soft pads. Soothe, cushion, protect. Medicated discs remove corns. Sizes also for Callouses, Bunions. 3/- packet at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.

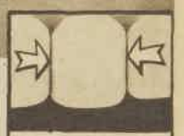
Sew it with DEWHURST'S "SYLKO" MACHINE TWIST

The Tongue Test

proves that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth

Try the tongue test now!

Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that *clinging coating?* It discolours your teeth—and *it harbours germs.* Brush with Macleans and try the tongue test again. The coating's gone — gone completely. Your teeth are safer from decay.



In between your teeth is where you benefit specially from using Macleans. Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, Macleans removes the coating there too, where the brush can't reach.

Macleans lifts clinging coating clean off – even between teeth where the brush can't reach – keeps teeth whiter, SAFER FROM DECAY

DENTISTS TELL you that the first thing to do to keep your teeth healthy is to keep them clean. This is because a coating forms on your teeth, day and night. A coating that not only makes your teeth dingy, but *harbours decay germs.*

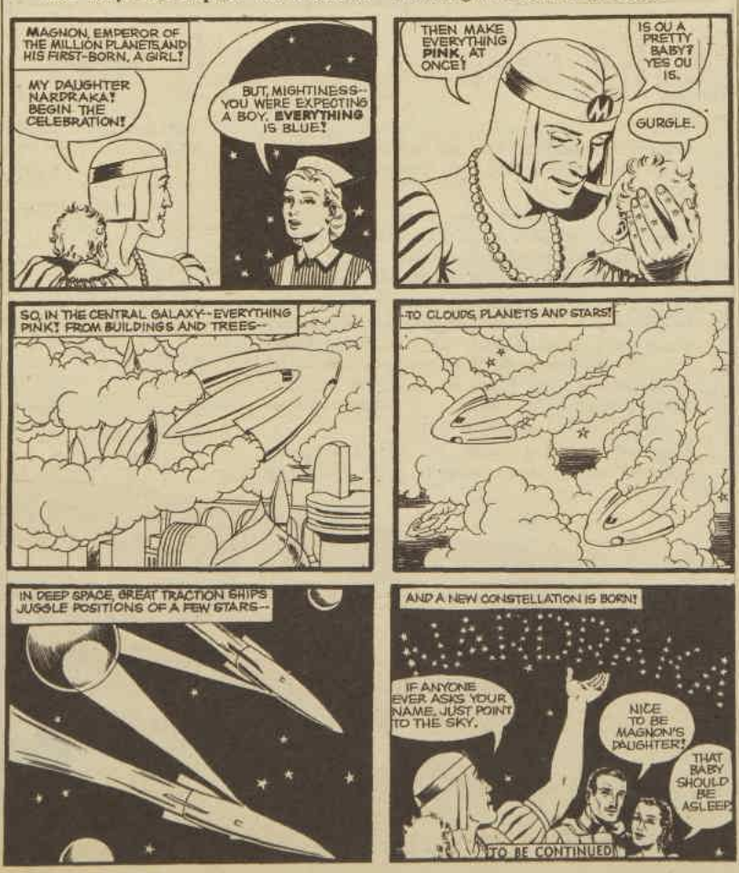
Of course with ordinary toothpastes you can *scrub* most of this coating off – where the brush can reach. But Macleans works in a different way. Its special ingredients *lift* the harmful coating clean off the teeth; clean them whiter than ever before.

If your teeth are white and clean they are free from coating. So they *must* be safer from decay. Make the tongue test yourself and prove that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth.

Did you Maclean your teeth today?

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA are visiting the planet Magna, the greatest planet in the galaxy of a Million Planets and home of the Emperor Magnon. Magnon and his wife, Carola, have been awaiting the birth of their baby. The Emperor was so sure he would have a son that he ordered everything in the vicinity of Magna to be dyed blue, and planned to call the boy "Nardrake" after his two friends from earth. But the baby is a girl and Magnon is heartbroken. Carola begs him to kiss his little daughter. NOW READ ON:



Your friends will want the recipe when you cook with

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

TRY THIS TESTED RECIPE

CHOCOLATE CHIFFON SPONGE

4 eggs. ½ cup cornflour. ½ cup sugar. 2 rounded dessertspoons plain flour. 2 level tablespoons CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA. 1 level teaspoon cinnamon. 1 level teaspoon ground ginger. 1 dessertspoon golden syrup. 1 level teaspoon cream of tartar. ¼ level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda. Pinch salt.

METHOD: Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs. Add salt to the whites and beat until stiff. Gradually beat in the sugar, then the egg yolks one at a time. Sift the dry ingredients three times. Fold into the egg mixture and add the slightly warmed golden syrup. Divide evenly in 2 well-greased 8 inch sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to a cooler. Join the two layers with sweetened whipped cream and cover with a warm, chocolate icing.

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Makes teeth feel really clean...mouth feel fresher!

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

Gives positive relief from coughing and bronchial congestion. Three-way decongestive, expectorant, sedative action clears heavily congested bronchial tubes; stops harsh, racking coughing; makes breathing easier. 6/-, 10/3, 12/6.

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY

Gives instant relief from the misery and discomfort of nasal congestion, head colds, hay fever. Unbreakable, leakproof squeeze-spray. 6/-.

NYAL DOLAMIN

Science's NEWEST PAIN RELIEVER—chemically ready to go to work instantly. Kills pain without stomach upset. 4/6, 10/9.

Like so many leading Australian models, beautiful Geraldine Branson depends on white, sparkling teeth to enhance the natural loveliness of her smile.

You, too, can brush your teeth to sparkling whiteness with NYAL Toothpaste–the dentifrice that makes your teeth feel *really* clean, your mouth wonderfully refreshed.

NYAL is an honest-to-goodness toothpaste which helps your toothbrush give you *completely clean* teeth. It contains a highly-activated, tasteless dental detergent which foams instantly. This film-fighting foam *sweeps* food particles from between the teeth . . . safely removes dulling film and cigarette stains.

Regular brushing with NYAL Toothpaste *whitens* and *brightens* your teeth as you never thought possible . . . *makes a sparkling difference to your smile.*

You'll like the clean, refreshing "minty" flavour, too. The taste lingers so pleasantly. Two sizes: Regular **3'2**, Economy **4'2**.

Send now for FREE Trial Tube

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